

THE PUBLIC SERVICE—IN THE OFFICES AND COURTS.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

Engineer John Quinton, who has been in direct charge of the work on the Third-street tunnel under City Engineer Olmsted, makes a statement declaring that the methods of construction are all right and no danger need be apprehended of houses falling into the hole in the hill.

Plans for the first section of the headworks infiltration gallery will be submitted to the Council tomorrow.

The grand jury was ordered drawn by Judge Smith yesterday.

May Griswold began a \$20,000 damage suit against her brother yesterday, alleging malicious prosecution in preferring insanity charges against her that he could not substantiate.

Tomorrow is the last day that the first installment of taxes may be paid before they become delinquent.

An automobile club incorporated yesterday.

The old Norwalk rancher, H. M. Hatch, who has been on preliminary trial in the Police Court for assault to kill, was yesterday discharged by Justice Morgan, on account of insufficient evidence.

A local street faker selling automatic toys was fined yesterday in the Police Court for obstructing the sidewalk.

Koppel Hansen, a Jewish second-hand dealer, was indicted yesterday for kicking his neighbor's wife, and was in the Police Court to have his case set for trial.

AT THE CITY HALL]

THIRD-STREET TUNNEL
NOT A DEATH TRAP.

ENGINEER QUINTON DECLares THAT IT IS SAFE.

Spirited Defense of the Methods of Construction by the Man in Charge, Who Makes a Reluctant Statement—Olmsted Declines to Talk.

The special commission of engineers and architects, appointed by the Council to make a thorough examination of the Third-street tunnel, has not yet had time to make an inspection of the big hole in the hill. Mayor Hatch said yesterday that if possible the master would be taken up by the commission early this week. James D. Schuyler, one of the engineers on the commission, has been in San Francisco, and his absence has precluded action.

While the points raised by the attorneys representing Mrs. Margaret E. Crocker are not regarded as serious by the authorities, a thorough investigation of the tunnel and the methods of construction will be made. As soon as it is possible to conclude the investigation, the report will be given to the Commission. The attorneys, who allege that they have reason to suspect serious defects in the tunnel, insist that they are acting in the interest of Mrs. Crocker. The firm of Miller & Brown, however, also represents the Maryland Casualty Company, which is on the road protecting the contractors from loss by claims made by laborers injured in the tunnel.

It was during the progress of one of these damage suits that the firm failed to have received independent defects in the lining of the tunnel. The Maryland Casualty Company may or may not be interested in fastening the responsibility for the accidents on the engineer's plan, instead of on the contractor. It is the suspicion of the contractor, but such is the suspicion entertained by many city officials concerning the case.

To uninform the public, the settling of the case above the tunnel at Third and Olive streets seems a sure indication of the early collapse of the tunnel lining. Competent engineers, however, see in the circumstances no necessary cause for alarm, as similar conditions frequently occur in buildings large tunnels.

OLMSTED DECLINES TO TALK.

When asked for an interview regarding the matter yesterday, City Engineer Olmsted expressed great reluctance to talk, in view of the fact that the admirers of the tunnel were numerous. He refused to talk to the reporter to John H. Quinton, who has been in direct charge of the tunnel work since it began.

Mr. Quinton also expressed great reluctance at making his views public until after the special commission had fully investigated. In view of the fact that the work of the commission was somewhat delayed, and that a large number of people were much exercised over the safety of the tunnel in connection with the tunnel work, he consented to make a statement explaining in some measure the surface indications that have caused some people alarm.

Mr. Quinton has made a thorough study of tunnel engineering and has superintended the construction of over fifty tunnels. He has closely followed the work of the commission, and has been brought forward in the discussion of the tunnel's safety. I will make a plain statement of facts to allay the fears of those who have been needlessly alarmed.

"In the beginning I may say that the entire work is placed by the Council in the hands of the City Engineer. The plans and specifications are drawn by him, and he is in sole charge of the execution of the work. He is expressly authorized to make any changes he may see fit in the plans during the construction of the tunnel, and, in short, is made responsible for the successful completion of the work."

"A great deal has been said about the settling of the earth at Third and Olive streets, but there is not the slightest cause for uneasiness on account of this. The engineer's office knows approximately how many loads of earth was taken out from that 'fall,' and has never been replaced at the surface on Olive street."

CHARGES ABSURD.

"The story that houses beside the street are liable to topple over into the hole is absurd, for if the entire hill should be excavated above the arch of the tunnel for the width of this 'fall,' the houses on either side of the street would be in no immediate danger of falling into the hole. After the arch has successfully withstood the strain for six months with the full weight of the earth resting upon it, certainly it is not reasonable to suppose that the houses would fall into a hole that only exists in the imagination of those who wilfully misrepresent

the facts for their own selfish purposes. The settling of the earth was only natural, as a result of the heavy rain, and no danger need be feared from that source. A few words about the occasion for the 'fall' at the point may be necessary."

ABOUT "SWELLING" EARTH.

"When the drifts in the east end were first started, a stream of yellow clay with veins of water was struck. This material did not stand as well as the blue clay previously passed through, and the drifts were stopped.

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AT THE COURTHOUSE.]

**PERSECUTED SISTER
SUITS HER BROTHER.**

DAMAGE SUIT FOR FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS BEGUN.

May Griswold Accuses Her Brother, William, of Malicious Prosecution in Preferring Unwarranted Insanity Charges Against Her.

William R. Griswold, who lives with his mother at No. 152 West Twenty-fourth street, was made defendant yesterday in a \$50,000 damage suit filed in the Superior Court by his sister, Miss May Griswold, who accuses him of malicious prosecution.

This action is the aftermath of insanity charges preferred by the brother, which was improved by the Council and done for the distance of eighty feet, and until the unusually heavy ground had been passed through.

This was no easy matter to accomplish, and three months were spent on the job.

"There is nothing to do in such cases except to tunnel under the fall and let it work its way to the surface. This was done, and a couple of months ago the hole worked its way to the surface of the Arroyo Ditch, Olive and Superior streets; was filled in by the contractors and allowed to settle. The recent rains settled the dirt near the surface, and it was again filled up by the contractors, who are now resting quietly upon the nine-ring arch, which seems to bear its signs of weakness.

Miss Griswold is an educated musician, and as well as skillful stenographer. At one time she was a student at Stanford University, and is a sister of Miss Eva Griswold, who is a teacher in the public schools of this city. The sisters have been on unfriendly terms for many years. Plaintiff, however, has always lived at home, the favorite child of a sick mother, who is an invalid, 75 years old.

Recently the brother, who claims to be an attorney-at-law, came out from Chicago, where the mother is said to own over \$100,000 worth of property, and the two sisters are now estranged.

He has been trying to get his mother to sell him the house, but to make it perfectly secure it is decided to remove all the cracked portion of the brickwork and replace it with steel and concrete.

"The timbering under this part of the arch was sound, but the cracks in the walls were so bad that the plaster fell off, and the ceiling gave way. The plastering and centering put there by the contractor were removed and the cracked portion of the arch on both sides while the injured part is being removed and replaced. The cracked portion of the brickwork has stood for eight months, though it is not yet strong enough to support the nine-ring arch, which seems to bear its signs of weakness.

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Prices Average Half.

Jacoby Bros. Fall Shoe Sale.



Honest Leather and Making.



It requires a deal of skirmishing among shoe factories, and our buyers must make big purchases to enable us continue to say good, stylish, serviceable, guaranteed shoes for all at prices that average half price. And remember this now and always: No matter how little they cost, unworthy shoes are never sold here, because they are never bought by our buyers. Get your share while the sale lasts.

Women's Shoes.

65c worth \$1.50.
Black kid, button.
\$1.00 worth \$2.00.
Spring heels and toes.
\$1.75 worth \$3.00.
All styles, black kid.
\$2.00 worth \$5.00.
Patent leathers and kid.

Girls' Shoes.

69c worth \$1.25.
Satin to 1.
79c worth \$1.50.
Satin 9 1/2 to 12.
97c worth \$1.75.
Satin 1 to 2.
\$1.19 worth \$2.00.
Satin 12 to 1.

Men's Shoes.

\$2.90 worth \$5.00.
\$1.00 worth \$2.00.
\$1.45 worth \$3.00.
\$2.10 worth \$3.50.

Boys' Shoes.

70c worth \$1.25.
Satin 9 to 12.
99c worth \$1.50.
Satin 12 to 15.
\$1.10 worth \$1.75.
Satin 12 to 15.
\$1.30 worth \$2.00.
Satin 15 to 18.

Baby Shoes.

12c worth 25c.
Soft kid moccasins.
21c worth 40c.
Satin 2 to 5.
36c worth 50c.
Satin 1 to 6.
48c worth 75c.
Satin 1 to 9.



Women's Suits At Half Price

\$50 and \$65 Suits at \$25.

Each and every one of these sample suits are exact copies of imported models. The originals, though made of the same quality of material, are easily worth \$100. Each and every one of these magnificent costumes is individual in design, and descriptions, for that reason, are impossible. Only a hint, therefore, of what you'll find: English cheviot, venetian and broadcloth jackets; are tight-fitting or blouse effects. One blouse jacket has girdle with oxidized buckle, a new roll collar trimmed with Panne velvet, sleeves have velvet trimming also. Other jackets are military effect, trimmed in a very novel and attractive mode. Skirts are all silk lined with heavy black taffeta, some have a silk drop skirt with a deep accordian plaited flounce. No costumes like these have ever been shown in Los Angeles, and as they are pattern suits there will be no duplicates. We want you to see them. You'll find the greatest bargain any store has ever offered you.

\$25 Tailor Suits \$15.

Cover cloth and velvets. Tight fitting tailor and blouse jackets. Paragon collars with velvet trimming. Some have girdle belts, others with gold braid, still others—plum. Skirts have full flare bottom and are lined with percale or spun glass linings. \$15 instead of \$25.

Sale of Women's Jackets.

At \$4.50 Jackets worth \$7.50.

At \$10 Jackets worth \$15, \$17.50 and \$20.

The seven-fifty jackets at \$4.50 are fine kerseys and beavers, in castor shades and black. They are excellent value at \$7.50, are tailor stitched and have laid velvet collars.

The \$15 to \$20 garment on sale at \$10 are samples. Novelty top coats, automobiles, box coats and tailor jackets. The materials are Irish frieze, melton, jersey, cover and broadcloth. All have heavy silk or satin linings. Each coat is trimmed and made in an individual style. All are very pretty, stylish and wonderful value at the sale price—\$10.

Silk Skirts

\$8.75. Worth \$12.50.

Heavy taffeta silk saree skirt, daintily trimmed with rows of silk ribbons. Skirts are all silk and good value at \$12.50 for \$8.75. Peau de Soie and taffeta silk skirts, copies of late Parisian models, priced from \$11 up to \$50.

\$7.50 Skirts

For Three Days at \$5.

Rainy-day and pedestrian skirts, made of the cover cloth and Oxford or melton. Double faced plaid or plain. Ten rows of tailor stitching around bottom. Lapped tailor seams. Short shirts that will not sag.

Wrappers.

85c Wrappers.

Heavy percale in medium and dark shades, nest patterns. Fitted waist lining..... 55c
trimmed with braid.....

\$1.75 Wrappers.

Fleece lined, full flounce at bottom. Shoulders, back and cuffs prettily trimmed with braid. Regular \$1.75 wrappers: on sale at....

35c Women's Underwear

Jersey ribbed vests and pants, cream and gray..... 21c

65c Underwear.

Women's Egyptian ribbed vests and pants, heavily faced. Crocheted silk neck and front, silk tape, all sizes and an extra value..... 45c

\$1.00 Underwear.

Wool ribbed vests and pants in natural gray, lace lined, mill shrank, flat seams, \$1.00
glove fitting..... 75c

\$1.25 Underwear.

Natural wool fat underwear, extra good weight, silk finish, silk taped neck and front..... \$1.00

\$1.75 Underwear.

All wool vests and pants, jersey ribbed, overlock seams, extra well made and perfect in fit, white and natural gray..... \$1.45

75c Underwear.

Woman's union suits, jersey ribbed, hygienic fleece lined, Omnia style, gray and cream..... 45c

\$1.00 Underwear.

Woman's union suits, jersey ribbed, hygienic fleece lined, Omnia style, gray and cream..... 73c

\$1.00 Underwear.

It's a wool union suit, ribbed, only extra fitting, steam who white and gray..... \$1.15

Men's Clothing.

The swellest, handsomest suits and overcoats that ever left a tailor's hands are in the Jacoby Store. Come what may, the supremacy we have attained as the leading clothiers of Los Angeles, will and must be maintained. For more than thirty years we have served you faithfully—ever the very best clothing the amount you paid could possibly buy. We not only maintain our position as the leaders—we've done more—because we're more in the lead today than at any time during the history of the store. There's not a single stylish suit or overcoat but what it's here, and quality for quality, it's here at a lower price than elsewhere.

Men's Suits worth every cent of \$18 on sale tomorrow at



The \$18 suits on sale consist of single and double-breasted sacks and three-button cutaway frocks in the newest and prettiest of this season's weaves and shades.

Men's \$15 Suits on Sale at

Part of these suits are from our own regular line of \$15 suits. The rest of them are from the lot placed on sale Friday morning. All of them are a big \$15 worth. Cassimeres, cheviots and worsteds; perfectly tailored.

\$10

BOYS' CLOTHING.

There's not a single fad or fancy of fashion but what is well represented here. Prices below all others.

5 Boys' Suits

On Sale At **\$3.00**

Vests for boys from 3 to 9 years. Three piece vest suits and two piece suits for boys from 8 to 16 years. Wool or silk and wool mixtures. No cotton. Many of these suits have fancy vests or vests of same material as coat and trousers. We want you mothers with boys to clothe to come here and see how well you can dress your boys and still pay only a trifle more than half price.

Gloves.

\$1.25 woman's mocha gloves, all shades and sizes, embroidered backs, fitted and guaranteed..... \$1.00

Corsets.

17 different cuts in \$1.00 corsets, including the erect form, all fitted and guaranteed. The most complete line in this city from..... \$1.00

Child's Underwear.

35c Underwear. Children's jersey ribbed union suits. Hygienic fleece lined, Omnia style, gray and cream..... 19c

65c Underwear.

Children's part wool gray rib union suits, fat seams, perfect fitting, Omnia style, gray and cream..... 42c

\$1.00 Underwear.

Children's part wool gray rib union suits, fat seams, perfect fitting, Omnia style, gray and cream..... 73c

Free.

Ball and Bat with Every Boy's Suit.

Art. Homer K. boisterous to William K. bussing into

\$9 Boys' Suits

On Sale At **\$6.00**

Vests for boys from 3 to 9 years. Two-piece and three-piece vest suits for boys, from 9 to 16 years. Among these you'll find the swellest and dressiest creations ever shown for boys. From the brightest and gayest of colorings to blue serge and black clay worsted. We're safe in making this promise: You'll find more styles, irrespective of the price, than any other store in Southern California can show.

60c Shirts.

Boys' negliges shirts, vertical stripes, two separate collars, cuffs attached, new and up-to-date patterns.....

75c Shirts.

Boys' madras negliges golf shirts, all new fall patterns, separate cuffs to match.....

50c Underwear.

Boys' merino underwear, soft finish, good medium weight.....

50c Waists.

Boys' K. & E. waists, soft laundered, good neat patterns.....

75c Waists.

"Mother's Friend" boys laundered shirt waists, new stripes and colorings, sizes 6 to 12 years.....

12c Hose.

Boys' 2 thread fast black hosiery, double soles and high spiced feet; guaranteed.....

25c Hose.

Boys' 2 thread, heavy ribbed, triple knee, double soles and high spiced heel, fast black hose.....

1.75c Underwear.

Men's high-grade all wool undershirts and drawers, ribbed and plain.....

Ball and Bat with Every Boy's Suit. Free.

Art. Homer K. boisterous to William K. bussing into

Honest Leather and Making.



Baby Shoes.

12c worth 25c.
Soft kid moccasins.
21c worth 40c.
Satin 2 to 5.
36c worth 50c.
Satin 1 to 6.
48c worth 75c.
Satin 1 to 9.

success is important by reason of southern location. Therefore we are in that immediate neighborhood where carried so much water that we are unable to produce oil with the drillers of the new wells as they had no trouble in shutting off the water with rope packing. At there is plenty of oil in the well is 500 feet deep. Brothers and Wheeler report they have signed contracts for twenty wells to be drilled in that section nearly \$40,000 and that about half have been completed to date. The company intends to drill thirty wells.

New Neckwear.
Heavy silk, new peacock designs. Barathea, silk, fawn, fads, impala, four-in-hand, wings, butterfly ends and ticks; new weaves and designs.....

\$1 Shirts.
Men's percale fancy boom vertical stripes and fancy boom, all new goods; we closed out an entire line in separate cuffs.....

\$1 Shirts.
Men's fancy boom vertical stripes and fancy boom, all new goods; we closed out an entire line in separate cuffs.....

\$1.50 Shirts.
Men's imported French wavy bosom shirts, separate cuffs, with the patent non-break boom, all sizes, the latest fall patterns.....

\$2.00 Shirts.
Men's imported English wavy bosom shirts, separate cuffs, vertical patterns, 2 pairs.....

"The Star" Shirt.
Men's imported English wavy bosom shirts, separate cuffs, vertical patterns, 2 pairs.....

The "Pearce" Hygiene Fleece Lined Underwear.
For men, wool fleeced and a perfect garment. Shirt and drawers \$1 garment.

The Celebrated Glastonbury Underwear For Men.
For men, wool fleeced and a perfect garment. Shirt and drawers \$1 garment.

20c Hose.
Men's natural wool merino socks, double sole.....

35c Hose.
Men's fine imported wavy bosom shirts, double soles and high spiced feet; tan, black and natural gray.....

50c Hose.
Men's fine imported wavy bosom shirts, double soles and high spiced feet; tan, black and natural gray.....

75c Hose.
Men's fine imported wavy bosom shirts, double soles and high spiced feet; tan, black and natural gray.....

\$2.50 and \$3 Sweatshirts.
Men's lambs wool sweatshirts and solid and fancy colors and stripes, cap, Byron and roll collar.....

95c Sweaters.
Boys' lamb's wool sweaters, solid and fancy colors and stripes, cape, Byron and roll collar.....

75c Underwear.
Boys' all-wool underwear, natural gray and camel hair, extra good value, taped neck and front, made with long sleeves.....

50c Underwear.
Boys' merino underwear, soft finish, good medium weight.....



**THE OIL INDUSTRY.
NORTH AND AFAR.**

**Oil Field Yields
More Oil.**

**Oil Causes Creepy
Sensation.**

**Burned in Placerita
Little Damage
Fullerton.**

**enable us
And reme
use they a**

Shoes.

**North 35c.
North 40c.
North 50c.
North 75c.**

**Men's
Furnishing.**

**the fashion
in feast we've
all for you and if
swamp this busy
ment it will be
the story's not**

Neckwear

**very silk, new paisley
Bartholomew, all the
imperial, four-in-hand
borders, handkerchiefs;
stocks; new weaves
signs.**

Shirts

**Imported fancy boun
cal stripes and fancy
good; we close
entire line;
etc. cuts.**

Arts.

**percale fancy boun
cal stripes and fancy
good; we close
entire line;**

etc. cuts.

Neckwear

**Imported French ma
shirts, separate cuffs,
the patent nose-break
all sizes, the
fall \$1.**

Shirts.

**Imported English pe
cific, separate cuffs,
garters, 3 pairs
cuffs to match, \$1.**

**"Pearce" Hygien
eewear**

**wool, second and a
ment. Shirt and drawers.
Union suits, \$2.**

**Celebrated
Tonbury Underv
len.**

**Med. weight, \$1 gar
weight, \$1.25 garment
heavy weight, \$1.50
luxury Health weight.**

Shoe.

**natural wool
can.
silk.**

OSE.

**One Imported Worsted
toes and high spiced
tan, black and
gray.**

OSE.

**and tan cotton hose,
sox and hose.
steel fast colors.**

**and \$3 Sweat
lamb's wool sweat
and fancy colors
cotton, roll neck
silk and satins.**

Underwear.

**Beech lined and
cotton ribbed under
and drawers for men.**

Underwear.

**fancy wool ribbed an
alpaca and drawers.
shank and
dressing.**

Underwear.

**high-grade all wool
toes and drawers.
\$1.**

**HERE AND THERE.
PLACERITA CANYON WORK.
The work of last week
the country was in need of
and in many parts of the field
was at a standstill owing to the
lack of operators to obtain enough
men for the operating plants. It's
a different, both in water supply and ac
tive.**

**New Century Oil Company re
-work. Thursday, and now has
drill in over 700 feet in sand
which it expects will be com
plete in a week at least. This com
pany has a first-class outfit at
their handling the oil, but is
not of a pipe line. In the
same neighborhood the Pio
White Oil Company also has the
oil well in No. 1, and ex
pects to make a strike at or near \$50**

**is reported that the Placerita
Oil Company, the Harmonia Oil
Company and Lehigh & Company have
joined together for the purpose of testing the
oil in the country. They have
brought three No. 3 rigs, and James**

**Cathcart has gone East to secure
other machinery.**

**Freeman and Nelson have started a
new well and are making good pro
gress since they resumed work. The
company now has two small producers.**

KERN'S NORTH AND WEST.

**The Edgar Oil Company have all along asserted that the com
pany would return to section 6,
28, 29, where the first well was started,
says the Californian. They are now
ready to go ahead with the work and
are prepared to go to a depth of 2000
feet, if necessary, to reach oil.**

**It is reported that the development will
soon begin on the northeast quarter
of section 12, 28, 27, two Selma men
having lately secured a lease upon the
land. They organized a company,
placed the stock on the market, and it has taken ready.**

**The Edgar Oil Company is still drill
ing away on the northwest corner of
section 12, 28, but no one informed concerning
the amount of oil being taken, saying
nothing about it. It is well known,
however, that a good showing was
encountered a few days ago, and it is
said to be that the district goes to
that point.**

**It is reported that the Edgar company's
luck has been the cause of Canfield & Doheny resuming work in
the section.**

**Clement Berry, who is one of the
organizers of the Edgar company, is
said to have purchased the northeast
quarter of section 7, paying \$16,000 for
the same.**

CONDITION AT FULLERTON.

**A little damage is reported from the
loss of water in the oil fields. The heaviest
loss was suffered by the Brea-Caston
Oil Company. It is reported that the large
tank belonging to this company
was undermined, the bottom sprung
and 120 barrels of light oil, worth \$1.80
per barrel, were washed away.**

**In the Brea-Caston field roads and
bridges were washed out. The oil-pipe
line, which carries oil to the San
Pedro pipe line, was broken by a wash
and also the water pipe was washed out,
but these two breaks can be repaired
at light expense. The Santa Fe, Brea
Caston, Columbia, Fullerton, Consolidated
Graham & Loftus and the Olinda
Companies have reported no losses. The
big builders of the Union and Santa
Fe leases will be at work again by
Monday.**

FROM OTHER FIELDS.

**It was announced yesterday that the
Los Angeles Oil and Investment Company
have signed contracts for
the drilling of new wells in the
district which is west of Bakersfield
and southeast of the Kern River field.
The indications there are good, but
little development work has been
done.**

**The new well of the Superior Com
pany on section 3, 11, 24, is still flowing
and is said to look better than
ever.**

**The Oriental Oil Company, drilling
on the Superior land in section 20, 22,
24, is making good progress, and ex
pects to strike oil very soon.**

**Although reports have been made
that the Pittsburgh has made a strike,
the same have not been confirmed.**

**The Knob Hill, on section 4, 23, 28,
an enterprise backed by Fresno capital,
has reached a depth of 900 feet. The
sand, it is said, was found shortly after
the drill had passed the 300-foot level
which none could provide.**

**The Lucky Boy is again drilling on
section 31, 32, 24. It is now up to the
operators.**

**The Arcola, a new company, has
started drilling on section 2. This com
pany is in good company, having the
Monarch, Lion and Superior companies as
neighbors. It naturally expects to
strike it rich.**

SAN PEDRO.

WHARF FRONTAGE ISSUE.

**SAN PEDRO, Nov. 24.—Regular Cor
respondence.] The proposition to ob
tain an innkeeper's franchise for
the wharf frontage has been placed in the
hands of a committee of the City Trustees.
The committee is composed of Trustees
Baldwin and McDermott. John T. Gaffey
has an undivided 31-foot frontage on
the inner harbor, and the city has
fifty feet of frontage. It is proposed to
throw both frontages together, making
one 82 feet wide. Mr. Gaffey asks \$10,000 for his interest in the
frontage. Ferry connections for the
Salt Lake Railroad are talked of in
connection with the project. It is
understood that the city will not act
until a decision on the question until the
decision of the suit affecting the contract
for the grading of Fifth and Sixth
streets. Should the suit bar the town
from using money from the treasury
for the improvement, the City
Trustees will have funds which may
be used in dealing with the Gaffey
proposition—no matter who or what he is.**

BAKER PAULIN ACQUITTED.

**Emil Paulin, a baker, was tried by
jury before Justice Downing today on
complaint of Pauline Carmagnole,
charging him with disturbing the peace.
Mrs. Carmagnole and her husband
rented a home to him and then
started an opposition bakery, which led
to several suits in the courts. In the
case tried today Paulin was alleged to
have disturbed the peace of Carmagnole
by singing obscene songs. Mr. and
Mrs. Carmagnole each separately testified
as to the singing, but the jury returned a
verdict of not guilty.**

SAN PEDRO BREVIETIES.

**The recent storm produced a washout
on Sixth-street hill so that much of
the thoroughfare will be fenced off.**

**The San Pedro Daily News interviewed
with City Trustees N. W. Tilton,
Dr. W. A. Weldon, M. J. McDermott
and W. W. Baldwin, in which each
speaks in favor of the issuance of the
municipal improvement bonds aggregating
\$39,000, to be voted on December
2nd.**

**A cormorant tried to swallow a big
flat fish near the customhouse this
morning. The piscatorial object was
too big for the gape of the bird, which
could neither swallow nor eject it.
When last observed the fowl was in a
dying condition.**

**Cures Guaranteed in
Every Case Accepted.**

**Patients can arrange to pay only when per
fectly cured, or if preferred, in monthly
payments. When consulting a physician it
pay to see the best. Call or write. Hours 8
a.m. to 5 p.m. Examinations 7 to 8 daily. Sun
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**California State Medical Institute
(Incorporated.)**

**Dr. Meyers & Co.
218 S. BROADWAY.**

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Take Elevator.**

**\$3.00 Welting Sole
Shoes for Women**

At L. W. Godin, Jr.

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**A Barrel To loan on
DIAMONDS,
WATCHES,
PIANOS,
and all first-class security.**

S. P. CREASINGER

**218 S. Broadway.
Room 307-308.**

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STOMACH
BITTERS.**

Accept No Substitutes.

Stomach Bitters

**High-grade all wool
wool and drawers,
and
Underwear.**

EDITORIAL SHEET.

Amusements.

SIXTH YEAR.

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With Dates of Events.

ORPHEUM—Regular Sunday Matinee Today—Any Seat 25c!

... THE WORLD WONDERS AT...

THIS WONDERFUL BILL!

Camille D'Arville

Overwhelming Triumph of the Famous Prima Donna—Entire Change of Songs This Week.

DOLAN AND LENHARR

Clever Players, in "A HIGH TONED BURGLAR."

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"An Operatic Rehearsal"MATTIE BELLE LADD
AND MINDEL DREYFUS
Beautiful Girls—Sweet Singers—Their
Debut in Vaudeville.JESSIE GOUTOUFI!
New Initiations—New Stories.DUNHAM FAMILY
World's Greatest Aerialists.BIOGRAPH
New Pictures.

PRELLE'S TALKING DOGS

Flower Day ...Next...
Wednesday

See the Matinee next Wednesday beautiful floral souvenirs of CAMILLE D'ARVILLE will be given the ladies. Other Flower Day Features will make the day notable.

THEatre—Best Seats, 25c and 50c; Gallery, 10c. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday, any seat 25c. Phone Main 1447.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER—OLIVER MOROSCO,
Lessee and Manager

...Nine Gala Performances...

Tonight and Every Night This Week—Thursday and Saturday Afternoons—By Special Arrangement,

HARRY CORSON CLARKE,

The Popular and Versatile Comedian, and the Favorite

OLIVER-LESLIE COMPANY

Presenting William Gillette's Hilariously Funny Farce Comedy.

"All the
Comforts of Home."

GRAND HOLIDAY MATINEE THANKSGIVING DAY!

First appearance of JOSEPH KILCOUE See MR. CLARKE in his great role of THOMAS HENDER and ANNE SUTHERLAND as the fascinating dancer. FIFI ORTANDEL

PRICES NEVER VARY—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Tel. Main 1270.

LOS ANGELES THEATER—E. C. WYATT CO., Managers.
Three Nights Only—THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—NOV. 29, 30, and DEC. 4.

Special Matinee THANKSGIVING—Thursday. Regular Matinee Saturday.

Frank Daniels

IN HIS BIG COMIC OPERA HIT

THE AMEER

Music by Victor Herbert, composer of "The Wizard of the Nile," "The Idol's Eye" and "The Serenade." Book by Kirk La Shelle, author of "The Princess Chic," and Nedra Rankin, author of "The Smugglers."

TO BE PRODUCED BY THE ENTIRE NEW YORK COMPANY.

An enthusiastic hit—New York Herald. Seats on sale Monday, Nov. 26.

Price 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. Telephone Main 70.

MUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—With Dates of Events.

BANCHARD HALL—Management F. W. Blanchard.

NOTICE—Seats go on Sale Monday, Nov. 26th, 9 a.m.

Edward Baxter Perry

Phenomenal Blind Pianist and lecturer on musical construction

TWO RECITALS ONLY in Los Angeles, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Dec. 4th and 5th.

Seats on Sale Bartlett Music Co., Blanchard Bldg. Prices, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

No student can afford to miss hearing the great pianist.

NORRIS & ROWE'S Big Trained Animal Shows

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 26, 27, 28, 29. Performances Daily at 3 and 8 p.m. at the corner of ELEVENTH and FLOWER STREETS. Grand Free Street Parade Tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock.

300 PERFORMING ANIMALS...300

MR. WOODRUFF'S SCHOOL OF TRAINED SEA LIONS.

Trained Elephants Trained Zebras, Trained Ponies, Trained Dogs, Trained Goats, Trained Zebras, Trained Ant Eaters. THE GREATEST CONGRESS OF EDUCATED ANIMALS IN THE WORLD.

TWO PERFORMANCES THANKSGIVING.

PRICES—Adults, 25c; Children, 15c.

FOOTBALL—Thanksgiving—WASHINGTON GARDENS.

University of So. California vs. Pomona College

Intercollegiate Championship. Admission 25c. 2 p.m. sharp.

The coming report of the commission will show that whereas two-

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SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1900.

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The Drama. ✕ Plays and Players. ✕ Music and Musicians. ✕ Musical Intelligence

AT THE THEATERS.

THE number of people who are attempting to write plays might furnish a new theme for a drama full of pathos and humor. Many authors are pursuing the chisel of easy playwriting, allured by the prospect of great profits which have accrued to men like Bronson Howard and Edmund Rostand. Some K. Jerome says a man who writes a play must have "a nature of vibrating in him the spirit of the mut of human passion and emotion; a sympathy so wide and deep that there is room for all humanity in his bosom, from the little love-maiden to the stern, strong man; from the castle-dreaming boy to the stern old dame; from the yodel to the sterner; a never-failing instinct will reveal the one dramatic moment in each scene of life; the author's inborn art, that alone can teach how to show to others what you are. These qualifications and these afflictions will you need to be a dramatic writer."

—The Los Angeles Theater.

Frank Daniels is announced for next Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday, and 1st of December, with a special matinee Thanksgiving and a regular matinee Saturday. "The Ameer" is a comic opera; music by Victor Herbert and written by Frederic Ranken and Irake La Shelle. The opera is repeated at 8 P.M. on the 2nd and 3rd of December, and deserves to score a big popular success. The youthful bard's next play venture will be looked forward to with great interest.

Henrietta Crosman's Neil Gwynn.

[Leslie's Weekly, November 1.] An unexpected but pronounced success in New York was that of Miss Henrietta Crosman, at the Bijou, in "Mistress Neil." This talented actress, with a very excellent play, written by George Bernard Shaw, has won the Bijou most unannounced, though she had scored a substantial triumph in the comedy-drama when it was first produced at Denby's early last summer.

Her workers were very busy winning their favorites that they gave little thought to the charming Miss Crosman and her delightful play of "Mistress Neil." The first performance of the Bijou was a revelation. Miss Crosman's success was immediate and her triumph so decisive that it was found necessary to prolong her stay in the city. Her brief engagement at the Bijou terminated.

Gertude Coughlan has resumed her tour in "Vanity Fair," having removed from the text the material which the court said had been copied.

Antoine, who must have accumulated several hundred new plays, accepted Louis Feuill's comedy, Le Colonel Chabert, adapted from Balzac.

F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, has arrived in New York from Sorrento, Italy. He will supervise the production of his play, "In the Palace of the King."

The indefatigable Rostand is at present busy upon a new drama for Bernhardt, to be entitled "The Drama." It is to show life behind the scenes in a highly realistic manner.

Grace George is to continue "Her Majesty," but who can tell when, for it may be W. A. Brady bought her in which she will impersonate one of the famous heroines of history.

"Patience" has been revived in London. Its librettist was originally a clerk in the government education office, and worked hard. He is now a magistrate in his township and a local magistrate generally.

"Twixt Cross and Sword" has been decided upon as the title of Stanislaus Strange's dramatization of the latest work by the author of "Quo Vadis." It will probably have its first presentation next month.

J. E. Podson, whose "Richelieu" in "Under the Red Robe" was a great success, has given the interesting performance, and will be favorably known throughout the East. "All the Glory of Home" will run the entire week, with the regular matinees Saturday.

Harry Corson Clarke will play the role of Theodore Bender.

Anne Sutherland will play the dancer, M. Orlitzki; Joseph Kilgour will be Risdon, Hastings. The entire strength of the Oliver-Leahy company will fill the cast.

—The Orpheum.

Camille d'Arville will continue to sing, making a change in her repertoire. November 23 is announced as a souvenir day. Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hatt will make their debut next week in a musical comedy, "An American Girl for Christmas."

S. H. Hattie Ladd and Miss Bebe Dreyfus will appear in the first time in vaudeville. Miss Ladd was with the Moreno company last year. Miss Dreyfus directed the musical part of the Moreno company last winter. The Orpheum hall is attractive and full of genuine merit.

36 New Plays in New York.

[London Correspondence of the Drama Mirror, Nov. 17.] The big theatrical season of the week has been Beethoven's production of Herod at Her Majesty's last Wednesday. This four-act tragedy is, you will remember, the work of one Stephen Phillips, formerly a poet, who wrote "When We Were Twenty-one" and possibly a new play, Miss Rehan will appear in "Neil Gwynne" in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." Paul Kester's play, that has been favorably received, will be followed with Julius Caesar in the title role. Until this change, Maude Adams will, of course, stay at the Knickerbocker in "A. L. A. I. G. O.N." Her performance of "Napoleon" was a success, and has added much to her artistic standing.

On the same night that Ada Rehan comes to the Knickerbocker, Edward S. Willard will begin an engagement at the Empire. The first act will happen at that theater before the English actor's appearance. Richard Mansfield has another fortnight to imperil King Henry V in Shakespeare's drama. He has about abandoned the idea of giving any other play this season. On November 28 Bernhardt and Coquelin will begin their five weeks' stay. Seven consecutive performances of "A. L. A. I. G. O.N." and "Hamlet" will be given.

Still, on the same date of December 2, Charles Frohman's Empire Company will return to the theater that night. Mr. Frohman says he is undecided which of three plays to present first. It is understood that these pieces—Hercules, Antrobus, Jones, and Davis' Defense,” in which Charles Wyndham has won a London success, and dramatizations of “To Have and to Hold” and “Red Potage.” Jessie Millward, Margaret Anglin, William

Charles II, are desperately in love. The plot and intrigue, the comedy and romance, which are woven into the performances give it a refreshing vigor to those who have seen it before. These afford Miss Crosman a superb opportunity for the display of her versatility, an opportunity which she improves to the utmost, for her performance is faultless. Not only will she be able to depict more than her badague in the ball-room scene and in the closing act which follows, in which she appears in the raiment of a young man. In this she excels in making an entrance to the ball-room, challenges the king, her lover, and creates a scene of uproar, from which she escapes only by precipitate flight through a window which she has broken. She reveals to the king that his boyish challenges is the climax of a thoroughly well-balanced performance. The support in which he receives from the average Ambur Boucquet, as King Charles II, fully complements his part, and William Herbert, as Strings, an eccentric old duffer, a feature of the play.

News comes from London to the effect that Mrs. James Brown, Carter Morton, of the Palace Music Hall, to give a programme of recitations. Her engagement will begin early in January, and it is said that most of her attractions will come from the pen of Elsie Wheeler Wilcox. Her salary will be £90 (\$450) per week. It has not been announced that she will repeat the experiment in America, but she will receive a princely flattery offer from vaudeville managers on this side of the water.

TO ENTHRONED THE SAINTS.

Junius F. Wells, brother of Gov. Wells of Utah, is visiting Los Angeles in the interest of a special edition which the Deseret Evening News of Salt Lake proposes to get out for the holidays. A joint article will be published, illustrated with numerous engravings, describing the cities of Salt Lake and Los Angeles, which are in most wonderful raiment designed by Percy Anderson, crowd the court and its people. Mr. Wells, who is a Mormon, and Alexander has the play in the theater. It was reserved for Tree, however, to first introduce Poole Phillips to London players.

Tree has introduced him nobly. No more gorgeous nor more costly production has ever been seen on any stage than that which dazzled and delighted the audience. The play, "Richard III," is the best of the season.

On November 28 Bernhardt and Coquelin will begin their five weeks' stay. Seven consecutive performances of "A. L. A. I. G. O.N." and "Hamlet" will be given.

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has just christened his baby Hawlah, who has provided much excellent music.

The play, which is couched in smooth and often strong blank verse, is, for the first time, a real masterpiece.

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igence

our music lovers, and done the past two seasons to secure a grand hat will enable the orchestra on a still better basis. In the course of the last sixty days have already taken fifteen, two boxes and two have been sold, and several capitals have authorized a sum of \$10,000 for amounts up to \$100, toward the expenses and for the maintenance of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Music Review, publisher of the "Musical Times," has a half-page picture of Petaluma and a brief, interesting sketch of the well-known composer. Mr. Stevens' choir works, anthems, etc., are now available, neatly-engraved and copy of one of his recent sacred pieces is included within the illustrations.

The composer has received many favorable reviews from the critics.

His sacred compositions are heard in our leading

churches, and he is in the publisher's list. That Mr. Stevens is a prophet without honor in his country, is evident from the fact that his compositions

are not heard in our leading

churches.

Musical was enter-

into the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Williams, Mon-

day evening, Mon-



has ever had. Freights are bound to be lowered.

You can buy a private transportation system or subdivide it—whether it is much the same thing—but you can't buy Uncle Sam, and you can't bribe him into keeping up the toll on the Golden Gate. We are bound to the sea; and when the canal is fully completed, they can sing "My ship has come over the sea."

The Nicaragua Canal will bring the sea within miles of many hundreds of miles closer together. In time of war Uncle Sam will be able to slip his ships through the short cut, while the enemy will have to go down around the Horn.

And that's all right; it's good for the enemy; a good, long sea voyage will be beneficial to his health! Your Uncle Sam is going to be liberal and give him plenty.

Speed the Nicaragua Canal! This is the age of rapid transit. It ought also to be the age of cheap transport. More national thoroughfares, more coast improvement—and all for the good of America and Americans!" So says THE EAGLE.

ALL ALONG THE LINE.

San Francisco milliners will hold a meeting to induce their employers to grant them shorter hours.

Elmer Williams, pastor of the Adventist Church in Petaluma, is accused of cruelly beating his 11-year-old grandson.

John T. Apperson, janitor of the principal public school building at Red Bluff, committed suicide by shooting himself in the left eye.

The children of St. Mark's Church of Berkeley, will give a rag-time dance to raise money for rag-time music.

The Oak Development Company has commenced the operation of its new ferry across the American River at Fair Oaks, giving connection with Sacramento.

The Odd Fellows of San Jose are making an effort to have the Odd Fellows Home, now at Thermalito, located in their city. The yearly expenditure is to be held at \$10,000.

Depot County Clerk Bert Swan of Oakland, was bitten on the head by a spider. The back of his neck and head are badly swollen. Physicians pronounce it a case of slow poisoning.

The police of Vallejo are looking for Howard O. Fuller, a veteran of Cuba and Manila, who has a charge of grand larceny against him. He robbed a man he ever occupied before and fled.

The eastern crops are

relations with our neighbors that could be desired; the flood have

across the land and again

maintains that McKinley is

noticed, place the credit

at the door of the men who

and, indeed, we ought to be

for the rain, no matter what

may have come to us

caused a little discomfort,

but who wouldn't suffer

so supremely blessed?

on the street cars were at

doubt as to whether they were

street car or a tramp

the boys wear the

prosperity's harbinger has

found a home in the

lives of the men of means.

Charles Stern & Sons,

341 S. Spring Street,

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Warranted for 10 years.

THE GUARANTEE

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Do You Stay Out NIGHTS?

The dressy suit for business wear is Oxford Gray Mixed. We make them.

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New Books.

Eleanor:
By Mrs. Humphrey Ward.....\$1.50
The Eagle's Heart;
By Hamlin Garland.....\$1.50
Dr. North and His Friends;
By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.....\$1.50
Songs of the Morning;
By Eden Phillpotts.....\$1.50

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JAS. W. HELLMAN, 157-161 NORTH SPRING ST.

Reliable Goods. Popular Prices.

This is about linens—our kind of linens, whenever

we print anything about linens we are sure of a careful reading and of numerous visitors to the department, for in linen buying the say-so of the store is the buyer's guarantee.

Thanksgiving linens

have the whole store behind them, years of buying in the best markets of the world, a knowledge of what is most wanted, and the absolute integrity in which our salespeople are schooled, make this the linen store, there are more and better patterns, too, both in common and expensive grades.

an extra value in a 66 in. bleached satin damask, new designs at \$75.

72 in. double satin damask in floral and conventional patterns, at \$1.00 to \$1.25 the yard.

a fine satin damask from Irish and Austrian looms, 72 and 90 in. wide, at \$1.50 to \$3.00 the yard.

22 and 24 in. round thread, extra heavy Austrian linen hotel napkins, at \$2.00 and \$2.75 the dozen.

a full and complete line of crashes, towels, glass linen and embroidery linens.

separate table cloths with border all round, 2 to 5 yards long, at \$2.50 to \$30.00 each.

sets—cloth and napkins to match in all sizes and a great variety of patterns, at \$6.75 to \$75.00 the set.

5 and 3-4 dinner napkins to match the table damask which we show also other patterns at \$1.00 to \$15.00 the dozen.

send all mail orders direct to the store. We employ no agents.

BOSTON DRY GOODS STORE

December 15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-

The Social World. ✕ Men and Women in Society. ✕ Personal Intelligence.

boots.

It wear and looks
combined. Of course,
more in evidence
her style, because
versually worn with
suits. A golf boot must fit
and be more pleasing to
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golf boot you will find present
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for \$2.50 kangaroos
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des bunched dinner napkins

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des bunched damask cloths, all lace, all

des bunched damask cloths, 2 yds.

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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. G. OTIS..... President and General Manager.
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ARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER..... Secretary.
ALBERT MCFARLAND..... Treasurer.
PUBLISHERS OF

The Los Angeles Times

Bi-Weekly, Sunday,
Vol. 38, No. 174. Founded Dec. 4, 1881.
Nineteenth Year.
TEWS SERVICE: Full reports of the new Associated Press, covering the globe; from 12,500 to 25,000 words transmitted daily over more than 20,000 miles of leased wires.
TERMS—Daily and Sunday, including Magazine Section, 75 cents a month, or \$9.00 a year;
DAILY AND SUNDAY, including Magazine Section, \$2.50; Weekly, \$1.50;
WEEKLY CIRCULATION—Daily, 25,000; for 1899, 15,000; for 1898, 10,000;
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STRONG MAN NEEDED.

As a matter of course, all good citizens hope to defeat each and every unworthy aspirant for seat in the City Council, and to elect only those who are honest, capable, and well qualified, among the several candidates, for the duties of Councilmen. Every effort should be made on the part of conscientious voters to accomplish this greatly-to-be-desired end, but it is too much to expect, perhaps, that all the unworthy aspirants for councilmanic honors will be defeated at the coming election. It is possible, indeed, that the average of intelligence and integrity in the new Council may be no higher than it is in the recent body. It is well, at all events, to provide so far as possible for contingencies.

Whether the Council be controlled by bad men or by bad men, a man of strong personality and of wide experience in municipal affairs should be chosen. He should be strongly disposed, the Mayor an hold it in check, by virtue of the veto power and by other means at his disposal as the executive head of the city government. If the majority of the Councilmen be disposed to serve the city faithfully, and to promote its best interests, the Mayor can cooperate with it in the good work, and can readily assist it in many ways.

The importance of having in the Mayor's office a man of strong character, large executive ability and extensive experience, is too apparent to require argument. There is probably a man in the city who is better qualified for the position of Mayor than is Herman Silver. His long experience as a member of the Council gives him a thorough knowledge of the ins and outs of that body. He will be able to hold it in check, should such course be necessary, than would a weaker man, with a less intimate knowledge of the situation and its needs.

Mr. Silver is a man of firmness, not afraid to say no when his judgment tells him to do so. This is a quality much needed in the office of Mayor, as everybody knows. And the fact that Herman Silver possesses this qualification in a marked degree is one of the many reasons why he should be elected to the office.

If M. P. Snyder were elected Mayor, he would "fall down" before "the song." He would be as clay in the hands of the potter. He would be the tail of the dog, not alone for the reason that he is a weak, weak character and of small mental caliber, but because if he should go into the office of Mayor he could do so in pledge of tacitly if not in specific terms, to serve the interests of the disreputable elements so far as he could do so with safety. Therefore, we want none of Snyder. To place him in the highly responsible office of Mayor would be a very serious mistake, which the people of the city would regret most bitterly.

The proper and satisfactory solution of the whole question lies in the election of Herman Silver to the Mayoralty. He is a safe man for the place, and in electing him we shall take no chances and run no risks. His majority should be so decisive as to leave no doubt as to the sentiments of the people on the question of sound municipal government.

THE MAXFIELD FUND.

Contributions have been received by The Times as follows to the fund for the benefit of Ezra T. Maxfield and family, whose house on South Flower street was wrecked in the recent flood, and who were thus left homeless and penniless:

J. L. Huiskamp..... \$3.50
J. M. Thompson..... 1.00
J. W. Nash..... 1.00
Dr. A. E. Wheeler..... 2.00
J. D. Glendale..... 25.00
J. W. Wing..... 5.00
Previously reported..... 40.50

Total..... \$73.50

The fund is open for further contributions, which will be thankfully received at this office and duly credited.

Charles Lively of Maryland had a quarrel with his wife and tried shot gun persuasion. Mrs. Lively returned Mr. Lively's fire and struck a lively manner when he was badly wounded. The neighbors say it was the liveliest night fight on record, and would have been far more lively if Mr. Lively hadn't been knocked out by his lively spouse.

City officials are the officers and directors chosen to conduct the business of a corporation. Corporations do not elect their officers with reference to their politics. They choose those who they think are honest and most capable of conducting the business. That is what the voters of Los Angeles should do at the coming election.

In the woman's six-day bicycle race in Brooklyn, Marguerite Gast and Lotte Brandon have shown themselves to be the champion idiots thus far. Miss Brandon swooned during one afternoon's spurt. It is a disgraceful and disgusting exhibition of foolishness, and should be above the average American girl's ambition in life.

Judge Goodwin of Springfield, O., who was shot at by a mother whose son he had committed to an insane asylum, evidently committed the wrong man first.

There is a man in New York worth \$60,000, named Joseph Heidelberg, who refuses to wear a shirt. Probably because his wife doesn't keep the buttons sewed on. Ladies, be careful!

no just ground for accusing them of excessive modesty on this score. We should make known our needs, and should fully enlighten every member of Congress as to the vast and incomparable benefits which will flow from the carrying out of a comprehensive and practical scheme of irrigation by the national government.

Now that the East has been in a measure awakened to the superlative importance of this great question, there should be little delay in pushing the work forward to practical results. Once a beginning has been made in the work of constructing storage reservoirs, progress will be comparatively easy. The advantages which will accrue will be so many and so obvious as to remove all doubt and silence all opposition. It will be perceived that the work is not of a local character, but will be of lasting and inestimable benefit to the nation at large; and this knowledge will insure for it the cordial and generous support of the country at large.

Great Roosevelt, in his letter to the National Irrigation Congress, briefly but comprehensively outlined some of the objects to be attained, and the best methods for their attainment, as follows:

"(1.) Government study of streams upon which your plans depend.

"(2.) Government construction and control of great irrigation projects.

"(3.) Protection of forests by the extension of a forest reserve system; hence of government control of the forests."

"(4.) National protection, use of forest and expert supervision."

"(5.) I urge you to see to it that private owners of forests in the West and East alike understand that timbering to give a creamy color, the situation much more serious. Much in one form or another is a portion of the diet of practically every person, young, middle aged or old. It is used especially as a diet for children and for the sick—those whose condition particularly demands pure, healthful, nutritious food, such as pure milk is universally recognized to be. These facts make it of supreme importance that only pure milk should be used. But modern science has discovered ways of doctoring milk so as to dilute and cheapen it in such a way that it requires something more than the sense of sight to detect the spurious from the genuine, and this kind of doctoring is being practiced to a considerable extent with the fact that the adulterant is added to the pure milk.

"(6.) The whole Democratic ticket in the river of a grand Republican victory. [Great applause.]

"I have served you in the City Council, and I am perfectly willing to rest my chances of election as Mayor upon my past record. On the question of municipal ownership I have always favored the water that she has, and my vote has always been recorded in favor of ownership of the water system." [Applause.]

Mr. Silver abandoned his talk with a number of stories to the city ticket, taking up each candidate, and speaking warmly of their fitness for the several offices.

The chairman then called up in succession each candidate on the ticket, and they all made brief speeches.

Speeches were also made by ex-Gov. Gilder and Cola Derby, Alder and Mrs.

The meeting adjourned at a late hour, with three cheers for the whole ticket.

FIRST WARD DEMOCRATS.

The Democrats of the First Ward

met at a meeting last night at Banquet Hall in East Los Angeles, and listened to speeches by various city candidates on the last of the municipal campaign. M. P. Snyder, W. H. Workman and F. L. Hutchinson, W. H. Workman and F. M. Nickel each made short addresses, threshing over the old straw they have been working on since the election of the new date was brought out, and no new sensations of any kind were sprung.

George Harbo then called up in succession each candidate on the ticket, and they all made brief speeches.

Speeches were also made by ex-Gov. Gilder and Cola Derby, Alder and Mrs.

The meeting adjourned at a late hour, with three cheers for the whole ticket.

WE CALIFORNIANS.

H. W. Moroso, manager of the Burbank theater, is in town for a few days from San Francisco.

Col. W. W. Dabrow of Salton, formerly of the office of the late Robert E. Lee, former president of the institution, preserved just as he left it.

Not a book or a paper is disturbed.

Once or twice a year the room is dusted, but at all times the shutters are closed and the curtains drawn.

Hamilton Gordon has received from a southwestern cattlemen a letter in regard to his new book, "The Eagle's Heart." "I wish to congratulate you on your story. The Eagle's Heart is a great book; you never made a more pleasant read. The book is a masterpiece, square over the horns every time. This praise don't come from a tenderfoot, but from a cattlemen who has been through it all and is still in the business."

Evidence.

[Kansas City Journal:] There may be some sincerity in Mr. Croker's decision to make his residence in Sacramento.

He has gone.

Their European Rival.

[Washington Star:] Some of the European troops have agreed to an effort of out-Boxer the Boxers in the matter of cruelty.

He Should Smile.

[Baltimore American:] We observe that Bishop Potter smiles audibly when questioned as to Richard Croker's assistance in suppressing vice.

The Best, as Usual.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] After all the running, the Chinese gun planes, which the United States for French gun planes, have won the game.

One-sided.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] A colored youth in Baltimore is serving out an eighteen months' imprisonment for killing a white girl. This seems a somewhat unusual penalty.

Can Afford It.

[Chicago News:] Twenty-five persons have been killed at grade crossings in Chicago within six weeks, but at only \$500 apiece for dead victims the railroads can afford to run some.

SILVER AND WATER.

Relative to the abortive fight now being made against Hon. Herman Silver with reference to his stand on the water question, Mayor Fred Eaton has sent the following self-explanatory letter to L. C. Gates, chairman of the Republican Central Committee:

"Dear Sir: Opponents of Herman Silver, the Republican nominee for Mayor, have made the assertion that the favorable action of the Council on our recent measure in regard to the construction of headworks for the water system was not sincere, and they have characterized that action as political chumming.

It is evident that the members of the legislature who are concerned in this matter are not sincere, and that the ordinance was unadvisedly passed.

It must be somewhat embarrassing for the Pacific Coast representatives at the irrigation congress in Chicago to be told that they have been too modest in their requests for aid in the matter of irrigation. This should not be permitted to happen again.

Gertude Axx of Oakland has sued her husband, John Axx, for a divorce.

She says he used to fly off the handle and call her cutting names. The judge set the case under advisement, and the chances are that Axx will get it in the neck.

Mrs. Samuel Lecker, aged 88, has just married a giddy youngster of 75 in London. It was a case of love at first sight. Just imagine this gushing young couple billing and cooing like turtle doves!

Nine aspirants for ministerial honors at Memphis, Tenn., were turned down because they couldn't tell the date of the flood. It's queer that they didn't know little thing like that.

Aguinaldo has been killed again.

The burial act will probably not be carried out, however, until he has been killed several times more.

The Chinese now come forward claiming that they discovered America in the year 48 A. D. Their claim is dubious, another 14.

Perhaps the \$4,000,000 shortage in the New York City water department may be found to be concealed in Croker's ice trust.

A newspaper which told all the truth, such as Dr. Parkhurst seems to want, would be the most sensational sheet on earth.

Col. Bryan has again arisen to remark that he is still as loony as ever on the subject of the Chicago plateau.

Judge Gooding made a patriotic speech, prefacing his remarks concerning the Republican city ticket. Referring to Herman Silver, he said:

"You have selected as head of the ticket a man who enjoys the esteem and confidence of the people—a man eminently qualified for the office of Mayor of our beautiful city. We have honesty and we have ability and we have possibilities, and we want all these things crowned by the election of a Mayor, who can with dignity represent us." [Applause.] I now introduce to you our candidate for Mayor, Herman Silver.

Mr. Silver was greeted with long-continued applause as he came forward.

"I have never failed to buy a summer," said Mr. Silver, "but I do not think it is necessary to urge these old veterans to do their duty. They are here to help us, and we are here to help them.

Accepting as true the implied promises of cooperation from the East in these great enterprises, the problem becomes greatly simplified, and the prospects of practical action in the near future are much brighter.

One of the delegates—J. C. Brady, of Wheeling, W. Va.—declared that the West had been too modest in its demands upon the national treasury in furtherance of this great work, and that an appropriation of not less than \$5,000,000 per year should be asked.

The people of the West should be it that in the future there shall be

I saw him buried yesterday. There was no weeping crowd—No mourners lingered on behind—Ah, but the country still was kind, and furnished him a shroud.

(S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.)

He was never asked for favors where His help had not before.

In some fair way, been freely shown—All that he asked for was his own No. 10 or tithe more.

I saw him buried yesterday.

There was no weeping crowd—

No mourners lingered on behind—

Ah, but the country still was kind,

and furnished him a shroud.

(S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.)

He was never struck before he gave Fair warning; all he knew

He told the world, and never sought

To claim importance he was not Indeed entitled to.

He never asked for favors where His help had not before.

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PENNIES BURNERS

PLAY POOR GAME.

THE HIGH SCHOOL AND
E.A.C. ELEVEN.

The High Schools Visibly Stronger—
But kept in University Territory—
Not a Goal Nor a Touchdown Made
Throughout the Game.

A very small crowd of people witnessed a poor game of football between the High Schools eleven and the University of Southern California pigs in this city yesterday afternoon at Washington Park, this city. After two and a half hours of wrangling and a little running, the game was called with the score tied at 0.

Both of the two teams the High Schools were stronger and the ball was in University territory during most of the game, threatening the goal four times. The High School had a fair defense, often holding their own wall. In offensive play they were strong in end running and the interference was great. The result would have been different.

The University team ran the ball and the time when the runner was alone and was easily beaten with only an insignificant gain.

The University's line was much better than their opponent's, and they had almost wholly on line bucking down, not even attempting to pass, except at the end. Many of the University's shortcomings are explained by the lack of training is to be considered. There was a lack of kick of kicking, which tends to make the spectators more interested.

The returned man is Dr. Robert S. Rendall, who for five years has been

HOME FROM BRAZIL.
A Los Angeles Boy Who Has Made
a Fortune Practicing Dentistry in
South America.

Ten years ago a boy hardly out of knickerbockers left his home in Los Angeles to attend college in the East. Friday he returned, no longer a boy, but a man, and although young in years he is old in experience. He worth his thousands, and it has all come in a few years. His return was a surprise to him, and there is rejoicing at the homes of Stephen H. Rendall, 906 South Alvarado street, who is the only son of this family who has returned home after such a long absence.

The returned man is Dr. Robert S. Rendall, who for five years has been



DR. ROBERT S. RENDALL.

In his profession of dentistry in São Paulo, Brazil.

Mrs. Rendall, his mother, said last night that the boy did not expect his home would be the same when he returned when I returned from down town, and found my boy. I was almost overwhelmed with joy. He is the only boy

in the family.

Dr. Rendall has made in South America a wonderful success for one so young. In five years of work there he has built up a magnificent practice at São Paulo, and two more years of continuous work at São Paulo would have made him very wealthy.

Dr. Rendall has returned to the home of his boyhood, and he may remain here

for a year or two more.

Dr. Rendall, then known only as "Bob," had reached the mature age of ten years when he and his parents came to their present home. For six years Bob played with the children until he was graduated. He then began to be a surgeon, so he was sent to Philadelphia to obtain his education.

There he completed his medical course and then as a dental student, studied at the Philadelphia Dental Institute.

He graduated at the head of a large class in his twenty-first year and received a flattering offer in Brazil.

There he went after a dental practice and his success added to his popularity and success, and this has added to his success in the South American country.

His people want him to remain home and rest for a year, but urgent business calls him back to his professional work before that time has expired. Besides his father, mother, and sister who welcome him at his home in his boyhood, he is another sister at school in Washington, and one in San Francisco.

At the stage of the game Ryan was put into unnecessary roughness, and had to be substituted. Stevens kicked to the center of the field. Duran took the ball and ran, and time was called with the ball on the U.S.C. 45-yard line and the score 0 to 0.

The High Schools, Germany, Rees, Ryans, and Stephens were the star players, and Ryan, Yarza and Smith did good work for the University of Southern California.

Following is the line-up of the two

High Schools. Position. Day and

right end. Yarza

right tackle. Jane

Wheaten

Broderick

Zerker

left tackle. Sabichi

Frost

Worrell

Rockwell

Ryan

Eyreart

Smith

Rees

and fullback. Holland.

Referee.

Umpire.

Time of game—Two twenty-minute halves.

Referee.

THE PHOENIX CARNIVAL.

The special committee of the

Chamber of Commerce, having charge

of the proposed excursion to the

Phoenix Carnival has decided that

members should make a can-

vas and learn how many persons

would probably go. The time has not

been set, as they await action of

Hicks and other organizations

which have received invitations.

The price quoted is \$2.50 for the round-trip, with \$4 added for each extra passenger, and returning till

the 18th. Persons who desire to go

are requested to leave their names

with the secretary of the Chamber of

Commerce.

RESOLVE.

To keep my health!

To do my work!

To sit to it I grow and gain and give!

Never to look behind me for an hour,

in weakness and to walk in power,

Always fronting onward to the right;

Always and always facing toward the right;

Always, always, defeated, fallen, wide

astern;

With strength I have,

Back to the way!

CHARLOTTE PERKIN STEPHENSON.

HAIR DRESSING FREE

In what it does to your hair, it is

safe on any kind of a musical

instrument for you before

you buy it. You can't get a worse

reputation than we have our

up.

0000

southern California Music

Co., WEST THIRD ST.

PHILLIPS THE TAILOR

We have selected a large variety of overcoats

to fit every size and take your pick. 125 S.

South Street.

Immense assortment of Perfumes—6 different kinds of Violet.

Belladonna Plasters, 10c each; 8 for..... 25c

Hormone—the new perfume—1 oz..... 50c

Perfume Atomizers, each..... 25c to 50c

Immense assortment of Perfumes—6 different kinds of Violet.

ELLINGTON DRUG CO.

N.W. Cor. Fourth and Spring.

Tel. Main 1218.

Estimates cheerfully given.



A BIRD AND A BOTTLE

Make an excellent combination for

THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Let us supply the Wine and your meat will be fit for it.

Sonoma Zinfandel or Riesling, incomparable for the money.

Per gallon..... 50c

5-Year-Old Port.

Best in California for the price.

Per gallon..... 50c

5-Year-Old Sherry, Angeline or Muscat, genuine bargains.

Per gallon..... 65c

20-Year-Old Port, Sherry, Angeline, Muscat, Malaga or Madeira, enough to import brands.

Per gallon..... \$1.50

A Good Whisky, Medicinally pure.

Per quart bottle..... 50c

Golden Eastern Apple Cider.

Only per gallon..... 50c

EDWARD GERMAIN WINE CO.

397-99 Los Angeles St., cor. 4th.

No Bar. Open Evenings. Tel. M. 928.

Practical Helps for Thanksgiving Comfort.

Every dining room should be at its best this week. Of course it's nice to add pieces to this room any time of the year, same as it is nice to get a new dress whenever you can. A woman should no sooner think of letting an Easter go by without getting a new frock than that a Thanksgiving should pass without adding new cheer and beauty to the dining room—and there is fully as much style and distinction to furniture as there is to dress—else why is Barker's any better place to buy? As folks go around more and show more care in their buying, they come to this conclusion.

The housewife who discriminates in her furniture, who prefers a few pieces of worth and character to a room-full of ill formed and hurriedly finished pieces is always well thought of. She spends no more than her neighbor, but she spends it wisely.

Side Boards.

Here's an unequalled lot of side boards—our reputation for leadership is again clearly shown. The 47 distinct styles out-class any similar exhibit a bout as here as to designs, richness of finish and remarkably low prices.

\$15 to \$200.

Buffets.

The modern dining room is hardly complete without a buffet and it has fashion's hearty approval. You can surely suit your fancy from our show—52 different styles possible for the display of any taste, no matter how loose or how tight the purse strings may hang. Prices range from

\$10 and as high as \$150.

Tables.

The extension table may be pretty and graceful as well as solid and substantial. The 119 styles shown on our fifth floor offer the widest scope possible for the display of any taste, mostly oak, either Flemish, antique or old English finish. In prices as low as

\$5 to \$150.

China Closets.

This hurried word to prospective buyers of china closets. Any one would be doing themselves an injustice if they bought without seeing our unequalled line. Not only unequalled in perfection of style and finish, but in prices. There are 50 distinct styles, ranging from

\$15 to \$150.

Barker Bros.

430-44 South Spring Street.

The Leading Suppliers of Furniture, Carpets, Draperies.

WHICH
Is the Greater
YELLOW PERIL
YELLOW DRUG?

The Chinese that threaten the nations of the earth, or the

Dictators of Prices

Why do you stop advertising

Kirk's Irish Moss Cough Syrup 17c

At 25¢ We sell it at.....

Thompson's Pills 14c

At 25¢ We sell them at.....

Carter's Dyspepsia Tablets 35c

At 50¢ We sell them at.....

Why not tell the public your prices? Then, perhaps, you might dictate, but you would not have people poking fun at your Baby Act Advertising.

We have a new Silk Rubber Hot Water Bottle which we guarantee for one year.

2-quart size, for..... 25c

8-quart size, for..... 50c

4-quart size, for..... 35c

3-quart Fountain Syringe, for.... 25c

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The Broadway Department Store

Standard Patterns
DOROTHY MORRIS
Are here. We're glad to say we are sole sellers of them. They are best—that's what best informed women say. Every pattern has seam allowances.

The Broadway Department Store

This Clearing Effort Takes on Strength.

If you stepped into the store for one minute you'd realize the plight we're in. This store-ful of regular merchandise can't be ignored. We can't afford to set it aside for January selling—yet the space it occupies must be used for Holiday stuff—which won't keep, either. We had hoped up to the last minute that we could get additional space in the neighborhood. We can't do that now. We tried to do this last week—the rain spoiled our plans. So we have to make this week do two weeks' business—Prices in every department have been cut to do it. Need Dress Goods, Shoes, Underwear or a new Hat? Or have you put off buying your wraps? You're lucky, then. Utterly impossible for us to sell such staple merchandise at these prices if we didn't lose money. Certainly wouldn't do it if we weren't forced to it.

Special!

75c Jackets, Dressing, for 59c.
Of good, heavy quality Eiderdown, full fronts and fitted backs, fastened with satin, edge crocheted, come in pink, red, blue or gray—59c.

Heavy Canton Flannels 5c.

36 inches wide, brown, regular price 75c, but we need holiday space and we are willing to pay for it, so buy Canton Flannels Monday at one-third off.

Sheet Wadding 1c.

The size and quality for which you usually pay 2c—here Monday for 1c—comes in black or white.

Knit Skirts Cut to 48c.

Made of all wool yarn in solid colors and finished around the bottom with fancy stripes; edges are crocheted. They are worth 69c, but you may have them Monday for 48c.

Cocoa Borax Soap 2½c.

Large cakes, worth 75c. The few cases we have are in the way and must go Monday at 2½c.

Best 10c Chambrays 4½c.

Manchester, in staple and delicate shades of pink, blue, gray, etc. The quality for which others ask 10c—here Monday 4½c.

Our 6½c Outing Flannel 4c.

And you may choose from the biggest variety of patterns and shades conceivable, lights and darks, stripes, checks and plaids, as well as plain cream. There are thousands upon thousands of yards, but they occupy valuable holiday space, hence they are 4c Monday.

These \$2.50 Stuffs \$1.08
All-wool Homespuns—52 inches wide, also a line of Banrockbourns in all the new mixes of brown, gray, castor, green and blue.

These 65c Stuffs for 43c
All-wool Homespuns and Venetians—38 inches wide, full line of leading shades including gray, blue, brown, green, red and oxford.

These 65c Stuffs for 49c
Flecked Homespun—40 inches wide, in new combinations of blue, gray, green, brown, red and oxford.

These \$1.50 Stuffs for 99c
60-inch Vicuna Serge—in 3 leading shades, such as gray, brown, oxford, castor and light gray.

These \$1.50 Stuffs for \$1.19
Venetian Cloth—54 inches wide, in gray, brown and castor.

These \$2 Stuffs for \$1.69
Golf Suiting—All-wool and 34 inches wide, in new mixes of gray, blue and oxford.

These \$1.50 Stuffs for \$1.19
Vicuna Serge—54 inches wide, in gray, brown and castor.

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PICTORIAL SHEET.
Timely Illustrations.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

IN FIVE PARTS.
Part Four—8 Pages.

PRICE 5 CENTS

ONE YEAR.

Announcement

Exceeding the old reliable firm (Thomas Drug Co.) we can assure all patrons of this store that our efforts shall merit the confidence and patronage enjoyed by that

A NEW AND LIBERAL POLICY

is inaugurated by us, and hereafter we propose to LEAD services as well as in the standard quality of our goods. Following prices sufficiently explain our position:

SEE OUR BLACK CAT CALENDAR, 35c UP.

Swamp Root.....	60c
Peruna.....	60c
Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.....	40c
Beecham's, Carter's or Picces' Pills.....	15c
Bromo Quinine.....	15c
Scott's Emulsion.....	65c

2 yds. wide, 15c.
Hand woven—a quality we say you may have if for the quality for which you pay.
2 inches square, with pretty colors, fringed. Monday only.

Soap 2c.
sold for 5c, here Monday.

Lamps \$1.49.
table burner, every one hundred reduced for Monday's sale.

Soaps 2½c.
very neat and clear. Price 5c.

Set Soap for 5c.
neatly wrapped—Buttermilk, regular size quality—Monday.

Soap 2c.
cakes, sold every day for 5c.

McLain & Gleason.

Druggists.

Cor. Spring and Temple Sts.

ONE WEEK TO LIVE.

Gray Had Bright's Disease, and Doctors Told Him to Prepare to Meet Death, as He Could Not Live One Week Longer.

The most remarkable cures accomplished by the use of this is the one presented today. It is the never-failing result of that grand medicine, McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure.

History of railroading in the states of Illinois and Indiana was never a more employe than Geo. W. Gray. In 1870 Mr. Gray was with the Santa Fe Railroad holding important positions in the company in Topeka, Kansas; later went East, many years was receiving Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad at Chicago. By his careful and shrewd management of the details of his office Mr. Gray was one of the most valued employees of this great corporation. But Mr. Gray had contracted Bright's Disease. He had terrible excruciating pain in the back, head, and through the shoulders to the spine; the urine was color; he felt weak and emaciated; had not yet got up, as Mr. Gray was twenty times in bed before he was nervous and frightened. Doctors consulted, and finally shook their heads in hope and despair in particular said,

"Mr. Gray, you will be dead in less than one week." And perhaps Mr. Gray would have died had he not known of that wonderful remedy, McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure.

Mr. G. W. Gray, who resides at No. 100 Thirty-fourth Avenue, East Los Angeles, has given up to die. A bottle of McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure made him well.

In an interview with Mr. Gray he made the following statement:

"Yes, I have had plenty of suffering, but I can honestly say that McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure has saved me from an early death."

Rheumatism. McBurney's Kidney and Bladder cure is guaranteed to be absolutely safe and certain in building up the weak and debilitated. It cures acute or muscular rheumatism and from the first dose relieves pain in any part of the body stopped in a few doses. A prompt, complete and permanent cure is obtained in all cases of pain in hips and joints. Chronic rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, or pains in the back, neck, shoulder, etc., are relieved by giving relief from one to two doses, and almost invariably cures before one bottle has been used.

McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure. Liver Regulator and Blood Purifier. 25c. Liver Tablets. 25c. to be stamp for a five days treatment and get relief in 20 minutes.

F. McBurney, 418 S. Spring St., L. A. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.



Get the genuine. No substitute will do.

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MOTHERS MEET.

Local Federated Clubs
in Session.

Several Good Addresses
Made Yesterday.

Mrs. Murphy's Plea for More
Interest in the Schools—
Davis's Speech.

Despite the telephoned postponement of the annual meeting of the Federation of Mothers' Clubs last Saturday, some mothers who did not receive the news came together at Simpson Auditorium that it was decided to hold a business meeting; and the election of officers and committees was completed, besides some general business. The less agreeable work of the annual meeting was thus disposed of, leaving only papers for the reading, voted on yesterday, which took on the character of an adjourned session.

The meeting was called to order at 3 o'clock, with W. W. Murphy, president of the federation, in the chair. The minutes of the business meeting were read, including the names of the newly-appointed officers and committees.

President of the federation (representative), Mrs. W. W. Murphy; first vice-president, Mrs. R. L. Craig; second vice-president, Mrs. J. W. Hendrick; third vice-president, Mrs. F. E. Prior; recording secretary, Mrs. J. E. Gibbs; corresponding secretary, Mrs. B. H. Franklin; auditor, Mrs. W. A. Washburn; and executive committee, Mrs. J. Gibbs; Mrs. J. A. Poshay; Miss Leydard; Bureau of Exchange, Mrs. Lucian Errie; Mrs. F. E. Prior; Mrs. George Rice; Social Committee, Mrs. J. W. Hendrick; Mrs. H. C. Wagner; Literature Committee, Miss Mary Murphy; Mrs. E. K. Foster; Mrs. E. T. Pettigrew; Mrs. Fred Fay; Executive Committee, Mrs. R. L. Craig; Mrs. J. W. Hendrick; Mrs. F. E. Prior; Mrs. J. W. Washburn; Mrs. W. P. Murphy (ex-officio).

Following the reading of the minutes, the executive of the federation, Mrs. W. W. Murphy, addressed the members. Her address was a strong and inspiring appeal to the mothers to interest themselves in the schools, their teachers, and by co-operating with the school to help in their understanding and treatment of individual pupils and in their general plan of work. She said, in part:

MRS. MURPHY'S ADDRESS.
"To say that we get nothing out of the mothers' clubs is to acknowledge that we bring nothing to them. If we learn nothing else in them we shall at least acquire the power of the talking voices. Shakespeare says, 'Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman.' What other voice is there to say 'Her voice was too low to be heard, excepting in woman.' A little girl remarked not long ago: 'Mother always talks to us children things; and she makes them all laugh.' Never like that at home." That was this child's first experience of her mother in such mood, and she enjoyed it. Despite all the jokes and innuendos about women's tongues, we need to learn more about the use of them. We need to learn to talk more with others in the home, to joke with our children, to tell them stories. A bright word or two often dispels the growing gloom and bitterness in young hearts, and turns them to pleasant thoughts and mirth. In a considerable number of homes, few realize that the young people hear from their elders in the shape of 'don'ts'. Save for these, the silence would be like the tomb, we catastrophe.

"The mothers' club must do its good, too, in drawing out our social possibilities. Many women are at ease only with their best friends. They are accustomed to passing most of their time in their homes, and have not learned the power of moving places and comfortably among mere acquaintances. The mothers' club draws them out and gives them more of ease and self-possession.

"The mothers' club will also do incalculable good in putting down silly social customs. How many of you may have seen two women who have met by chance, talk glibly and innocently over and through each other because custom has decreed that they shall not speak.

"The mothers' club must also do great good, too, in drawing out our social possibilities. This nation has attained a condition which no other nation has attained, and in order that the people may use the knowledge of their wives, it is necessary that they should be educated. Do you remember that, when the Mayflower was buffeted across the ocean, she brought not only the people, who were mostly Puritans, but also a good education? Within sixteen years after these people landed among the unfriendly savages, with disease, making invasions among them, and arrested three Chinamen for conducting the illegal business.

"In appearance the establishment of the F. Sule One Company at No. 328 South Spring street is eminently respectable, curio store, for the sale of unusual articles. Sule One is an affable Mongolian, who speaks good English, wears English clothes and has an American wife. He will smile blandly and sell you a Japanese smoking jacket at a profitable figure. His legitimate business pays well, but the profits are limited, so he sells lottery tickets on the side, for in that business the income is all profit.

"Now Sule One has been arrested for selling lottery tickets and he paid a fine of \$100 less than eight months ago. He became more wily than before, and only a select few gave their money to Sule for his elusive tickets of chance. But he did a good business and made personal acquaintances with the operators, so he got a modification of his sentence.

"Methods of teaching have altered much of late years. In older times the child was taught a few studies—geography, arithmetic, etc.—and every day the schools aim to give him some small idea of the great world of progressive thought. They give attention to his physical well-being. Ventilation is carefully regulated. The schoolroom is cleaned, and the schoolroom is studied, and eyes of the pupils are looked after. And more than all, the education of the character receives attention. The teacher is not alone, she should educate a child to make him fit among men or a woman among women. For this reason we demand, nowadays, in our teachers, the highest moral qualities. I take the opportunity of saying that the teachers of Los Angeles will today compare with any school in this land in bearing, in courtesy, in womanliness and in work."

SCHOOL IMPROVEMENTS.
PROF. FOWLER SPEAKS.

J. A. Foshay, Superintendent of Education, was then introduced, and spoke in part as follows:

"I would like to say something on the subject of the improvements that have been made—possible and have been made during the last few years in the schools. The largest improvement is in the larger interest taken by parents in the schools. The presence of so many of you here today, representing so many different clubs, shows that the schools have grown. A few years ago there were no mother clubs. Today they have sprung up all over the city and all over the county and the state.

"I suppose that were you abroad and saw the schools of your country, you would think of it only as the symbol of your nation. But it has a deep significance. It is the symbol of a form of national life now in the world's highest development in which the people rule themselves. It is true that Greece and Rome had what were called democracies, but, after all, the government of these was still in the hands of the few, and the great body

KIDNEY TROUBLE
PREYS UPON THE MIND

Women as Well as Men Suffer and Are Made Miserable by Kidney and Bladder Troubles.



Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

To Prove what Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, will do for YOU, every reader of The Times May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work. So when your kidneys are weak or out of order you can understand how easily your entire body is affected and quickly every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Klimer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

Women suffer as much from kidney trouble as men, though the medical fact is often not eight of. Many times when the doctor's services are sought he quickly comes to the conclusion that here is another case of female weakness or womb trouble of some sort.

Many of the so-called female complaints are nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

Among the many famous investigations of kidney trouble, the one which was published day for day in the papers of the talking voices, Shakespeare says, "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman." What other voice is there to say "Her voice was too low to be heard, excepting in woman." A little girl remarked not long ago: "Mother always talks to us children things; and she makes them all laugh." Never like that at home."

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Many women are at ease only with their best friends. They are accustomed to passing most of their time in their homes, and have not learned the power of moving places and comfortably among mere acquaintances. The mothers' club draws them out and gives them more of ease and self-possession.

The mothers' club will also do its good, too, in the schools. This nation has attained a condition which no other nation has attained, and in order that the people may use the knowledge of their wives, it is necessary that they should be educated. Do you remember that, when the Mayflower was buffeted across the ocean, she brought not only the people, who were mostly Puritans, but also a good education?

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the National Guard.

New Line to Headline.

FRANCISCO, Nov. 24.—A ship-line from Seattle to San Francisco is to be the return trip, to be made by the principal steamer of the John F. Kline today, the steamer Alameda, regularly between this city and the Hawaiian Islands, carrying freight.

In the latest, cheapest news of plane attachment. The new line is to be recommended.

The new idea of the President: it will be favored at the first, and thought differently, and the yielded for the sake of har-

THE CRISIS IN CHINA:
LATEST NOTE TO POWERS.
Negotiations to Be Had Outside of China.
Proposition Meets With Favor.

Generally Acquiesces. Not a New One With the United States.

NOT WIRE TO THE TIMES:
Details of the latest note to the government to the powers available at the State Department. By an error reported in the note was sent yesterday, completed until the President's secretary of state had a conference with him this morning, nor was the Chinese revenue proposal, which was to reach a settlement on an entirely new channel. It is the foreign government's full right of protection, for the Ministers at Peking are empowered to act for their interests, and for the further reason that these Ministers are influenced in the case, so that it is possible for them to agree upon a course which China could carry out as she disposed.

The United States therefore suggests and power appoint three commissioners, with complete authority, to make a final agreement, and that the powers meet at some place China—preferably, The Hague—concerned with the consideration of one without reference to what may do or think. China will have representation in this conference, the commissioners will not be called upon to submit anything that has been proposed to do to Chinese representatives.

It is believed beforehand, that they will be agreed to this plan. They and Germany. The Russian minister had an interview with Hay this morning and exchanged views. He would be approved immediately. That Germany will agree to it upon a conversation had with the German Foreign Minister and Dr. White in Germany this

NIGHTING OUTLOOK:
DETROIT, Nov. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Sun's Peking special says a report just made by Surgeon John M. Banister (major in the medical department of the United States army) who has completed an examination of the hospitals of the allies, will make an interesting reading for physicians. He says the Germans have the best sanitary outfit. There have been filling plants, bacteriological equipment, Roentgen-ray apparatus and medicines and everything else needed, and yet have the most sickness.

Strict orders were issued when the Germans reached China forbidding the use of unboiled water, even for cleaning the teeth. Any violation of these rules, it is said, would be severely punished. The regulations have been strictly enforced, and it is almost certain that no unboiled water has been used. Nevertheless, in the German hospital at Tien-Tsin there are 322 patients, twenty of whom are suffering with dysentery and thirty-one with typhoid fever.

The French are also well equipped, and the men are allowed to use water that has not been boiled, yet there have eighty-eight cases of dysentery, forty of diarrhea and twenty of typhoid in the hospital.

On the other hand, the conditions surrounding the Japanese troops are unsanitary, and the men drink water that has not been boiled. Nevertheless there has not been a single case of typhoid fever among them, and there are only thirty-six patients in the Japanese hospitals. These are cases of dysentery.

PERFORMERS DEFEATED.

NOT WIRE TO THE TIMES:

VANCOUVER, Nov. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A private cable has been received by W. A. Cumyou, foreign secretary for Canada of the Chinese Empire Reform Association, to the effect that the reform troops in North America, where they had been sent by the Chinese Reform Association in Canada and the United States, had come into conflict with the imperial troops in one of the northern provinces of China.

Secretary Cumyou is explaining the message, says that the reformers on Puget Sound, in California, including all the Chinese officials of that state, and in British Columbia, had been captured by the imperial troops.

The Chinese government is to modify the radical attitude it has assumed. It was on the part of this government that the reformers, as to make it probable that the Chinese would be accepted as a preliminary peace negotiations.

China has received such assurances, he has communicated to the government, as to make it probable that the radical attitude it has assumed.

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pie, in their own communities, in the very precincts of the home, under the supervision of their fellow-citizens and chosen officials, and to insure its freedom and independence, the ballot a secret one. God forbid that any citizen selected for that sacred trust should ever attempt to divert the will of the sovereign people or tamper with the sanctity of their ballots.

ALL MAY REJOICE.

"Some disengagements follow all elections, but all men rejoice when an election is so decided as to admit of neither dispute nor contest. The value of a national victory can only be rightly measured and appreciated by what it averts as well as by what it accomplishes. It is fortunate for the party in power if it understands the true meaning of the result. Those charged by the people with the administration and legislation are required to interpret as well as to execute the public will and its rightful interpretation is essential to its faithful execution. We cannot overestimate the great importance and the far-reaching consequences of the electoral contest which ended on the 6th of November. It has to the nation a signal. It is the triumph of an individual, not altogether of a party, but an emphatic declaration by the people of what they believe and would have maintained in government.

"A great variety of subjects was presented and discussed in the progress of the campaign. We may differ as to the extent of influence of the several issues involved, but we all agree as to certain things which it settled. It records the unquestioned endorsement of the gold standard, industrial independence, broad markets, mercantile expansion, reciprocal trade, the open door in China, the inviolability of public faith, the independence and authority of the judiciary, and peace between government and the American people.

American credits are most unimpaired, the honor of the American flag unsullied, and the obligations of a righteous war and treaty of peace unrepudiated.

REPUBLIC IS SAFE.

The Republican party has placed upon it tremendous responsibilities. No party could ask for higher assurances of confidence. It is a great thing to have this confidence; it will be a greater thing to deserve and hold it. To this party are committed more than the fate of the nation, and the right to participate. The task of settlement is for the whole American people. Who will say they are unequal to it?

"Liberty has not lost, but gained in strength. The structure of the fathers stands secure upon the foundation on which they raised it and is to stand in the years to come, the government of the people, by the people and for the people."

ROOSEVELT'S ADDRESS.

Vice-president-elect Roosevelt followed President McKinley. He said:

"There was no doubt about our position before the election and there is no doubt about it now. We are going to carry on the policy that has been pursued during the past four years. It has been the signal good fortune of this nation on the first occasion when it came into world's politics to fix the standard of the other nations of the world will come in dealing with the affairs of the great Asiatic nations. We have kept the currency sound. We have kept the gold standard for the past four years and it will be kept in the coming years. The nation has decided that the flag shall float over the Philippines Islands. They are to come to them as a constantly-increasing measure of self-government will be given them; but first all order must be restored in them."

"Gentlemen, I am sure that I state your views when I say that every national effort for the betterment of the condition of either the wage-earner or the tiller of the soil will have the hearty support of the Republican party; that we realize that the welfare of the nation depends ultimately more than all else, upon the welfare of the wage-worker and of the man who tills the soil."

In conclusion Gov. Roosevelt said: "I feel that we are to be congratulated, not merely as Republicans, but as Americans, because we approach the twentieth century in the knowledge that this people have with a consciousness of purpose, set their face to a positive solution of the many problems which a great nation has to meet and which nation must solve alike in its home policy and in doing its share of the world's work that confronts all the great world powers."

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

Senator Lodge and Senator Wolcott also spoke.

At the conclusion of the dinner the President had a reception and all paid their respects. At midnight the President left for Washington.

Among the prominent guests at the banquet were Vice-President-elect Roosevelt, Senator Wolcott of Colorado, Senator Newlands of Nevada, Senator Hitchcock, Senator of Pennsylvania, John. Gov. Stearns of New Jersey, Gov. Stone of Minnesota, John. Gov. Woodruff and Clement A. Griscom.

WEDDING OF MISS GARY.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.

BALTIMORE (Md.) Nov. 24.—President McKinley was a guest at the wedding of Miss Lillian Gary, daughter of former Postmaster-General to Robert C. and Anna Tammie of New York, which took place yesterday. With the President, who arrived here shortly before noon on a special train over the Pennsylvania road from Washington, were Secretary and Mrs. Gage, Secretary and Mrs. Hitchcock, Postmaster-General and Mrs. Smith, Secretary William H. Wilson, and other notable persons.

The wedding ceremony took place at the home of former Postmaster-General James A. Gary, on Linden Avenue, at noon, and was performed by the Rev. Dr. Malthe D. Babcock of New York.

CANAL ROUTE IN DOUBT.

COMMISSION NOT UNANIMOUS.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-A.M.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—There was an apparently well-authenticated report in Washington last night, says a dispatch to the Times, that the Isthmian Canal Commission will make a report announcing the respective advantages of the Nicaragua and Panama routes, but not offering any suggestion about which should be chosen. The commissioners were in favor of presenting a report in favor of the Nicaragua route, but that others were as strongly in favor of Panama, and that the result is a compromise. The Isthmian Commission has not been of one mind about the routes, even though a number of the members of the commission were in favor of the Nicaragua route. Hardly a route has been mentioned that has not been open to some objections, and the members of the commission have never been strongly in favor of any of them.

CANNON ON EXPANSION.

IMMENSITY OF THE QUESTION.

Mr. Cannon spoke about "Manufacturing and Irrigation." He said:

"The reclamation of arid America is a question of such importance as to be

NOT A THING
OF THE PAST.

National Irrigation not a Dead Issue.

Brilliant Promise for it in the Future.

Much Good Accomplished by the Congress at Chicago. Closing Session.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

CHICAGO, Nov. 24.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The ninth annual convention of the Irrigation Congress has closed its sessions, but it is decidedly not a thing of the past. Indeed, the past nine years may be considered but the period of birth, and its future is full of brilliant promise. The delegates return to their homes feeling, not as after years, that they must work hard in the irrigation problem for themselves in fear and trembling, for now they have a solid foundation on which to build.

"The loss of snows caused largely by the thawing of the snows in the mountains filling the creeks and smaller rivers, then the larger rivers to the gulf or the ocean, causes the people of the United States to lose more than \$100,000,000 annually.

"To carry the interest on \$200,000,000 at 3 per cent. means an increased tax on the people of the United States amounting to \$15,000,000 annually. This appears gigantic, and again a vast percentage of the people of the United States oppose any kind of increased taxation.

"To debt one side of a proposal as

passed by the unthinking, or approached with fear by the timid. We might as well face a proposition fairly as men and not evade any of its phases.

"Notwithstanding estimates by experts, in my opinion \$600,000,000 should be spent in the irrigation of the arid land of the United States. This sum at first glance seems a tremendous outlay upon what is considered an experiment today.

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"The government of the United States owns the arid land of America. If that land was irrigated it would give homes to 50,000,000 people, and if the same amount of water as is now wasted were never paid it would simply cost us quite thirty-three and one-third dollars a year to give homes to our people.

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Southern California by Towns and Counties.

PASADENA.

*Pintoresca Hotel
opens for Season.*

*Team Wins Two
Football Games.*

*Entire Club Mourns Death
of F. Bowler—James
in His Funeral.*

Nov. 24.—(Regular Cor-

*lapse of the Pintoresca Hotel
for the season and Gen-*

eral, the proprietor, says

rooms are far in

use.

The Order of Pendo held an open

meeting this evening at Grand Army

Hall, Nov. 24, in the name of K.

Roger's State Supreme Vice-Councilor,

who delivered an address.

Misses Parmley, Tracey and Jessie Cook sang.

Miss Edna Holbrook furnished a violin.

Clyde Smith and Miss

Madge Gird gave recitations.

A dinner served yesterday at Grand

Army Hall by the Ladies' Aid Society

of the First Methodist Church netted \$100 for the building fund of the new

church, making \$1300 that this society

has raised on a \$2000 fund for this pur-

pose.

The annual temperance meeting will

be held Sunday evening at the Lin-

coln Avenue Methodist Church.

Rev. Alfred Inwood, the pastor, will speak

on "The Honor of the Church," and

Jessie Cook will sing a solo of his

conversion from the drink habit.

The funeral of the late Mrs. E. F.

Bowler will be held at 2:30 o'clock Mon-

day afternoon at the family residence

on Los Robles avenue.

Rev. W. Jones will officiate and the services will be

private.

The remains will be interred in

the Woodlawn Cemetery.

Mr. Bowler's wife, Mrs. Col. W. J. P.

Beckham, and his son, Dr.

E. F. Bowler, John H. Wil-

son, daughter and son, Dr.

W. F. Bowler, arrived this

afternoon.

The Chicago colony have

arrived for the season, and

several winters at that

time.

E. T. Crane and wife, Mrs.

Maguire; Thomas Murdoch,

Judge, and Mrs. John

X. W. Harris and wife, and

F. V. Mathieson and fami-

ly, Boston, will come.

Henry and Mrs. Danielson,

and Mr. and Mrs. R. L.

Longfellow, Bull, daughter

Quincy, Ill., Miss

of Boston arrived this

afternoon.

Alfred Holman, editor and publisher

of the San Jose Mercury, left today for

his home, after spending ten days with

his uncle, Dr. J. H. McBride, in this

city.

A class party was given last

Wednesday night at the Pintoresca

Club, but the death

of F. Bowler, late president of

the Shakespeare Club, caused

a postponement of the

until next Saturday, and

the meeting was made a

success.

Many members and

friends, and appointments of

and rooms and conduct of

the affair.

William Thun and family of Grand

Rapids, Mich., are again occupying

their Columbus street home.

R. H. Stone and wife of St. John-

bury, Vt., are at the Spaulding II.

The Boston cash dry goods house of

Pasadena appreciated the fact that

they are Thanksgiving week, and we feel

very grateful to our customers for

their patronage the past year, so this

week we will give 1½ per cent. dis-

count on all the new table linens, nap-

kings and towels that we have just re-

ceived.

For sales—Nice young turkeys for

Thanksgiving. G. E. McPhar, Alta-

Weeks. Telephone Suburban 5x1.

The only place in town to get choice

eastern turkeys, ducks and chickens is

at Bremer's City Market.

You will be truly thankful if you

buy your Thanksgiving poultry of

Newby & Co. have put Boyn-

ton Furnaces in many of our homes this fall.

Munger & Griffith Co. are doing the

plumbing and tinning on the Ward-

Block.

Order that turkey for Thanksgiving at Haisted's 14 South Fair Oaks.

Buy kid glove on earth. Dor-

man's, 20 East Colorado.

Let us do business with you. Dia-

mond Fuel and Feed Co.

Drawbaugh, 42 North Park, for

paints and wall paper.

Drop into Newby's and see the

Thanksgiving display.

Anthrax and soft coal; lowest

prices. J. A. Jacobs.

Nelson electrical contractor. Oppo-

site post office.

Leave your Thanksgiving order with

McCormick.

Neckwear leathers. Bon Accord.

Sheets and pillows at Dorman's.

Wadsworth sells paints.

Golf skirts. Dorman's.

COVINA.

STORM AFTERMATH.

COVINA, Nov. 24.—(Regular Cor-

respondence.) A large force of men has

been busy since the storm, cleaning off

the mud left on the sidewalks by the

flood of Wednesday night. Thousand

dollars' worth of damage was done

to the roads, buildings and ranches,

but the loss is a small item compared to the immense blessings which will

accompany from such a downpour.

In the town, McBride & McIntosh are

the heaviest losers, their damage is

estimated at \$5000.

John D. Johnson, L. S. and

R. H. Hill. The former is

a receiving vault, and

is located in Scranton, Pa., for in-

terior work.

Mr. Reynolds, Isaac Bailey, J. G. Ro-

binson, W. H. Magee, Dr. C.

the honorary pallbearers.

A. B. Metcalfe,

H. C. Durand,

H. M. Dohme, L. S. and

R. H. Hill. The former is

a receiving vault, and

is located in Scranton, Pa., for in-

terior work.

PHILLIPS THE TAILOR

has just received a large variety of overcoats.

Call early and take your pick. 120 S.

Spring Street.

BANKRUPT wallpaper stock of H. Lodge for

sales cheap. Walter's, 608 S. Spring. Tel. 1002.

PASADENA BREVIETIES.

A dissolute son of respect-

was separated yesterday

Kinnarv to serve six

months in the County Jail on a charge of vagrancy. Carr was found, stupidly drunk, on the Santa Fe tracks near Lamont, and he was given the limit by the judge of the half of effecting a reformation of the bad habita. J. J. Jefferson, a plain boy, was before the same official today and the next day in the county prison's

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

AT THE THEATERS.

BURBANK—All the Comforts of Home. ORPHEUM—Vaudeville.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Took His Gold.

Nicola Aurent, who rooms in the Linwood House, corner of Commercial and Los Angeles streets, has reported to the police detective that a thief entered his room yesterday afternoon, and after a short search, got away with four \$5 gold pieces.

Injury Suspected.

The special officer patrolling Central Park yesterday afternoon sent Arthur C. Wakefield to the City Jail, whence he was forwarded to the County Hospital to be examined as to his safety. The man is 50 years old, and while he was walking and talking was creating a disturbance in the park when arrested.

Coon Bite.

William Averado, who lives at No. 227 Date street, was the "roud" possessor of a pet coon. He still owns the animal, but he takes little pride in his ownership, for the animal had him in a bind, taking off the second finger of the left hand at the first joint. He had the wound dressed at the Receiving Hospital.

Hotel Smoked.

The first engines were called out at 1 o'clock this morning for a three-alarm conflagration in the Broadway Hotel on South Broadway. The oil-burning heater in the basement of the building ignited some rags piled around it and caused a big smoke, but the flames were snuffed before the fire department was called without requiring the services of the professional fire fighters.

Close Call.

A. G. Williams, proprietor of the New York Carriage Works, San Pedro street, was driving in the country Friday night, when his horse became frightened and ran into a ditch, throwing the driver over the dashboard. His foot became caught and he was dragged two or three hundred yards, almost against a wire fence, until the rig collided with a post. He was prodded and sprained, and will be laid up for a few weeks. The horse has not been found.

Dog Show Here.

The trained animal show of Norris & Rowe arrived in Los Angeles yesterday on a special train over the Santa Fe. Performances will be given at the Auditorium, 11 a.m., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Eleventh and Flower streets. Tomorrow at 11 a.m. there will be a street parade. The show comprises hundreds of performing animals of all kinds, including lions, tigers, bears, leopards, ponies, monkeys, dogs, goats, and others. As a closing act of its performances the show presents a realistic fire scene, dogs and monkeys using an enormous hose to handle the extinguishing apparatus with intelligence and skill. The parade is to be a feature.

Runaway Collision.

A horse belonging to R. A. Dull of Alhambra ran away about 6:45 o'clock last night, and a bicyclist riding on South Spring street was run down and considerably battered. Dull claimed that he had tied his horse at the corner of Fourth street and Broadway, and that a passing car frightened the animal and caused it to run. The runner dashed down Fourth to Spring street, and turned south. At the corner of Sixth street, the outfit collided with George Ehrhart, a young man living at the Wheeler Apartments, 1111 S. Broadway. He was knocked down and badly bruised, but no serious injuries were found when he was taken to the Receiving Hospital, and he was put to bed.

BREVITIES.

Money to Loan. Our new plan of reducing the interest on our loans is now in effect. We now charge 5% or any multiple of same (after one year from date of loan,) to apply upon the purchase, and reducing interest at the rate of 25 cents per month in all amounts paid in advance (for each \$25 we paid) is highly appreciated by borrowers, whose object it is to pay off loan as soon as possible. We have plenty of money to loan for home-buildings, business, etc. You may write or call for booklet No. 2. Our aim is to please; command us and you can depend upon prompt and courteous attention. See Morris to Los Angeles. The Protective Savings Mutual Building and Loan Association, 101 N. Broadway.

Established eight years. If you are going to make an Xmas present to anyone, you cannot find anything more than an Edie's pattern. We are only at an old reliable parlor, 23 S. Spring, at 516, and upwards. Remember I have no connection whatever, with any other parlor in this city; so don't make a mistake. Come to 23 S. Spring street and hear the new songs and grand band music; just received one thousand new records. Respectfully, T. L. Tally.

Ladies, just prior to Thanksgiving I will make up only ten suits to order in time to be ready for Christmas. No offer equals this in the city. I have just received many new weaves in all colors, and I am sure to please you in style and fit. M. Berry, the Ladies' Tailor, 806 S. Broadway, has just attended the funeral of Brother Elias Gilman. Master Masons and friends invited. W. M. Griggs, Secretary.

DEATH RECORD.

GILMAN—November 22, 1925, at his residence, beloved husband of Davis Gilman. Funeral from Masonic Temple, Sunday, 2 p.m. Interment Evergreen Cemetery. Francisco and New York papers please copy. Los Angeles Lodge, No. 22, the Masonic Temple, Sunday, November 25, at 1 p.m. The funeral service of attending the funeral of Brother Elias Gilman. Master Masons and friends invited. W. M. Griggs, Secretary.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

The funeral of Mrs. E. C. Switzer will take place at 4th Temple street today at 1 o'clock. Friends invited. Interment Evergreen Cemetery.

THE LADY UNDERTAKER.

Mrs. M. H. Connell is the only lady undertaker practicing in Los Angeles at present. Our address, 201 S. Broadway. Tel. M. 61.

CARD OF THANKS.

The Sisters of Mercy of the Home of the Guardian Angel, No. 201 South Broadway, are to thank all those who contributed to the ladies of the Los Angeles branch of the American Work Guild of America for their kind donation of clothing for the children under their care.

BRESEE BROS. CO., UNDERTAKERS.

In accordance with our custom for years, we have the pleasure of announcing that you may take charge of the remains of all bodies intrusted to our care. Broadway and Sixth street. Tel. m. 261.

Ladies' gowns made to order in all the latest designs. Special prices per week, style and quality, the best fit and finish guaranteed. Parisian Ladies' Tailor, Louis Brand, proprietor, 122 South Broadway. Tel. Brown, 1225.

Don't buy, but send your order to us, the Devil Advances. "America's finest." We also sell a fine guaranteed ball-bearing machine, \$32, with out buyer paying agent's big profits. 425 S. Broadway. Tel. Black, 2671.

Printers' Comptroller Church, morning subject. "His Sonship," taught by Jesus Himself, the last of the series on "The Ruling Ideas of Jesus." Evening, "Livingstone, and the Light of Africa." Junius pastorate.

We are glad to advise, but sorry for you to know, if you wish them fixed, give us a call; big cut in prices which will cause great surprise. McFarland & Northrup, 803 S. Spring. Tel. John, 18.

Holiday goods, Mexican drawn work, carved leather, burnt leather, opalescent spoons, wax figures, Indian baskets, blankets, sofa pillows, and California curios. Campbell, 229 South Spring.

"Reforming in New Zealand" by a wit man of genius. Unity Church, 925

Flower st., Monday, 26th, at 7:45. Fee 20 cents. University, Pico Heights, Washington and ninth-st. car.

With the policeman, he borrowed the set of Mexican photograph films from Murray M. Harris some months ago, kindly return the same at his earliest convenience.

Ladies, have your new and old stockings, hose, bono, corsettes, dyed any shade. "Tip-top" goods, in latest styles. Deste, 233 S. Broadway.

The Natick House will serve roast turkey with dressing today from 4:45 to 5:30 p.m.; meals 25 cents, 21 for 4:45. Music by the French Orchestra.

Accordions, guitars, drums, 3034 S. Spring. Tel. Main 267. Orders called for. Hems free. Steam pleater guaranteed not to cut or burn material.

Mme. Phillips at 240 South Broadway, has retailed from London and Paris with fall stock of the goods, all the novelties of the season.

Laying, bordering and retting carpets, upholstering. City Steam Carpet Cleaning Works, Jno. Bloeser, Tel. M. 427, 456 S. Broadway.

Henry J. Kramer's juvenile dancing classes will meet at Madison Hall, Hill street; adult classes at Blanchard's Hall.

Do you know that "My Lady Fair Face Powder" delights the most fashionable lady? Of your dreams.

W. T. Woods forms a class for beginners in dancing Monday evening, November 26, 7:45 p.m. Figueiroa.

Ladies, come and select your gowns and avoid the rush before the holidays. J. Korn, 205 S. Broadway.

Geneva Watch and Optical Co., 305 South Broadway. GEO. M. WILLIAMS, Prop.



The Hidden Springs

That's more a watch should forever be hidden to all except the expert repairer. Only the man who knows how to make a watch can be allowed to repair your watch. Our repairer—"the best in town" can guarantee our work—and do for one year.

Watches Cleaned..... 75¢

New Main Spring..... 50¢

New Roll Jewels..... 50¢

New Case Spring..... 50¢

New Hands put on..... 15¢

New Crystal put on..... 10¢

Clocks cleaned..... 75¢ and up

Geneva Watch and Optical Co., 305 South Broadway. GEO. M. WILLIAMS, Prop.

MANY DANGERS FOLLOW

In the wake of a cold or cough. A persistent cough should be stopped before something more serious comes of it. No remedy so good, so effective, so quick to do the work, as

Dr. Barker's Sure Cough Cure.

PRICE 25c.

Every Price in Our Store so Low.

Pierce's Prescription Medicines, Pinckham's Compound Soothing Cough Cure 50¢, Dr. Ball's Cough Remedy 25¢, Whitehead's Cream 25¢.

BOSWELL & NOYES DRUG CO.

Reliable Prescription Druggists.

THIRD AND BROADWAY



Special Reduced Prices For This Week

ON ALL OUR BEAUTIFUL

Trimmed Hats.

If you want a new hat for Thanksgiving now is the time to make your selection. Every hat has been carefully designed. The styles are the prettiest we've had this season. The variety is splendid, and there's from \$1.00 to \$3.00 off on every hat.



\$5.00

SHOES DIRECT

FROM FACTORY

TO WEARER ONE PROFIT

McCurdy's

Foot-Form Shoes

False Economy.

It is false economy for a doctor to buy cheap surgical instruments, and it's false economy to wear cheap shoes.

We make many of our shoes, and by charging only one profit the best and newest footwear is brought within the reach of all.

BUY OF THE MAKER

Fourth and

Broadway.

\$250



25c
Frames.

Special sale of fancy cabinet-size frames all this week. Ebony, gilt, etc.; worth 50c.

357 50 BROADWAY

\$250

Fourth and

Broadway.

\$250

allow Cases.
quot 50-in. wide
in. made 36c in.
ed, as extra large
all

DUCK SHOOTERS GETTING GOOD BAGS.

Enthusiastic Sportsmen of Los Angeles and the Finest Duck Grounds in the United States.

of Regret

which to buy your Thanksgiving Turkey? We do not take long to decide. These fine birds

Napkins.

size 12x18 inches, a very good quality... size 22x22 inches, not large at some, but considerable heavier ones... size 24x24 inches; a napkin we consider well worth \$3.50, in hand-embroidered patterns

complete.

An excellent one, one 22 in. napkins to make a very good napkin. These are very large, 22x22 inches, a very good quality... size 22x22 inches, not large at some, but considerable heavier ones... size 24x24 inches; a napkin we consider well worth \$3.50, in hand-embroidered patterns

12-4 Size 82

didn't Know. Top all the time this has been dry your dress goods and silk stockings, but here are some prime

Goods. There's a thinning down from 4c to 8c. Among them India twills—28-inch gauze.

Goods. There are still some left, all the same, 28-inch French serge and English flannel. Not a piece worth

largest line and best value of India cloth in the city. Over different patterns, ranging in price from 4c to 8c. All down to ...

Stock plus de sole and satin

chees, as do 24 and 26 inch wide ...

12-4 all pure silk goods for

A Good Line

of our blankets and coverlets convinces any one of us who offer from quotations are made the best of goods.

Blankets.

at Big 11-4 white blanket,

wool, hand-bordered and

\$2.90

—6 sizes, all white or wool, or white, weight

the best in the world

\$4.00

is comfort is covered in French figured satins with plain colored silk, with lambs-wool lining.....

It's one of our finest, best of French satins, and filled with the best of down.....

\$7.50

Count Jaro von Schmidt.

THE DOG'S NURSE.

John Schumacher of the Alla Gun Club is an enthusiastic dog fancier.

His hobby and avocation seem to be

game for the canine alone.

He raises dogs and then gives them away to his friends, and has been known to sit up all night with a colicky pup. He raised the field-trial winner, Vallenite, who made the famous record.

A. W. Bruner has been shooting at the trap longer than any other member

in the southern State. He is also

the owner of the pointer dog Nig.

His only dog reporter known.

Nig does not go below the house and paper to do his reporting.

He simply lights out when released, and is not to be seen again perhaps for an hour.

He reappears wagging his tail and whining to his master. The latter

then picks him up and carries him off

and follows the dog to the spot

where the game is always found. Nig has had his master half a mile to game he had discovered.

COUNT VON SCHMIDT'S PETS.

One of the ablest sportsmen in the

country is Count Jaro von Schmidt,

president of the Bolsa Chica Gun Club.

This corporation, which consists of

men from all parts of the United

States, resulted from the uniting ef-

forts of the Count, Mr. John J. S.

club from the remains of the old San

Juan Gun Club. Count Von Schmidt

is a true sportsman and a fine shot.

The raising of fine dogs and protection

grounds, where wild game of all sorts congregate.

THE "HIGH FIVE."

One of the best duck shots in the city is Ed. Silvert, member of the Cerritos Gun Club. He spends a great deal of time in the season in a blind, but finds time to foote at the Country Club. He is one of the "High Five" of that corporation.

Frank Hicks, a member of the "Country Club" of San Francisco, shoots deer in the North in summer and winter, pheasants in the fall and in the winter, and is a member also of the Cerritos Gun Club and aids in the thinning out of the duck. The Cerritos grounds are at Bixby station on the Terminal road, while the Blue Wing club occupies the same grounds. Both gun clubs hold forth on the preserves. All these clubs are flourishing and in good financial condition.

Sartori yanked his gun into position, but Silvert cried:

"Don't shoot!"

Hicks lowered his gun when Silvert threw up his weapon, pulled both triggers and bagged the pair of birds. Who is new at the game, would like to know if he has been bunched.

Matfield and Farrell took in the country about Whittier last Sunday, the former name James, is a holder of a county record, having made the nineteenth bluewing at unknown range. It is perhaps the best trap shot in the State at present, and it is a swift quail with a very erratic flight that gets away from him.

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BLUESTONE DIGGINGS.

Said to Have Developed Great Riches.

About Two Thousand Claims Staked.

No Fuel for Operations in Winter—Better Facilities for Yukon Travel.

BY EDWARD MILLER.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.
TACOMA (Wash.) Nov. 20.—The Bluestone diggings, situated up the Bering Sea coast, sixty miles from Nome, will be the center of attraction in the north next summer. Though the district was not discovered until late in June, its sensational richness is attracting widespread attention from mining operators. Klondike miners who are developing some of the most promising claims, express the belief that it will prove richer than the Klondike.

Generally speaking, the Bluestone is 20 miles wide by 40 in length. The center of the diggings is about 15 miles to the interior from Grantley Harbor, on which is located Teller City, the metropolis of the camp. The Bluestone River empties into the Tokashuk River. The latter flows into the Salt Lake or Lake Cowayuk (Indian) with Grantley Harbor. As in the Klondike, many of the principal gold-bearing streams of the Bluestone district empty into the Bluestone, or tributaries of that stream. Probably 100 streams of the Bluestone section were prospected last summer, and in all that number it is said not a creek was found that did not show promising prospects. All told, about 3000 claims were staked.

Alder and Gold Run were the only creeks worked, and neither of these was worked extensively. No coal and bedrock, though one of the claims produced \$20,000 between the date of discovery and October 1. Several others yielded as high as \$5000 to \$10,000. There are but sixteen claims (each 120 feet in length) on Alder. Fifty were staked on Gold Run, all of them having been prospected with splendid results. Boulder Creek is a tributary of Gold Run. Big and Little Windy empty into the right forks of the Bluestone. Little Stake, Ledge and Gold are all tributaries of the Bluestone proper. Many bench claims have been located, though none of them thoroughly prospected. On some of the prospected creeks gold was found without a few feet of the surface, increasing in richness to the extreme depth attained on any of the claims, 12 to 12 feet. One nugget, valued at \$125, and pane running as high as \$5 were taken out. The gold is extremely coarse, and many nests are found.

There is no timber in the Bluestone country. Fuel, lumber and supplies have to be hauled in from Teller City, where several hundred people are wintering. Large quantities of supplies will be imported from Nome, when the miners make their preparation for summer work. Summer transportation averaged about 25 cents per pound. The lack of fuel will prevent winter operations.

YUKON RECORD BROKEN.

Skagway advises state that the Yukon was still open November 18. Ten days previous it closed for a day near Saline, the thermometer dropping to 50 below. The next day is reopened with running water from Bennett to Forty Mile. This breaks the record for open water in the Yukon. In 1897 the river froze at Dawson on November 3, and last year, October 23.

Better facilities than those heretofore prevailing will be furnished travelers along the Yukon after this winter. Now, however, he has built eight roadhouses, about twenty miles apart, along the trail between White Horse and Five Fingers. For the first time they will be managed by women, and arrangements will be provided for one large sleeping room, furnished with bunks, as in past years. Travel outward from Dawson will commence about December 15, and inward after Christmas.

TO RAISE SKUNKS FOR FURS.
William Forbes, a Scotman, has purchased an Alaskan island situated near the north end of Prince Edward Island, which he intends to convert into a skunk farm for raising small fur-bearing animals. Skunks, foxes, bears and martens will comprise his chief stock, and he is already scouring the country for breeding animals. Said he in explanation:

"I have noticed in the last few years a steady advance in the number of fur-bearing animals, and with the steady advance of civilization in Alaska, which heretofore has given over to wild animals and Indians, furs will be much scarcer in a few years, harder to procure and necessarily more expensive. This has suggested to my mind a farm for the raising of fur-bearing animals."

"This winter I shall devote my time to building a good substantial house, with a large room for raising furs, and a room for the skins. I have my plans all matured and I know just what to do. All I need now is the proper breed of skunks. There is no danger whatever in handling them. It is simply a matter of knowing how, and I flatter myself that I know how."

THE 'MOTHER LODE' AT NOME.

A rich strike of quartz has been made near Nome City and experts there believe the mother lode has been located. N. R. Hudson found the ledge at Twin Mountain near the head of Snake River. It is claimed that the mountain range is the source of the gold supply which has fed the creeks from Council City to Kougarok. Mr. Hudson brought to Nome several samples of quartz literally alive with gold. One piece showed fine yellow streaks running through fine-grained granite; another piece was pure white and studded with gold. Mr. Hudson says the ledge is clearly defined with true walls, and is forty-five feet in width. It has been traced a considerable distance. He has had two assays made, one showing \$74 to the ton and the other \$36.

(Chicago Post.) "How did that you're going to get captured by the enemy?" asked the captain.

"Why, the fact is," explained the Lieutenant, "that he used to play on a college football team, and when he came to church, he gave us a try to make a dash around the end to score a touchdown. I guess he made it all right, but in some ways the game of war is played differently, and he couldn't get back."

WHITE INDIANS.

Small Remnant of a Tribe in New Mexico—Said to Be Descendants of Prince Madoc of Wales.

For more than a hundred years the question whether Indians existed in America a tribe of white Indians has been agitated, and more or less positive statements from learned men can be quoted on both sides. That the legend of the white Indians is a basic fact is proved by the photograph which is published herewith, and which shows not a tribe but six individuals, living in the Pueblo of Zufi, New Mexico. These six individuals, however, known to very few, and even of those who have visited the village not many have seen the white Indians, for as a rule they keep their identity a secret. The history of the legend is interesting.

From the earliest times more or less definite rumors about white Indians have been current. In 1791 the Reverend Doctor John Williams published a treatise on the subject which is not very rare, although the impetus which he gave the inquiry still survives. The purpose of the publication was to start a subscription fund to be devoted to the exploration of the wild parts of America beyond the Ohio River," where the author was sure the long-sought white men would be found. In his own mind there was not the slightest doubt that the white Indians were descendants of Prince Madoc of Wales, who, according to the old Welsh legend, left his native country soon after 1170 A. D., on account of family dissension, and went to America, landing in Ireland on his right hand.

According to the ancient bards, Prince Madoc returned in the course of time with glowing accounts of a new country he had found to the northward, his adherents about him set sail again for the West, to the land which he had found, and was never afterward heard of. Dr. Williams believed that the white Indians were the descendants of these twelfth century Welshmen, and whatever may be thought of his conclusion his argument was certainly worth consideration. He said it was the only worth concerning the Indians then current, particularly the account of a man named Rimington, a native of England, who had met the white Indians at a grand trading meeting, an Indian fair, at the foot of the Ohio. He was told that they came from a remote district, west of the Mississippi. Rimington's companion

Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City, an American flag is to be the prominent feature of the fair. On the stars of this flag, embroidered in gold, will appear the autographs of representatives of American societies of men and women who stand before the world today as the makers of present-day American life and institutions in this centennial year of 1900. The names will be arranged by States upon the stars.

"We would like to have your autograph for the flag; indeed, we feel it will be incomplete without it. If we may do so, kindly write your name (in ink) on a card, and mail it to us, and send it with the sum of \$1, to the address given. An immediate response is requested, as the time is short and the work disproportionately great.

The flag, with fitting ceremony, is to be presented to one of the leading historical societies, and will be exhibited in this city for some time after the fair.

"Help us to make this Great Autograph American Flag of 1900 complete in all its historic merit, by your own original and personal autographs."

H. E. Letroy, Rosina Flint, J. Nelson Penfield, Committee.

"Now," said the recipient of the communication, "if you had read all of those fine things about yourself and your country, you would be right to suggest as the next candidate for President, and then your eyes had failed me on that request for \$1—wouldn't it jar you?"

"I don't like the idea of having that great autograph flag incomplete, but this kind of a bungo game is too raw. How do I know that that committee ever saw the inside of a Methodist church? Even if there is no fraud intended, what man who stands before the world as a maker of institutions may be fool enough to send a dollar to people he never heard of before without any assurance as to what the money would be used for? For unscrupulated gall, pressed down, shaken together, was running over, those Wakefield Methodists certainly take the cake."

"I believe I would give \$2, though," he added, "to know how many names they get for that flag."

On October 25 the composer, Zdenko Jiblick, author of the trilogy "Hippodamia," died in Praga.



Snapshot, copyrighted, by Lafayette, London.

SARAH BERNHARDT.
Bernhardt and Coquelin sailed for this country, November 10, on La Lorraine, with their company of sixty persons, prepared to tour the Union with a long and glittering repertoire. She arrived in New York last week.



COMPTROLLER DAWES.

Hon. Charles G. Dawes, Comptroller of the Currency, is mentioned conspicuously as certain to succeed Hon. Lyman J. Gage as Secretary of the Treasury in the event of the latter's retirement. Comptroller Dawes is summoned to the White House daily for confidential consultation with the Chief Executive.



SECRETARY ROOT.

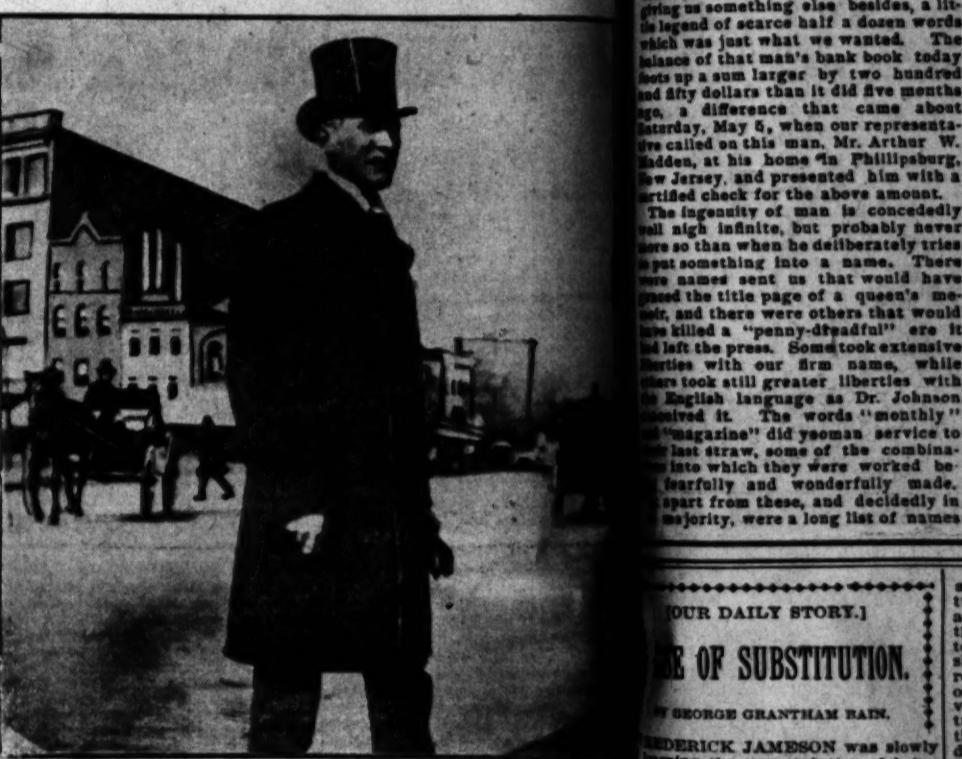
Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of War, is in Cuba for his health, but also to investigate military, political and industrial conditions there and make a confidential report to President McKinley on his return. The Times' Havana correspondent catches Mr. Root just as the Secretary is going ashore.

CABALLERO'S SONG IN HONOR OF NOVEMBER.

CONTRIBUTED BY GUS ALLEN.

Two years ago, while on a voyage from San Francisco to Los Angeles our steamer, the Santa Rosa, stopped several hours at one of the middle-coast ports, and as I was just recovering from an attack of seasickness, I was glad to occupy the time in reading a great deal of reading material. I occupied by an old squaw and, as I supposed, an equally ancient "buck," but was surprised to find him a white man, which claim he could only prove by his speech. My seasickness having been dispelled by the walk, I became very hungry and asked for something to eat. They spread before me the usual Spanish-Indian fare; told me their history and asked me many questions during my stay. I paid for the dinner and was about to leave when the old fellow handed me the following lines, written in California-Spanish, and requested me to remember him as one of the original owners of California. As I could not read Spanish I had to learn it by heart. When I turned it into English, using my scant knowledge of Spanish and the help of a Spanish-American dictionary, I was most surprised to find it contained a good deal of poetry and some poetic power, and feeling that it might be of some interest to the people of California, I inclose my imperfect copy of the poem, and entitle it THE CABALLERO'S SONG IN HONOR OF NOVEMBER.

O dear November art thou drear? Not drear as in Spring when the trees bear. The grass is springing fresh and green, The sun is warm, and o'er the scene Pervades the breath, the air, the lay. The perfume of an April day. How happy is each bird that tunes His voice of song, the birds of the dunes! The mocking bird, the blue bird gay, The wild dove—all sing of the day. The hawk slow rides the purple blast,



HON. PERRY S. HEATH.

Among the men who are to take a prominent part in the great enterprise which will connect Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, Perry S. Heath, formerly First Assistant Postmaster-General, Associated Press dispatches published Friday morning announced his election as one of the directors in the railway company and signified his connection with the road may extend much further than he is director. Overtures have been made to him to take an active part in the construction and operation of the road.



HON. W. S. TAYLOR.

Ex-Governor W. S. Taylor of Kentucky, who has acquired an undivided majority in connection with the killing of Goebel, finds his banishment from the Bluegrass State prolonged by the re-election of the Democratic Governor, Hon. J. C. W. Beckham. Our photographer snaps Mr. Taylor at Indianapolis.

Where Trafalgar Was Unknown, [London Chronicle:] According to an American who visited Cape Trafalgar last summer, there is a village near the famous promontory, in which he stayed for a week. Two members of the Young Ladies' Shakespeare Club happened along and were greatly interested. The inhabitants had ever heard of the historic battle that was fought off their coast ninety-five years ago. An amateur artist of the village, for over a month, has been painting a picture of the battle, and the critics are unanimous in their opinion that it is a masterpiece. He had in his studio old people talking about a sea fight, and had a vague notion that they had spent a most profitable afternoon. E. A. BRININSTOOL.

AN AUTOGRAPH FLAG.

An Original Scheme to Secure the Needful of Saccharine Flattery Laid on Very Thick.

[Stockton Mail:] A Stocktonian has received a direct letter telling him to come to church, which he tried to do, but he was given a try to make a dash around the end to score a touchdown. I guess he made it all right, but in some ways the game of war is played differently, and he couldn't get back."

"Dear sir: At the Grand Festival of Days, to be held the first week of December by the Wakefield Grace

crystalline rocks, but typically there areimentary strata there, and upon them are the remains of marine life, which are likely to be limited in extent, broken up by faults, as the coal can be derived from its accessibility and the economy in labor will be a decided factor. It is highly probable that larger fields exist in the part of the island which is not yet reached.

The effect, direct and indirect, of the Gulf Stream opens the Spitzbergen in summer, but the more difficult of approach. It is that even in the sheltered bays the ice is thick, and the land, and the piers must be cleared before winter, during parts of which the coal will have to be suspended when the ice has been followed by a long distance to the south. There will be nothing to miners from going on even in the ground, the snow being frozen for a considerable distance from the sea, and the distance from the sea increases, and will be uniform while any house is built, it is, while winter the island is covered, and the longer they can work, the wealthier they will be. But still may not be the only Arctic which coal occurs, though probably not in such abundance as Franz Josef Land; beds full plants occur near Elba, later date, indeed, but in recent years, would do it, yet the result was of little importance to us that we pre-arranged to award as a prize nothing more than five dollars a week for coal, or an annuity of two hundred and fifty dollars. This offer, when first made, attracted the public's attention through the columns of leading papers in the country, was received with considerable interest. The price of coal, however, would not be paid, but the result was of little importance to us that we pre-arranged to award as a prize nothing more than five dollars a week for coal, or an annuity of two hundred and fifty dollars. This offer, when first made, attracted the public's attention through the columns of leading papers in the country, was received with considerable interest. 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Brains Count!

\$2000 IN CASH FREE!!

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

**READ this Story
of a very lucky
young Man who
won an income
for life for one mo-
ment's thought.**

that sounded possible in every respect. It was evidently an embarrassment of riches.

It is now evident, "The Brown Book of Boston," Mr. Madden's contribution to the contest. We believe the name will find the same favor with our subscribers as it has with us. It is alliterative, which is something, it is associated with a conservative, thorough-going and durable color, which is more, it is democratically unpretentious, which is most. "Like brown bread," Mr. Madden suggested, "it can be wholesome for the entire family." This will be our aim. An unbroken, whole-grained product put forth in the endeavor to meet the average person's desire for reading that is worth while.

MR. DOOLEY
ON THANKSGIVING.BY F. P. DUNNE.
(Published in The Times under special arrangement.)

"While I was a young man" said Mr. Dooley, "I often heard Thanksgiving day addressed to from th' altar as a pagan festival. Father Kelly don't think so. He says 'twas founded by the Puritans to give thanks for being preserved through the Indians an' that we keep it to give thanks to the Puritans who are preserved from th' Puritans. In th' beginning Hinnyiss, 'twas a religious festival like th' day after election in th' synagogues. Ye see th' Puritan fathers whose descendants mostly live in Kansas now, had such a division in a time intrahoochin' religion an' slavery among th' savage red men that they found huntin' th' wild cranberry in th' neighborhood in Salem, where they had the job of the world set aside for them. So they set apart a day to thank th' Lord for his opportunity assistance in their wurk in rayfornin' th' wurruld, an' with a few frills added in th' way to food th' custom's been kept up to this very day. In ivry city in this fair land th' churches is open an' empty, the fleet anise seed bag is purloined over the country, and each in the grous in th' dyin' resound from many a full-ball head. We're givin' thanks that were preserved fr' hunger, fr' thirst, fr' free silver, fr' war, an' all the other things we've had to put up with. But don't ye forget it, Hinnyiss, this non iv these things we really give thanks fr'. In our hearts we're grateful fr' evry wank blessum an' that's on Thanksgiving day we're first to work iv th' season at th' turkey bird-land, an' y-runnin' mate, of Uncle Cranberry Sauce. Ye bet ye."

"The Prisident iv the United States says different now, though. He got to. To part iv his voice. Mack wrote a Thanksgiving Proclamation about a month ago an' he must be ashamed iv his mildness now. He'd like to draw it in and say 'We're grateful to God for th' people in th' United States. Hurro! Hurro! William McKinley.' But he didn't know thin, an' no more did I. He thought to himself: 'Well, if we can't do it, we'll have to worry a hole in th' woodshed. Maybe when Thanksgiving come ar-round I won't have so blame much to be thankful fr', an' he put it mild. He's still goin' to continue his custom of Thanksgiving proclamation an' I'm not goin' to call th' public attention to me in me quite rethreat befallin' to do as me illustrious predecessor done. I've had a good year, takin' it all an' all. Th' rayplican national comity has spread th' bounties iv nature with an unsparin' hand. Be invitation iv Joseph H. Choate, the speaker, has given abundant store iv fruit, th' smilin' field have coughed up their golden treasures in wheat, corn, oats, hay, barley, potatoes, cucumbers, spinach, eggplants, turnips, parsnips, sweetcrys, radishes, in Dakota where th' crops have been killt be th' prorilets. We have peace at home an' abroad in roots an' disease is not as rampant as it was under McKinley. We've had a good year, an' the terms iv th' Dingey set, th' sun is allowed to rise ivry mornin' when th' clouds is novilam an' silver don't obscure it. An' life is happy, happy, happy in California. D. O. Oh, I mean, if you only knew what good things we've got ye wouldn't have go iv it. So I ask ye all to gather in ye'r accustomed meetin' places, at th' general church, yesterdays, and say a prayer for the bounties iv nature, for the graces, bennefices banks an' mercantile houses to give thanks to th' cause iv all these blessings. Ye're truly William McKinley, F. S. If anything else happened to me on November 25th, I'd be nawthin' happened to Mack."

"But nawhin' happened to Mack. What happened to William Jennings Bryan? I don't know. He ain't been dug up. Anybody, I mean, that it comes out he was sick, an' this country ain't goin' to be handed over to th' likes iv us. We ought to ciblaryze Thanksgiving if necessary with achin' hearts. I'm alivin' in ivry day in giving thanks for anything. Th' more I get into, thank ye kindly, is better than bad luck to ye, anyhow. Even when I sneeze I say: 'Gawd bless us kindly' an' I sneeze twice. It's not all that all, I say. 'Praise be to th' Lord.' So we ought to be thankful. We have a big country an' its growin' bigger, an' we ought to be thankful fr' that, an' pray that it may store grain in which grows a little more in height. Th' farmer is thankful he has a good crop an' I'm thankful I'm not a farmer. Ye' ead always find room fr' thanks that you're not some who die, y'e die, y'e die, y'e die, th' others fellow feel. A few days ago I wudn't said that I'd like to be the Czar in Russia, but I wudn't trade places with him today if he'd throw in th' Kingdom of Bohemia to make a third good Crowned though he is, he lies on his back while a trained nurse pipes hot milk an' limon juice into him, while I go across th' room an' hug me to me in a plastic frame two furloons iv corners bein' an' chain iv cashews. Me temp'ature is normal save when I'm asked for money. Me pulse beats sivinty to th' minute. I thought I have patches an' antacolones. I've got a hole on me intestines. (I touch wood to keep off bad luck.) No, I wudn't be the Czar of Russia. An' I wudn't be th' Emperor. When I see women preg'natists at me, I think iv an' an' an' an' that proud she cuts an' impror. I'm thankful I'm not th' Improv iv China, whichever he is or wherever he is. I'm thankful I'm not th' John D. Rockefeler. Fr' kind I can't get money an' he thinks he can get mine. An' I'll fool him. I'm thankful I ain't Mack. Fr' while my days wurruld is done, I can close up th' shop, wind up, close an' go to sleep. If th' stars don't come up, if th' weather is bad, if th' crops fail or th' banks bust or Hinnyiss ain't illit director, I'll be a good man. I don't care for man, I don't care for footy. Ye can't come to me an' say: 'Dooley, th' north star wasn't at wurrulk last night—what have ye done with it?' Look here, boy, what will ye be thinkin' now, wastenin' before th' hand is cut. No sir, says I. I promised ye nawhin' but five cents worth of bread extract iv hell fr' fifteen cents an' ye got it. I'm not responsible fr' fr' you've got to tell me. If I wudn't be sellin' umbrellas not runt, I say. But Mack can't escape it. He has to set up at night steerin' th' stars straight, turn on th' hot & cold fad, rain one place, an' fr'-rom another, have rain one place, an' fr'-rom another, salt mines with a four years supply is good, trap the microbes as they fly through th' air and see that tin dolls are alivin' and th' paper dollies don't so that each man sits thirty dollars more than any other. If he can't do that he's liable to be arrested th' first pay day for obtainin' money be false witness. So I'm thankful I'm not Mack."

"But I'm always thankful fr' these things. Be thankful fr' what ye have not. Hinnyiss, the th' only safe rule. If ye only thank fr' what ye have, sometimes you supply want a day. But if ye're thankful fr' what others have, I can't say have not an' thankful ye haven't. Thanksgiving day comes too quick after election. We're all r-eady to thank th' blackest crow that ever dimocrat ate an' we have our noses in th' air. An' thin we look down an' say 'an' behold': 'tis Thanksgiving Turkey."

(Copyright, 1906, by Robert Howard Russell.)

Ottis Skinner is one of the first American actors to receive an honorary college degree.

SOUND OF GUN-FIRING.

Statistics Show the Concussion of Firing May Be Perceptible Two Hundred Miles Away.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES: NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—Prof. Hughes has collected a number of cases showing the greatest distance at which the firing of heavy guns can be heard. For instance, during the battle of Camperdown in 1797, the firing of the guns was heard in Hull, 200 miles off. The sound of the guns fired at the siege of Sebastopol was heard at Kerch, which is 155 miles away. During the Civil War the roar of the guns at Bull Run was perceptible at Lexington, in Virginia, 125 miles away. When the Alabama was sunk, nine miles off Cherbourg, in 1861, the sound of the gun was heard in New York, 125 miles off, and 125 miles off, respectively. The great naval review in Spithead in 1867 was held in rough, boisterous weather, but the report of the guns traveled to Castle Frome, which is distant 110 miles.

In July of this year a sharp fight took place between two portions of the French fleet at Cherbourg. The number of vessels engaged was forty-three, including thirteen of the largest and most modern battleships in the world. The next day the English newspapers carried on their front page a series of supposed earthquake shocks felt shortly after 10 p.m.—the time of the fight—at different places along the southern coast from Torquay to Bognor. Prof. Hughes, however, opposed to the theory of the seismic origin of these shocks, made special inquiry concerning them of a large number of persons. Though a few instances were reported, as above, a tremor was felt, the great majority stated that the sound traveled through the air and not through the ground. Windows rattled loudly without there being any movement of the floor, and at La Loup, 100 miles from Cherbourg, observers placing their hands on the wall felt it distinctly vibrating, the noise causing a drumming in the ears.

The sound was heard to the east and west along the English coast, at the equal distances from Cherbourg. At all of the places mentioned

Prof. Hughes, the air vibrations were strong enough to shake the windows, shake and rattle, and there were counts of this or a similar effect being observed at Plymouth, 125 miles off, and at Menemot, 130 miles away. At the latter place the sudden rattle of a lamp, which was suspended at the time of the beginning of the firing, but it was unaccompanied by any sound.

FIRST COOK BOOK.

It is of Roman Authorship and Contains Some Very Queer Mixtures of Ingredients.

(Washington Times:) The honor of having written the first cook book in the world belongs to the Roman authorship has been attributed to Caelius Apicius, a gastronome who lived 114 years before the Carolean era under the Emperor Trajan. Here are two recipes taken from its pages:



CURSE OF MILITARISM.



vinegar, add dates and pour in liqueur (a distilled liquor made from flowers which were salted and allowed to turn purplish in the sun) and a small quantity of mustard seed. Reduce all to a proper thickness with sweet wine warmed and then pour this same over your chicken which should previously be boiled in seasoned water.

The second recipe shows the same queer mixture of ingredients: "Take a wheelbarrow of rose leaves and pound in a mortar, add to it brains of two pigs and two thrushes boiled and mixed with the choicer parts of old vinegar, pepper and wine. Mix and pour these together and stew them steadily and slowly till the perfume is developed."

The Romans were very fond of experiments such as pigs stuffed with live thrushes, and, to anticipate a little, this taste descended so near our own times as the reign of Charles II, as witness a recipe of that date for making two pies which were to be filled with boiled fowl, put the following ingredients into a mortar: Aniseed, dried mint and laser root, cover them with

and skip," while the birds were to be added to the dish at the same time. A dish of this was a favorite "plat" at court. It was served at the beginning of the bird, having first been killed by stinging with the flesh inside the body, and the whole served again and finally sent in to be fixed to a small branch, ad-

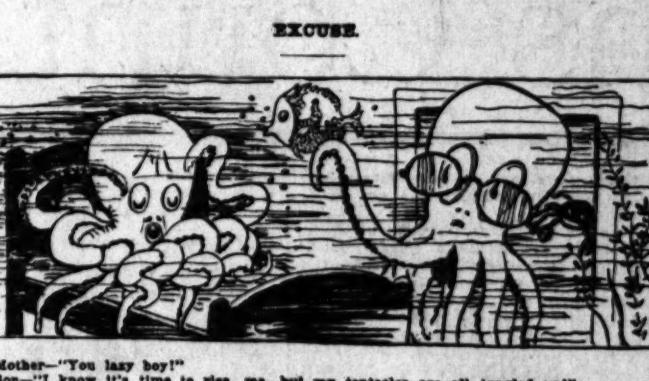
Preventing the Cures. (New York Weekly:) Dr. Mr. Gotham: What nonsense soon get over it.

CARBONS. Visitors should not miss the opportunity to take photographs taken under the most difficult conditions in the world. STUDIO 225 in BOSTON, MASS.

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HOTELS, RESORTS AD C

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HOTELS, RESORTS AD C

NOVEMBER 25, 1900.

THE TRAP WORKED.

Mark it - you shoot him, I'll shoot him.

I guess if he runs into those traps again that won't be a shot.

So? Just wait till that gun goes off then we'll see.

He little think not down on earth.

He doesn't know what he's doing.

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Los Angeles Sunday Times

COMPLETE
PAGES.

NOVEMBER 25, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR... \$2.50
SINGLE COPY... 5 CENTS



HERMAN SILVER, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.

From photo by Marovitz.

[November 25, 1900.]

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, complete in itself, is served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 Magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

JOURNALISM AT THE CLOSE OF THE CENTURY.

HERE is nothing, perhaps, that so fully illustrates the progress of civilization and enlightenment during the century just closing as the advance which has been made in the journalistic field. Its story reads like a page of marvelous romance in the world's history. Could we take a man of large intelligence, who closed his eyes upon this world in the year 1800, and, by a word, bring him back to life, and into full view and touch with the life of today, we may rest assured that nothing would more fully surprise or startle him than the wonders of the newspaper world. Through the columns of the daily journal he would find all the peoples of this great globe whispering into his listening and astonished ears. The boundless seas could not drown the voice of the nations. Its electric tongue, touched by telegraphic lightning, murmurs the secrets of all lands within the walls of the editorial sanctum. We know today what the kings and rulers of Old World empires did but yesterday. We feel the thrill of mighty moving armies, as the earth throbs beneath their marching feet. Millions of American freemen may cast their votes in the national election throughout all the broad spaces of this continent, lying between its sunrise and sunset seas, and ere the throb of the midnight bell stirs the silence of the sleeping air, the result is known in every great newspaper office in the country, and the tidings are sent forth to the waiting populace. The rude wooden hand press is, in the newspaper field, a thing of the past. Beside the great perfected Hoe press of today it is like a worm compared with an elephant, or an atom with a planet.

Today the world would be lost without its daily newspaper. We should as soon think of extinguishing the light of the sun as the light and intelligence of the daily press. Yet if we glance backward to the opening of the present century, we shall find that the newspapers published in the United States numbered only 200, while today, in the twilight of this century, there is a total of more than twenty thousand—one for each 350 of the people of the country. But no longer ago than 1800, only four or five of the larger cities had their daily newspapers, and how meager were their contents!

Today the daily newspaper is the record of the world's life—the great, honest diary of Time. There is no world movement that it does not note; no throb of life that it does not repeat; no important matter that it does not chronicle. It is the strong searchlight thrown upon the criminal, so that his escape from the consequences of his crime is almost impossible; it is a powerful lever for reform, and a faithful sentinel, warning us of public dangers and pitfalls in time to escape from them. Its argus eye is never closed. It never sleeps, never rests. It has utilized almost every device in connection with electricity. The slow-moving sailing vessel has given way to the ocean cable, as the newspaper's messenger from other lands; the trained correspondent is sent to every corner of the earth to gather up his sheaves of knowledge for the use of the journal which he represents; the mail has given place to the electric telegraph and telephone in the transmission of domestic news-making, the very air and the breath of the lightnings the servant of the press.

Very truly has it been said by a recent writer, that "In enterprise and originality, the journalism of America leads the world at the end of the nineteenth century. As a profession, it commands, with auring prospects of fame and fortune, the services of men of genius and learning. Those who enter it from choice succeed or fail quickly. It is a life of activity, a work where energy and intelligence are essential qualifications, and honor and honesty are certain of reward. There is no enduring place in the profession for hypocrisy, indolence, or mediocrity."

Its work is to show men "how God has ruled the world since yesterday," and such knowledge should lift us up to a greater love of freedom, and a firmer trust in a guiding and overruling Providence directing the affairs of individuals and of nations.

A LOS ANGELES SHRINE.

ONE of the present urgent needs of this city is a building for books which concern the history and represent the literature of California. This place should be made available for residents and offer hospitality to tourists here. The selection of this adequate fireproof storage room for the preservation of the records of California should engage the efforts of leaders who feel a sense of responsibility concerning all that antiquity has given the city. Possession involves duty, and this building should be made not only a reliquary, but a safe-depository of data concerning current events. Many treasures of art are stored away in private houses at the mercy of housemaids and plumbers. They are practically doomed to incineration. These books and pictures—if a place was provided—might become the inheritance of the city. The Public Library here, with its efficient board and accomplished staff of librarians, has accomplished much good work, but the library is hampered for room.

The Chamber of Commerce, by its genius and spirit, has placed agriculture among the fine arts. Its possession of historical and ethnological relics cannot be overestimated. The collection of Don Antonio F. Coronel alone would make this place the haunt of all lovers of legend, history and art. But a California library might be made as typical of the beautiful in thought and feeling and as spiritually symmetrical in its characterization as was the Taj Mahal or the Parthenon. The maps of the long ago, from the rude beginnings to the present time, should be collected. The ethnology of the past should not be forgotten. Old government books should be made easy of access. The literature of California should have special niches. All that relates to California, past or present, should be enshrined, and if art also had its place, and lovely glimpses of sea and shore were shadowed on the walls by the interpretation of the painter, it would all be fitting such a place. All departments would require elaborate processes of subject-cataloguing, more special than is required in an ordinary public library. To make such a place a memorial to the city might engage all the clubs here for the coming years, and be a far-reaching work, which, if persevered in, would make their positions unique and renowned among the patriotic forces of the State, and widen their influence for the new generations.

Today a person wishing to know of John Muir's "Treasures of the Yosemite" would have little difficulty in looking up the magazine number of past years to read of the Lyell glaciars. He would find the illustrations of the California artists, William Keith and Charles D. Robinson, and further on in the magazine year he would see the portrait of Gen. Fremont and some other heroes of his time. Should he hurriedly wish to find the records or portraits of Los Angeles heroes who fought in the Philippines, or fell in the swamps of Cuba, it would be fitting could he find the catalogue of their names in a California library, ready to do honor to those heroes who lost their opportunity to win earthly glory. Many a brave soldier has run battle risk since Hoffman wrote:

"We were not many, we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day,
And many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey."

Since the June day of the Bear Flag incident in Sonoma many a tale of tent and bivouac has been written and lost, as the adobe houses along the foothills have gone back to dust. Could those early chapters be retold they would be coupled with dramatic possibility, and here and there would appear delightful and tender phases of emigrant life. The Pacific Slope has known not alone knightly men, but delicately-bred women, who have left circles of deferential courtesy among those of their own social rank to follow some guides of faith and devotion. In this new land did they not accept soldierly standards of duty, and take up the life in direct antithesis to any past experience? Over seven historic trails, we are told, westward emigration came, crossing the plains of the interior to the blue Pacific. Where has any literature more picturesque figures than the scout, the trapper, the savage and the pioneer—with their campfires and marches and their golden dreams? Flashes of shrewd common sense seem indigenous to the soil. Poesy has blossomed in these cloistered spaces. Young art has set up its easel and looked through the ether, as would Alma-Tadema, for whom the light was never too strong—he who painted his marbles with reflections, so that one could see the fine grain and feel that, if broken, the fragments would show flashes. Not so long ago, when Charles Dudley Warner was here—he who has so recently gone from the world—he had many beautiful tributes to pay the lovely country he saw. But the writer of the future, let it be hoped, when he wishes to study California legends, may find a place set apart for such guests who come with the spirit of Warner. The crowded library table furnishes no mental elbow room. The writer's idea halts half way from his normal attitude. His work, if he keeps on with it, only represents dogged adherence to duty. Los Angeles should build a haunt for literary workers which should be to the spirit of history that which the church is to religion. The giant literary papers of London comment on the importance of a more careful preservation of local historical data. They urge every city to appoint a local historian to keep the records of the swift-passing years, making the position so honorable that it will be an incentive to historical research and the economic promotion of the record of passing events.

If there is no other way that this guardianship of treasure can be accomplished, a special room should be added to the new library, and it should be considered the most

important one in the new edifice, and begin a golden age of literary achievement here. With the aid of the members of the City Historical Society, and the professors in the various schools enlisted in harmony, a honest work could be quickly done for California.

L. F. H.

CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] More stories of the recent slaughter of the Chinese are coming in. The longer they have been coming, the more horrible are the details.

[Baltimore American:] Now Denmark wants to borrow from us. Despite the pessimists at home, a rather strong impression of our prosperity seems to have settled itself abroad.

[New York Mail and Express:] Georgia is getting ready to put the negro out of politics, but it must be said to her credit that she wants to do it with a constitutional amendment rather than with a rope.

[Washington Star:] Charles T. Yerkes proposes to open London with new trolley lines and develop suburban real estate. A few prayers by the clergy in behalf of the London Aldermen might not be amiss.

[Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph:] Prince Tsuksu does not manifest that stolid indifference to life which is well to be characteristic of the Chinese race. He may be willing to sacrifice all his relatives, but when it comes to sacrificing himself, that is a personal matter, and he objects.

[Springfield Republican:] In view of the architectural merit of the tombs, their destruction is sheer vandalism on the part of the German field marshal. Quite as proper would have been the tearing down of Notre Dame Cathedral by the Germans when they occupied Paris in 1871.

[Chicago Evening Post:] Just at this time the announcement that the bones of a race of giants have been found impels one to think what a fullback one of them would have made. With a man twelve feet high on goal it would be practically impossible to kick a goal from his field.

[Boston Globe:] Dr. Parkhurst's announcement that a syndicate of wealthy men is planning to establish an "ideal" newspaper in New York is interesting, but experience has shown that a newspaper, to succeed in New York or anywhere else, has got to be practical. Even then it takes something more than wealthy men to establish it.

THE RAIN.

The rain has come and now the sleeping earth
Will wake to gladness and will swift give birth
To beauty; color and new life shall spring
Exultant into fragrant blossoming.

With silver fingers, lo, each leaf-lung tree
It waketh into sweetest m'lody,
And, Oh, how musical its tender strain,
As it falls softly on my window pane.

Oh, list! Oh, list! But still ye may not hear
The soundless footsteps of young Growth draw nigh,
But emerald trail of her fair robes I spy,
Within the fields where'er I cast my eye.

A mist of green, so faint upon the sod,
It softly lies where'er her feet have trod,
'Twill soon be spangled with full in my few a.
The rich pearls dropped by the cain-j-waled hour.

ELIZA A. OTIS.

November 21, 1900.

SWENIE'S ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

[Chicago Times-Herald:] Fire Marshal Sw. n.e. has had many narrow escapes from death—more than he care to tell of, or that anyone knows about except himself. Probably the escape which he cherishes the keenest memory of is that of the Christmas Eve that the old Coliseum burned. The Coliseum was a fire in itself that taxed the energy of every fireman and fire chief in the city. To it was added the horror of loss of life. The night was cold and the conditions for fighting fire were bad. Chief Swenie was engaged in the discharge of his duties about midnight when an alarm came in from Fifth avenue and Dearborn street—a fire in a wholesale house. The battalion chief of the district responded, and Assistant Chief Musham, Late Chief Swenie arrived. He found the big six-story building full of flame and smoke and a strong wind blowing. It took a personal survey of the exterior of the burning structure, and then entered the building. He made his way upstairs, followed by several pipemen. They climbed from one floor to the other, endeavoring to find a way from which the fire could be best fought. Finally he came to the fifth floor and left the stairway and advanced into the center of a great storeroom. The chief was leading. The smoke was so thick his lantern made no impression upon it. It was impossible to see ahead. Finally the chief took one step forward, but before putting his foot down drew back. Just then the smoke lifted and the lanterns shone out. Then the chief saw that the spot at which he had intended to step was the open space of an elevator hole. If he had taken that step he would have gone down five stories to the basement and in all probability ended his useful, heroic career. But, as the chief asked afterward:

"Why did I draw back my foot? I did not know a hit was there."

BUILT A \$45,000 MONUMENT TO HIMSELF.

[Lawrence (Mass.) Correspondence & Home Post:] The most conspicuous among the many costly monuments is the immaculate Corinthian Cemetery is that erected by Patrick O'Riordan, the late Charlestown "Commoner," who was buried here Tuesday. The monument is fifty feet high.

For many years prior to his death, Mr. O'Riordan spent much time and money in beautifying the lot. The monument itself cost \$45,000, and fully \$10,000 more was spent in grading and perfecting the plot on which it rests.

When the monument was being set in position and for several months afterward a man was on duty to protect the lot from the throngs that used to gather there to admire the magnificent shaft and display of growing flowers.

November 25, 1900.]



The

On the Rhine.

In the soft September
You and I—
Leiter where the haunted live
springs;

On the yellow, ru-

Golden sunshine a-

On the rock above the torrent,

"Hunger drives my wife
Keilher! being sume I

Sweitzer knew—ein br-

I'm as hungry as a

Hurry, man! ein faul-

Rudelheimer—Mauslin

Anything to wet my th-

Weinerwurst—noch schw-

Liver—schwarzen kaffee

Bingen grapes—some un-

Fried potatoes—bread a-

Anything you have to

Bring me something liq-

Cognac, porter, oder bla-

English, German, French

Do not fear to bring to

Time was in the

Starlit night and ever

Theo' the love-knife

Sang I sweet, entranc-

Wooing men to love

With the music of my

Times have changed sin-

Now I sing with pickles

And my Rhine, from Ma-

Is a place to grandiose

The Shopper's Paradise.

I wonder sometimes that
matter any man who has
"shopping habit"—some men
pose their wives-bite them, or
go a-shopping—most men do
who has ever had it—you know
gold treatment only makes it
Europe with a cent. And yet
paradise, there aren't half the
the passer-by to purchase the
home. I haven't seen in all the
window dressing that mortal
Philadelphia or Chicago would
of Europe are generally much
all sorts of things in all sorts
for the beauty and cleanliness
habituated in this chaotic middle
window of a country "general
The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

And as to advertising! If you
card of his house, the chance
one, if he can. If he can't,
giving you a billfold. An American
being snowed under with all
manner of handbooks and
astonished when he is charged
his bill is made out. I have
bill I received, mounted on red
a window curtain. It is a year
floor. American hotel-keepers
out every morning the accumulation
on every desk and table in the
and railway companies. What
buy those things. Don't cost
In the United States every
plague of "calendars," and the
of them. They are articles of
seen a thing in Europe that
could get the price, and I have
body would give away, no doubt
be. The fact that anybody can
The people here haven't got
things away. Not even advertising
way folders. I can get all I want
nothing, of Americans, English, French,
but when I want a local time
with the porter who gets it
locked up, in fire-proof safe
time they won't give you out
they have used up all the time
till you've used your
money. They do their business
way. There are no—what do
call it—"left overs" in con-
ice chest and the refrigerator
laid—or rather laid aside or
visible in the hotel or pension
or moughs—every morning, and
bite, amply but rigidly exact
the last meal of the day is a
in the house he goes out on to
for something to eat. There
continental houses. They stay
Nobody appears to go hungry
go to the dungeon and the
not going to call a knot of
coffee-and-milk a breakfast
not object to all this chicanery
get to counting the pennies in
States we can disband our armi-

A Shocking Experience.

While this economy and the

and begin a golden age
With the aid of the men-
tality, and the professors in
a harmony, a broad work
can. L. P. H.

AL COMMENT.

The stories of the Russian
ring in. The longer they
will be the details.
Denmark wants to borrow
at home, a rather strong
one to have settled itself

Georgia is getting ready
but it must be said to her
in a constitutional amendment.

Y. T. has proposed to equip
and develop suburban rural
clergy in behalf of the
church.

[Prince Tuan does
not come to life which is said
to be true. He may be well,
but when it comes to social
matter, he objects
view of the architectural
is sheer vandalism on
part. Quite as proper
as of Notre Dame Cath-
edral Paris in 1871.

At this time the
cases of giants have been
a fullness one of them
twelve feet high on guard
to kick a girl from the

An announcement that a
planning to establish an
is interesting, but ex-
aggerated, to succeed in New
England. Even then
it will take many men to establish it.

The sleeping earth
will swift give birth
to shall spring
coming.

Sadling tree
dry,
over strain,
now pass.

you may not hear
young Growth knew me,
I seize I spy,
not my eye.

In the end,
I have tried,
I fall in my love a,
a chain-j-weld hour.

ELIZA A. OTIS.

ROM DEATH.

Marshal Sw. n'e has had
more than he cares to
not except himself. Prob-
ably the bravest memory of
that the old Colosseum
is in itself that taxed the
chief in the city. To it
he. The night was cold
was bad. Chief Swen's
duties about midnigh
with arms and horses.

The battle chief of
the Chief Marshal. Late
the big six-story building
strong wind blowing. He
size of the burning struc-
ture. He made his way
upward. They climbed
downward to find a spot
to fight. Finally they
in stairway and advanced
on. The chief was lead-
ing his last, made no im-
possible to see ahead. Finally
before putting his feet
so much lifted and the
of saw that the spot on
the open space of an
that step he would have
concentrated and in all prob-
able. But, as the chief

I did not know a hole

NOT TO HIMSELF.

the B side Post:] The
my costly monuments in
story is that is erected by
stone "Commons," who
monument is fifty feet

Mr. O'Riordan spent
the lot. The monu-
\$60,000 more was spent
on which it rests.
is in position and for
was on duty to protect
to gather there to ad-
miration of growing flowers



The Merry-go-Round. By Robert J. Burdette.



On the Rhine.

In the soft September weather,
You and I—as soft—together,
Leave where the haunted river from its caves of romance
springs;
On the yellow, rushing river,
Golden sunshine all a-quiver,
On the rock above the torrent, sits the Lorelei and sings:
"Hunger there my waist is pinchin'!
Kellner! bring some bottled Münchens;
Sweitzer kase—ein brodchen—savvy?
I'm as hungry as a navvy!
Hurry, man! ein flasche wein—
Rudelsheimer—Moselle—Rhine!
Anything to wet my throat—
Weinerwurst—noch etwas brod!
Liver—schwarzen kaffee—tripe!
Bingen grapes—some sausages—ripiel!
Fried potatoes—bread and meat—
Anything you have to eat!
Bring me something liquid here—
Cognac, porter, oder bier—
English, German, French or Dutch—
Do not fear to bring too much!
Time was when in twilight's hush,
Starlit night and evening's blush,
Thee' the love-kissed summer days
Sang I sweet, entrancing lays,
Wooing men to love and death
With the music of my breath;
Times have changed since I was young—
Now I sing with pickled tongue;
And my Rhine, from Mains to Bonn,
Is a place to gossle on."

The Shopper's Paradise.

I wonder sometimes that any woman—or for that matter any man who has even become addicted to the "shopping habit"—some men do get it, you know; I suppose their wives bite them, or they get bit every time they go shopping—most men do—but I wonder that anyone who has ever had it—you know it is incurable, even the gold treatment only makes it worse—ever gets away from Europe with a cent. And yet, while it is a shopper's paradise, there aren't half the inducements held out to the passer-by to purchase that are flung into his eyes at home. I haven't seen in all Europe a specimen of artistic window dressing that mercantile New York or Boston, Philadelphia or Chicago would approve. The shop windows of Europe are generally messy; they are packed full of all sorts of things in all sorts of disarrangement. Save for the beauty and costliness of many of the goods exhibited in this chaotic medley, they remind one of the window of a country "general store" at home.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise.

And as to advertising! If you ask a shopkeeper for the cost of his house, the chances are that he will sell you one, if he can. If he can't, he will console himself by giving you a billhead. An American is so accustomed to being snowed under with advertisements interleaved in all manner of handbooks and diaries that he is somewhat astonished when he is charged for the billhead on which his bill is made out. I have had the first English hotel bill I received, mounted on rollers, and we can use it for a window curtain. It is a yard wide, and reaches to the floor. American hotel-keepers instruct the porters to sweep out every morning the accumulation of blotting pads rained, on every desk and table in the house by clouds of insurance and railway companies. When you come over here you buy those things. Don't cost much, but they are for sale. In the United States every merchant dreads the annual plague of "calendars," and the children make collections of them. They are articles of merchandise here. I haven't seen a thing in Europe that the owner wouldn't sell, if he could get the price, and I haven't seen a thing that anybody would give away, no matter how worthless it might be. The fact that anybody asks for it gives it a value. The people here haven't got into the habit even of giving things away. Not even advertising. I have bought rail-way folders. I can get all I want—even over here—for nothing of American railways—New York Central, Pennsylvania, Canadian Pacific, the good old "Burlington." But when I want a local time card I buy it, together with the porter who gets it for me. They keep them locked up, in fire-proof safes. And when they change time they won't give you one of the new schedules until they have used up all the old ones. You can't have any money. They do their household marketing in the same way. There are no—what does the American housewife tell it?—"left overs" in continental housekeeping. The laundress or rather landlady or housekeeper—the man is rarely visible in the hotel or pension management—is at nose—o months—every morning, and caters to them to the last bite; simply but rigidly exact as a soldier's rations. When the first meal of the day is eaten, if there is a cockroach in the house he goes out on the street and prowls around for something to eat. There are no pests of ants in the continental houses. They starve to death on what is left. Nobody appears to go hungry. Except myself. And if I go to the dungeon and the rack for less majesty I am not going to call a knot of petrified bread and a quart of coffee-and-milk a breakfast. I will not do it. I do not object to all this cheese-paring economy. When we get to counting the pennies in this fashion in the United States we can disband our armies to the last man. We will own the earth.

A Shocking Experience.

While this economy and thrift is all very commend-

able—in principle—it jars a man the first time he runs up against it. It recalls the feeling I once experienced upon having to pay my railway fare. It was in the good old days of journalism—which the youngsters of today were born too late to enjoy—when no self-respecting newspaper man would write on a paper that couldn't virtually issue passes over everything that rolled a wheel or turned a screw. If there didn't happen to be a block of passes either in the editorial-room or "downstairs" the "Faber-pusher" simply went to the office of the railway superintendent—who he habitually called "George"—and asked for what he wanted, with the air of a man conferring a priceless boon. Well, the halcyon days don't last all the year, and when they are over the winter is colder than ever. The day came when I wanted to go to Urbana, Ill., and found the mat in front of the division superintendent's door turned so that the foot-worn "Welcome" read "Keep Out!" I went to the railway station—United States "deepo"—and for the first time in my life addressed the ticket agent as "Mister" and told him "where to." He said "A dollar sixty-five," and meant it. As nearly as I could figure it out, that was \$1: a mile. I paid it, but I was unconscious for three days. However, I have got used to it since then. But when I pay 24 cents for a theater programme that would be highway robbery at \$2 a thousand, with the cast of characters left out to make room for the advertisement of the play that was running week before last, that same old tired feeling comes over me, and I get to thinking of the time I went to Urbana, with Phoebe Howard for a chaperone—and wouldn't know what the play was about even if it was on the programme.

An Appetizing River.

I suppose there is no wetter river on the crust of the earth than the River Rhine. We went from Cologne to Mayence on one of the Federated Imperial Brewing Company's cargo boats. These steamers have also excellent passenger accommodations. I don't understand where the profit of shipping the beer comes in, however, as none of it reaches its destination in the original package. I suppose it is charged to rataage. When we left Cologne there was on board the Dampfschiff about five times as much beer as passengers. When we reached Mayence the beer was all inside the passengers, and they didn't take up a foot more room than they did when we started. I think I never saw so much, such steady, unresting, continuous eating and drinking in five times the distance and twice the time in my life. Every passenger, as he—or she, or both of them—came aboard, made a rush for a table and called for a waiter. And they kept him busy till they got off. There is a tradition that this Teutonic neighbor of ours is a very deliberate drinker; that he takes as long to absorb a Stein of beer as an American takes to drink a barrel. Not on the incessant bung-starter, he doesn't. He doesn't waste anything. I tell you; least of all does he waste time over his beer. I don't know how abstemiously slow he may be at home, but on the Rhine steamers he does not drink beer; he simply transforms himself into a human syphon. That is no miracle. In this legend-haunted Rhineland, peopled with spooks and goblins, gnomes and fairies; anything is liable to happen. The mystery is what becomes of the beer? You cannot realize the wonder of it until you have watched a three-gallon man engulf six gallons of beer, and never loosen a vest button, nor heave a sigh.

A Visit to St. Ursula.

Of course, impelled by that grousing curiosity to see how human beings look with their clothes off, everybody who visits Cologne goes to the Church of Saint Ursula, not because the church is wonderfully beautiful, which it isn't, but because it is lined with bones—the greatest ossuary on top of the ground—what Mr. Venus called "human warious." St. Ursula was a virgin, which somehow or other is invariably specified of many women in those good old days, as though it was a most unusual and remarkable thing. She was as beautiful as a dream, and in spite of the fact that she was as religious as she was beautiful, every man who heard of her—and the men of that time were not ascetically religious—wanted to marry her. She was a princess, a daughter of the King of Brittany, and she lived about A.D. 327 or 328 or 421; the church historians haven't decided which. The one among her many suitors whom she favored was Conon, son of the King of Britain. She promised to marry him upon three easy conditions. First, he must be baptized; second, he must give her as her companions ten of the noblest ladies of his kingdom, each with 100 virgins as her personal attendants, with 100 extra virgins for herself; and, third, they must spend three years after their marriage visiting holy shrines.

Conon accepted the terms without an amendment. He appears to have been a young man of hypnotic powers of fascination and persuasion among the girls of his day, for he had no trouble in rounding up the ten noble ladies and the 10,000 virgins and forwarding them to Ursula. She assembled them by the banks of a clear running stream in a green meadow, preached them one convincing sermon in spite of St. Paul's injunction, made more converts at that one service than we read of his making in all his life, converted the entire 10,000 easily as a modern "hold-up-your-hand-SAVED" evangelist, and baptized every one of them in the river.

They then embarked for Rome, "accompanied," so runs the chronicle, I am grieved to say, "by large numbers of bishops." Just what credentials bishops carried that entitled them to places in the procession is not stated. The virgins somehow or other were unable to procure sailors to man the ships, probably on account of the presence of the bishops, for since the days of Jonah sailors have had a superstitious aversion to preachers on

shipboard. In this case the wisdom of the sailors was justified by subsequent events. The virgins had to work the ships themselves, notwithstanding the "large number of bishops" on board, a man in petticoats being probably about as useless as he looked. The chronicle says "the virgins navigated the ships perfectly," and then it records their only mistake, which was the trifling error of sailing dead north instead of due south, whereby instead of sailing directly to Rome, they sailed up the River Rhine to Cologne, where it was revealed to them that they should all suffer martyrdom. "Whereat they all rejoiced greatly." No doubt; I have been seasick myself.

"Well, they tried to sail up the Rhine to Rome—which was very woman-like—if they wanted to go to Roma overland by ship, they didn't see why they shouldn't. Some angels took pity on them, and towed them over the Alps, boats, virgins and bishops—that's the miraculous part of it—and there they met Conon, who was converted at once, baptized immediately, and, having got religion, decided that he didn't want to get married, but would prefer to go to Cologne and share St. Ursula's martyrdom. They made the pilgrimage back to Cologne; here they were all barbarously murdered by tribe of Huns—all except the bishops, concerning whose virginity and consequent fitness for martyrdom the Huns had their doubts. They had about two hundred and eight bones apiece; that made 2,088,000 bones, and they are all preserved in this church. In the walls, in glass cases labeled, numbered, wrought into grotesque ornamentation worked into frieze, dado and stylebake, cleft with sword and punctured with spear or arrow—bones, bones, bones.

Living in such a new country as America, they tell me that I lose a great deal that is venerable and missive with the heavy atmosphere of antiquity. I have been vaguely conscious of some sort of a loss; maybe it is not. But we gain one thing; we live in a land where we give our sainted dead Christian burial. We don't let their skeletons to stock a dime museum. Although it is not just to call the church of St. Ursula a dime museum. The price of admission is 24 cents. Any time you want to go, the bones are "doing continua."

Legends of the Rhine.

The Rhine would be beautiful, picturesque, entrancing if it had never a legend or story written on mountains and plains. It has not the imperial majesty of our own Hudson—none of its great sealike reaches is not a second cousin to the Hudson. Its winds are not more graceful and alluring than the Ohio, which one is again and again reminded; it has none of the weird loneliness, the eddying impetuosity, the changing, mysterious uncertainties of the Mississippi, of which it has never a suggestion; it hasn't the far-lying shores of the St. Lawrence, with its beads of islands, but it has what none of these streams have—it has its name, and its palmiest of history and fable, legend and story, and myth, fiction, romance, war and politics written on every gray rock and ivy-mantled ruin, and those make it unlike any other stream on the map. You sail on a river that was before men began to reckon time; you sail in a land of enchantment; you find yourself doubting some of the plainer facts of substantial history, but the legends are sober truth.

You are not at all certain about the things they tell you for the truth; you doubt the bones of St. Andrew and the coat that St. Peter girt about him when he swam ashore; you reject, without a second glance, the water-pot which the woman of Samaria left on the well curb, but you accept as reasonable and simply true the white horses of Richmodis; you wouldn't even believe in Bishop Hatto if the fact of his existence was not supported by the mouse tower. You readily believe all the things which the children believe. Probably because you know they are the best people in the world.

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DUEL OVER BLACK BABIES.

[Washington Evening Star:] "From time to time," said an old resident, "I have noticed references to duels fought in this section years ago, but the newspapers do not seem to know that one was fought between two colored men, I believe slaves, about 1836. These were Jack Magruder and John Bell, who had married sisters and were each hired out by their masters to residents of Capitol Hill. In the course of time each became a father and each father thought his child the smartest, and they often had words as to which was the finest baby. Finally they were about to fight. This occurred at a store, and the suggestion was made that as an insult had been given, the aggrieved party should demand satisfaction on the field of honor and not resort to brute force when they could fight like gentlemen. The suggestion was adopted. Each chose a friend, and the arrangements being made, the insult was wiped out with a little blood.

The time set was 4 p.m., place the Leech Pond, on the Tiber, above K street, weapons guns, distance thirty paces. It had been whispered among the boys that the event would occur and a number were there, I with others. Both showed up and exchanged fierce glances before being placed in position. Then the weapons were leveled them, and, at the word, so promptly had they pulled the triggers, there was but one report, and each was purposed to see that his opponent was standing unhurt, for they were good shots and each claimed to have taken deliberate aim, and were dissatisfied. The guns, which were loaded at first with a harmless substance, were passed to the seconds for recharging, and in one a few shot were dropped. Then at the word both fired, and a shot taking effect in the right wrist of one, it stopped further shooting; each of the principals feeling elated that before witnesses they had not shown the white feather, but had acted as gentlemen. They retired from the field amid the plaudits of the spectators, the question as to who owned the smartest baby still undetermined."

[November 25, 1900.]

November 25, 1900.]

Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

CHINA'S RAILROAD BOOM.

MILLIONS READY TO DEVELOP THE EMPIRE AS SOON AS THE TREATY IS MADE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SHANGHAI, Oct. 7, 1900.—I have just returned from a ride to Woosung, a dirty little town on the Yangtze at the mouth of the Whampoa River. It is ten miles below Shanghai, and the Chinese have now a railway connecting the two. This is practically the only railroad in operation in the great Yangtze Kiang Valley, a region which contains more than twice as many people as the whole United States, and surpasses in its industries any country in Asia. The Shanghai-Woosung line is the beginning of a line to Soochow, and thence to Chinkiang and Nanking, forming a part of the great railway system which, sooner or later, will girdle China. At present no building is going on, but the moment peace is settled the great railroad era of China will begin.

Shanghai a Great Railroad Center.

Shanghai will be the center of future railroad operations. It will be the terminus of many trunk lines. It is the New York of the empire. It has all the big banks and is the headquarters of the great financiers. Here Sheng, the director of the imperial railroads, has his offices, and here, rather than at Peking, will be granted the concessions by which hundreds of millions of foreign gold will be transformed into tracks of steel. There are already a dozen representatives of big syndicates here awaiting developments. Among them are Russians, Germans, Italians, French, English and Americans. All are after concessions and some have already obtained concessions which they want extended. They hope that the powers will force the Chinese government to guarantee the security of foreign capital, and that railroad concessions will be so granted hereafter that they can be built with foreign money and be controlled by foreigners. If this is done, a stream of gold will flow from the money centers of Europe and the United States to Shanghai. It will spread out over the empire and will eventually make it one of the most profitable railroad countries of the world.

What China's Railroads Are.

So far capital has been afraid of China. The concessions provide that the work shall be done by Chinese, the accounts audited by Chinese, and the foreigners who are furnishing the money shoved to the background. As a result there has been much talk and little work. Our people imagine there are thousands of miles of railroads here. Indeed, more than 4000 miles have been planned and loose concessions granted for as much track as would reach from New York to Salt Lake City. The roads already built would not make much more than a double track between New York and Washington. They embrace about five hundred miles of working lines, with an addition of perhaps 500 miles ready for the rails.

Take a hasty glance at the system as it now is. The most of it is in North China. Take your map and put your finger on Tien-Tsin. You are now at the central station of the Tien-Tsin-Peking-Shanhaikwan system. This is the oldest system of China and practically the only one which is doing profitable business. I inspected it with Gen. John W. Foster a few years ago. It includes the line which goes from Tien-Tsin to Shanhaikwan, on

the Gulf of Pechili, at the end of the great Chinese wall, and thence on around the gulf to Kinchau. It has also the line from Tien-Tsin to Peking, eighty miles long, and the little branch which runs down to the sea at the mouth of the Peiho, making altogether about three hundred and seventy-five miles. Much of this road has been torn up during the war, but the track has been relaid, and by the time this letter is published the cars will be running.

At Port Arthur the Russian-Chinese Railroad begins and extends northward with a branch to Nenekwang into Manchuria. There is also miles of it in actual operation and the work is going rapidly on. It will include something like a thousand miles in Chinese territory before it reaches the Siberian line, across which it is to go to connect with the great trunk line to Europe.

The Peking-Hankow system has from 100 to 150 miles either built or ready for the rails. The work is going on at both ends. About eighty miles have been built from the Loukon bridge, just outside Peking, to Paotungfu, the capital of Chihli. This section is in operation; it is well patronized and is paying. From Hankow the road is being extended northward, and from forty to fifty miles are ready for the rails. Extensions are being made to the coal and iron mines near-by, but the track altogether will not measure fifty miles.

In addition to the above are the little road to Woosung and the German roads back of Kisechau Bay. The Germans have about fifty miles of track ready for the rails, and they will have cars running before the end of the year. Altogether the total length of the Chinese railroads will not exceed 700 miles. If all the tracks could be lifted up and dropped upon the United States they would not suffice to make a single line from New York to Cleveland.

Our Big American Schemes.

As to railroads on paper, China is full of them, and among the biggest is an American one. This is the scheme of the American China Development Company, which has a concession for a road from Canton to Hankow. Its concession is signed by the Emperor. It was granted through Wu Ting Fang, the Minister at Washington, to the late Calvin Brice and others. The syndicate has already made a deposit of \$100,000, and has spent considerable money in surveying. It is claimed that the Vanderbilts, the Rockefellers, Levi P. Morton, the Carnegie Steel Company and others are in it. The road is to run in a straight line from Canton to Hankow, where it will connect with the road to Peking, making a trunk line through the richest and most populous part of China. Canton has, perhaps, 2,000,000, and Hankow and the great cities about it have at least 2,000,000 more. The provinces cut by the road have a population something like 100,000,000, and they are among the richest industrial provinces of the empire. There are big cities all along the line and the road would probably pay from the start.

By the surveys of William Barclay Parsons the road, with its branches, will be about nine hundred miles long. It offers no great engineering difficulties, and Calvin Brice estimated that its cost would be in the neighborhood of \$30,000,000, or a little over \$33,000 a mile. It is probable that it can be built for much less, for the road from Peking to Shanhaikwan has cost, I am told, only \$30,000 a mile, including its workshops and its rolling stock. The road to Woosung cost about the same, and the abundance and cheapness of the labor all along the line of the Canton

Hankow system should make its construction comparatively low.

The Hankow-Peking Road.

The northern extension of this trunk line has been granted to the Belgian syndicate, but it is now reported that the French and Russians have bought the road out. The syndicate has an alleged capital of about \$15,000,000, of which \$12,000,000 was originally French, \$3,000,000 Belgian. There are also Chinese capitalists in it, but the foreigners have the control.

The Hankow-Peking road has been built as far as Paotungfu. The cars are now running, and the traffic is such as to promise great profits. It is estimated that it will pay 30 per cent. The work of construction goes slowly at the Hankow end of the line. Chang Chi Tung has no intention to do with this branch of it, and it was his original intention to build it entirely of rails made of Chinese iron smelted with Chinese coal. The result was that he paid about seventy-five acres of car shops, including two enormous blast furnaces, at Hanyang, adjoining Hankow. He spent something like \$6,000,000 in such experiments, and then turned the road over to Sheng. Sheng is importing most of his materials from Europe.

I visited Chang Chi Tung's works not long ago. They were smelting foreign iron with foreign coke, trying to learn how to make rails, and evidently not succeeding, as the rails now being used are imported from Beijing. The miles of track will be laid with such rails within the next few months.

There are now 3000 men there employed, and the road will be steadily pushed.

A Chat With an American Railroad Man.

The route of this Hankow-Peking Railroad was recently surveyed by Capt. Watson W. Rich, a prominent American railroad engineer, who is now in the employ of the Chinese government. He is the confidential technical foreign railroad adviser to Sheng, and has much influence here. It built the Sault St. Mary road, and is thoroughly up to railroad construction. I chatted with him about the line from Hankow to Peking. Said he:

"The country through that part of China is flat, and the chief difficulty will be in bridging the waterways. The great plain of North China is cut up by streams and canals. You can go everywhere in boats, and the many waterways will necessitate bridges at every few miles, so that, at least, the cost of railroad construction is quite as heavy as in the United States. It is the bridges that cost."

"One of our great troubles on the Hankow-Peking line will be the Yellow River. This has heavy floods and often changes its course. We have tried to plan the road so that it shall be outside the danger line. For this reason the route has been laid out near the foot of the mountains, 300 miles back of the coast. Here the river at low water is about fifteen feet deep and a mile wide. At high water it is three miles wide, so that we shall need a three-arch bridge. All such bridges must be brought from abroad. We have no cheap wood in China, and our bridge must be steel."

Railroad Building in China Versus America.

"I had the idea, Capt. Rich, that railroads could be built here very cheaply."

"That is a mistake," was the reply. "Wages are not lower, but the people are unskilled, and they work slowly. Take, for instance, the bricklayers. We pay a Chinese

man and his helper about \$5 a day, and they lay 1000 bricks a day, and the bricklayer and helper would receive it would seem. We can get dirt at four times the American price, but the materials, so that there are many reasons why the Spuds Block the Roads."

The railroad builders out here well as material nature. The roads must be carried about through great detours. The spirits of good and Feng Shui, are everywhere, and must be disturbed. Not long ago it was necessary to bridge a river, and nothing but a cut from the hill side and bring bad luck. The road was erected and the bridge carried across. While they were working a flood came, and had to be made in the island to a causeway to bring dirt from the mainland.

In another case there was a natural course of the railroad which the engineers said that the track must be moved to avoid it. They said the Feng Shui, or spirit of the place, was bad luck to them. They said the road must pass through their rice fields, so people made a great outcry, forced to bring dirt from the mainland.

When the Kaiping Railroad was the famous railroad engineer, engineers painted. The Chinese who did painting with the exception of the eyes. When asked why they did so, they said, "We have eyes. No have eye, no can walk." Mr. Kinder said he was asked if the eyes taken off.

It was superstition that deformed. This road ran from Shanghai to the same line that I traveled yesterday. English, started as a tramway small engines.

The road was losing money, but attributed all their misfortunes to getting rid of it. They bought the road and then paid a man \$100 to paint the engine and be killed by its family. The killing created a sense of the road ordered that it be removed, stock, rails and machinery dumped them on the shores.

Some Big Railroad Schemes.

Other big railroad schemes are to be undertaken, Jardine-Mathers & Co., the Anglo-Chinese Railway, The Peking syndicate has an encyclopedic plan. It has probably the world to develop, and there is a market with it which claims to have a operating fund. This syndicate has two hundred and fifty miles of railroads with the Yangtze system, lines.

Jardine-Mathers & Co. is one of the commercial establishments in China, wharves and big establishments. It controls millions, and it is turning up. It built the first railroad in China, and is largely interested in the Wu-Han road, a concession for a road from Shanghai to Nanking. This road is 300 miles long and is to connect it with the Hankow through the largest silk district, likely to be very profitable.

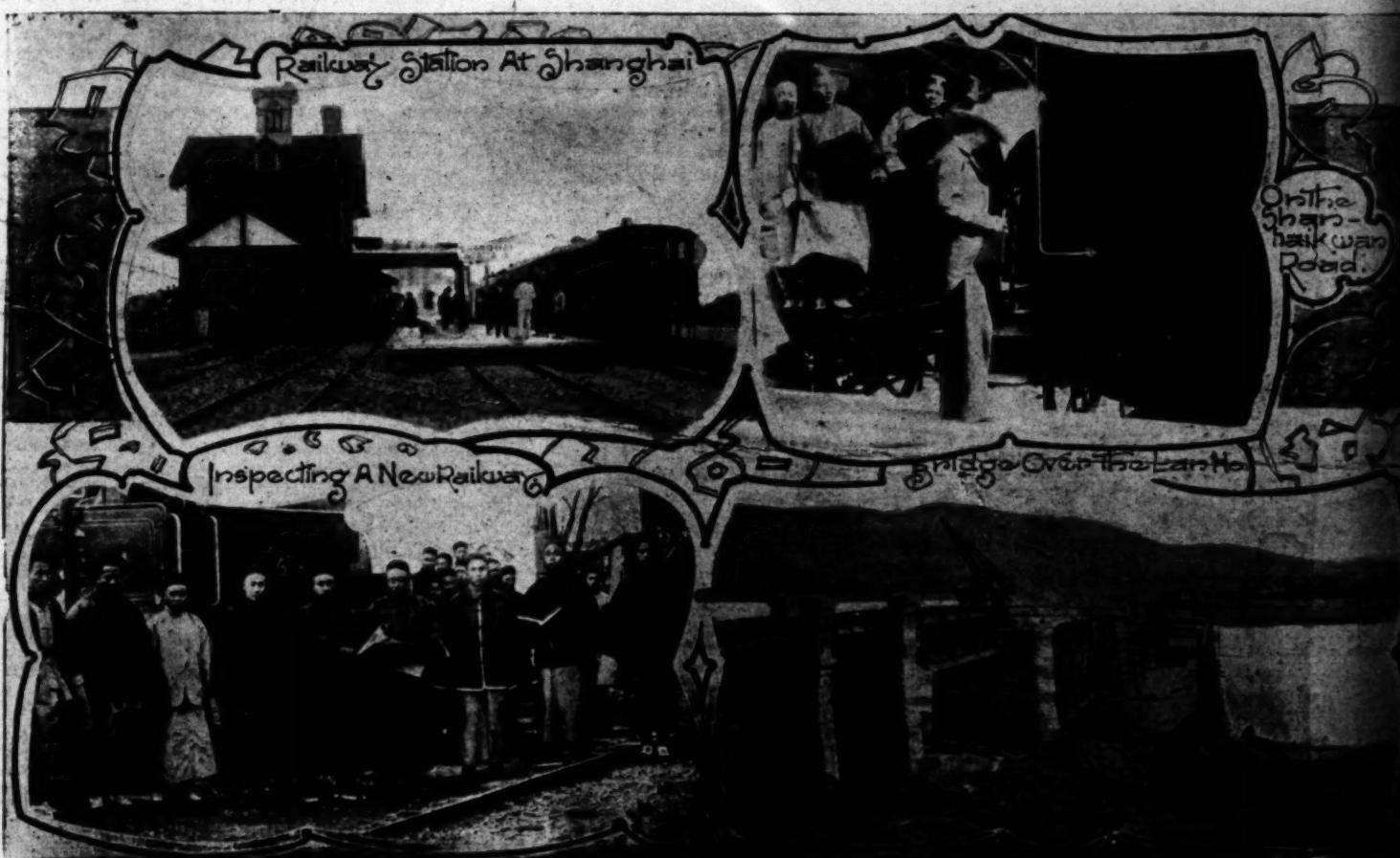
The British Chinese Corporation runs from Soochow via Hankow, also tap the silk regions and give the sea.

Another company proposes a line from Tien-Tsin. Then there is an Anglo-Chinese company which is said to have a concession from Canton to Chengtu, in Southwest China, to connect the Burmese system with the Yangtze. This last railroad will probably form the tea route to Central China. It is desirable to get to the market, and by this route Shanghai round through the Szechuan cut off and the tea would be sent to main and Rangoon, Burma, on the way.

Chinkiang is 300 miles up the Yangtze, communication to the Pacific. It is a railroad center and vast quantities are shipped via the Yangtze and the Szechuan road will pass through the Yunnan.

Still further south a French road from Canton through Yunnan into Tongkin.

Chinese-Russian Schemes. The Russians have their fingers in the pie in China. They have a large fleet on the Yangtze, and they own large tramps which is as far inland as Pittsburgh, York. They are said to own a large interest in the Peking-Hankow scheme, and for 150 miles of railroad from Tien-Tsin, to Ching-tung-fu, in Chihli, a great coal railroad, and it may be planned in order to bring the coal to market.



C.Y.

to construction comparatively

this track line has been laid, but it is now supposed to have bought the Belgian capital of about \$35,000,000, was originally French, and also Chinese capitalists have control.

has been built as far as running, and the traffic is light. It is estimated that it is now under construction.

Chang Chi Tung has much and it was his original idea to make of Chinese iron, the result was that he put up a shop, including two casting, adjoining Hankow. He is in such experiments, and Sheng Sheng is importing coke.

works not long ago. They with foreign coke, trying to evidently not succeeding, imported from Belgium. Fifty such rails within the last

are employed, and the work abroad.

China Railroad was recently built, a prominent American in the employ of the Chinese, and technical foreign has much influence here. He is, and is thoroughly up in with him about the line:

part of China is flat, and out along the waterways. The set up by streams and canals, and the many waterways very few miles, so that, all stration is quite as heavy the bridges that cost.

on the Hankow-Peking line it has heavy loads and it have tried to plan the road longer line. For this reason or the foot of the mountain, leave the river at low water a mile wide. At high water we shall need a three-mile brought from abroad. We and our bridge material

in America.

that railroads could be to apply. "Wages are much less, and they work slowly, again. We pay a Chinese



man and his helper about 25 cents a day for twelve hours, and they lay 100 bricks. An American builder and helper would receive about \$4.50, but they will lay more, so that the difference is not so great as a small sum. We can get dirt excavated for about three times the American price, but all rock work is equally expensive. We also have to pay a big freight on all our materials; so that there are many offsets to cheap labor."

How the Spirits Block the Roads.

The railroad builders out here have to fight spiritual as well as material nature. The roads are forced to wind the way and that to avoid the habitations of spirits. They are carried about through graveyards and make many turns. The spirits of good and bad luck, known as the Feng Shui, are everywhere, and the Chinese think it is best to disturb them. Not long ago on the Hankow road it was necessary to bridge a river at a point where there was an island of the shape of a fish. The Chinese insisted that nothing be cut from the island, as it would hurt the fish and bring bad luck. The result was that piles were driven and the bridge carried on them along the shore, while they were working a flood came, and an excavation had to be made in the island to save the bridge. Hereupon the people made a great outcry, and the engineers were glad to bring dirt from the mainland and fill up the hole. In another case there was a ridge near a village. The usual course of the railroad was across the ridge, but the Chinese said that the track must go around it, as in the ridge lived the Feng Shui, or spirit, which brought good or bad luck to them. They said they would permit the railroad to pass through their rice fields, but that it must not touch the ridge. The superstition was so strong that the road was carried a little out of its way to avoid the ridge.

Line for Locomotives.

When the Kaiping Railroad was first built C. W. Kinder, a famous railroad engineer, ordered some locomotives repaired. The Chinese who did the work copied the old model with the exception of the smokestacks. Upon this they put two great eyes, one on each side of the stack. When asked why they did so, they replied: "Engine must have eye. No have eye, no can see. No can see, how can smoke?" Mr. Kinder said he would risk it, and ordered the eyes taken off.

It was superstition that destroyed China's first railroad. This road ran from Shanghai to Woosung, over much the same line that I traveled yesterday. It was built by the English, started as a tramway and then operated with small engines.

This road was costing money, but the Chinese thereabouts attributed all their misfortunes to it, and they wanted to get rid of it. They bought the railroad at a high price and then paid a man \$100 to throw himself in front of the engine and be killed by it. The \$100 went to his family. The killing created a sensation and the owners of the road ordered that it be removed. They took its rolling stock, rails and machinery over to Formosa and dumped them on the shores.

Some Big Railroad Schemes.

Other big railroad schemes are those of the Peking syndicate, Jardine-Matheson & Co., the British Chinese Corporation, the Anglo-Chinese Railway Company and others. The Peking syndicate has an enormous coal concession in Shantung. It has probably the richest coal field of the world to develop, and there is a second company connected with it which claims to have \$30,000,000 capital as an operating fund. This syndicate proposes to build about two hundred and fifty miles of railway to connect its coal fields with the Yangtze system, and it will need other lines.

Jardine-Matheson & Co. is one of the oldest and richest of the commercial establishments of China. It has steamers, wharves and big establishments at almost every port. It controls millions, and it is ready for everything that comes up. It built the first railroad in China and I believe it is largely interested in the Woosung line. It now has a concession for a road from Shanghai via Hangchow and Chinkiang to Nanking. This road will be about one hundred and eighty miles long and it will have an extension to connect it with the Hankow-Peking road. It will go through the largest silk district of China and will probably be very profitable.

The British Chinese Corporation has a concession for a road from Soochow via Hangchow to Ningpo. This would run through the silk regions and give them a railroad outlet to the sea.

Another company proposes a road from Shanghai to Tsin-Tsin. Then there is an Anglo-Chinese Railway Company which is said to have a concession for a road from Canton to Chengtu, in Southwestern China, and another to connect the Burmese system with Chungking, on the Yangtze. This last railroad will be very profitable, as it will probably form the tea route for much of the crop of Central China. It is desirable to get the tea very quickly to the market, and by this route the long journey from Shanghai round through the Straits of Malacca, would be cut and the tea would be shipped direct from Maulbray and Rangoon, Burma, on the bay of Bengal.

Chinkiang is 4000 miles up the Yangtze, with steam communication to the Pacific. It will come day be a great inland carrier and vast quantities of freight will be shipped via the Yangtze and the Burmese Railroads. This road will pass through the rich mineral province of Yunnan.

Still further south a French line has been planned to run from Canton through the province of Kwangsi and on through Yunnan into Tongkin.

Chinese-Russian Schemes.

The Russians have their fingers in nearly everything that is going on in China. They have their steamers on the Yangtze, and they own large tea factories at Hankow, which is as far inland as Pittsburgh is distant from New York. They are said to own a large amount of stock in the Peking-Hankow scheme, and they have a concession for 100 miles of railroad from Tientsin-fu, the capital of Shanxi, to Chenting-fu, in Chihli. This will probably be a great coal railroad, and it may be that the Russians are running it in order to bring the Shansi coal mines into

connection with their Manchurian railroads. The concession belongs to the Russo-Chinese Bank.

The Russians are steadily pushing their railroad northward from Port Arthur, and it will soon connect with the trans-Siberian road. The road is being well built. It is of a five-foot gauge. The most of its rolling stock, rails and ties come from the United States, and more will be taken in the future. Aside from the natural dislike the Russians have to the English, they find the American railroad material equally good, if not better. They can get it in a much shorter time, and the result is they are ordering it by shiploads.

American Railroad Exports.

The prospective development promises to open up an enormous market for our railroad materials. The American China Development Company, in case it carries out its concession, will bring all its materials from the United States, and this alone will require imports to the amount of \$30,000,000. The Tien-Tsin-Shanhaikwan road is now using quite a lot of American machinery. It has Baldwin engines, and in its works I saw models of cars and tracks furnished by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The Tien-Tsin-Peking Company is now using Westinghouse air brakes and American couplers, which cost, laid down here, \$50 a car. In the stops at Kaiping they are using American car wheels and American axles.

There will be a big opening here for American lumber, and it may be that the Philippine Islands will be the lumber yard of China in its railroad development. The island of Mindanao could furnish enough hard wood ties for all the roads that China will build for the next fifty years, and we have vast timber resources on Mindoro and other islands. Uncle Sam owns nearly all the forest areas of the Philippines, and if he exploited the property he could probably net more from the timber alone than the islands have cost him. At present a great deal of lumber comes here from Oregon and Washington, and there will be a market for more in the future.

The German Railroads.

The Germans intend to open up Shantung with German money and German material. This is shown by the concession which the German government recently gave to the Shantung Railroad Company to construct road from Kiaochau Bay to the coal mines. These roads will be about two hundred and eighty miles long, and will unite with the trunk lines from Shanghai to Tien-Tsin, by way of Chinkiang. The roads are to be of standard gauge, and it is provided that all their materials, including iron ties and steel bridges, are to come from Germany. The syndicate has a capital of about \$12,000,000. It has already laid thirty miles of its roadbed, and the tracks will be put down at once.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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Faithful Unto Death.

A BELGIAN HERO OF THE CONGO TO WHOM HIS COUNTRYMEN RAISED A MONUMENT.

[New York Sun:] A monument was dedicated on Sunday, September 9, to the memory of a brave young sergeant in the Belgian army, who perished seven years ago on the Lomami River, in the upper part of the Congo basin. It was no common act of heroism to which the people of Belgium thus paid tribute. Contributions had flowed in from all parts of the kingdom for the erection of this memorial. It was reared near the sea, in the little coast town of Blankenberge, West Flanders, the birthplace of Sergt. De Bruyne, who was scarcely known outside his native town until the story of his self-abnegation was told all over the world.

The heroism and the pathos of the act that sealed his fate appealed to all who heard of it, and it is not surprising that a very large assemblage gathered at the little coast town last month to honor the memory of De Bruyne. It will be interesting here to recall the tragedy of Kassongo, when De Bruyne went back to certain death rather than desert his fellow-prisoner.

It was during the war which the Arab slave raiders began on the Belgians, which finally resulted in the expulsion of the slaves from the Congo Free State. Before the news of the Arab revolt had spread through the Congo country, De Bruyne and Lippins, who were in charge of the remote station of Kassongo, and were still ignorant of the outbreak of hostilities, were taken prisoners by the Arabs.

After these white men had been in the hands of their enemies for nearly six months it occurred to the Arab leader, Setu, that he might be able to use De Bruyne to get a lot of the whites into his power. So he sent De Bruyne in charge of a strong escort down to the Lomami River, the opposite shore of which was held by the Belgians and their native allies; then Setu's subordinates made it known to the whites that their friend De Bruyne had come to see them and, though he would not be permitted to cross the river, he might talk to them from the opposite bank. The prisoner made his way through the tall grass to the bank and saw scores of his army friends on the opposite shore.

"I'm here," he shouted, "because Sofu imagines that he can use me to carry out his purposes. He says he wants to talk with you about peace, and he asks you to send some officers with an escort of fifty men down the river one mile, where he will let you cross, and he will meet you with a similar escort. He told me to tell you that he felt sure that peace could be arranged. Not a man here but myself can understand French, and I tell you plainly that you must not do anything of the sort. I know what Sofu is up to, and he is only trying to lay a trap for you."

"We'll take good care not to fall into it," replied the Englishman, Dr. Hinde, who was in charge of the party on the other shore.

Hinde kept talking to the prisoner while cudgeling his brains for some means of rescuing the young Belgian who was almost within Sofu's throw. De Bruyne stood at the

top of the bank while behind him were two chiefs, gun in hand, who were his immediate guards. Two or three rods farther back were a crowd of armed Arabs and natives.

Hinde quietly gave some orders to his men and kept on talking with the prisoner. In a few minutes twenty of the best shots in the white camp had made a detour and approached the river some way down stream. Then they quietly made their way through the tall rushes to a point directly in front of the Arab party.

Orders were given them to cover with their guns as many of the Arabs as possible, and two men in plain view were told to give particular attention to the chiefs and shoot them if they put their guns to their shoulders. Meanwhile De Bruyne had stepped to the edge of the water and begun to bathe his feet.

"I suppose you can swim," shouted the white man to him from the opposite shore.

"Yes," answered the prisoner.

"Well, now, you jump into the water and swim for us. We can save you beyond a doubt. We have the Arabs well covered with our rifles and we'll shoot the first man who raises a gun. Spring into the river."

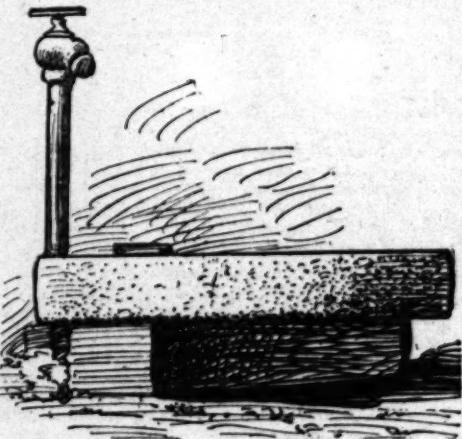
The European spectators of this scene say that about a minute of terrible silence followed. There sat the poor fellow who for a half year had been in the hands of his enemies. The white men said they could save him, and a few swift and strong strokes would most certainly land him among his friends. He beat his head and thought it over for a little. Then he rose to his feet.

"No, boys," he said, "I'd like to do it, but I can't. They'd kill Lippins in an hour if I went over to you. We've been together in this pickle, and I couldn't think that I'd save myself and he'd got to die for it. Thank you all the same. I'm going back."

De Bruyne clambered up the bank and disappeared over the ridge with his guards. A few days later the whites moved over the river, and the Arabs fled. Reaching a native village, a mile or so away, the heads of eleven Europeans were found impaled upon the palisades that surrounded the town and among them were those of De Bruyne and Lippins. Their mutilated bodies, found lying together, were tenderly wrapped in the flag of the Congo Free State and placed side by side in a common grave; and a humble mausoleum now marks the place where rest the mortal remains of these two noble victims to the African slave trade.

THE OLD OLIVE PRESS OF SAN FERNANDO.

In front of a livery stable at San Fernando is the stone the mission fathers used for an olive press. Its present lowly occupation is catching the drip from a water faucet; but the date upon it, 1792, proves it is of



venerable age, and shows that it holds within its stony heart the history of this country. It is a round stone, of a lava composition, weighing 600 pounds. In the center is a square opening for an axle. It was brought from France, but no one knows how it was made a solid piece of lava weighing 600 pounds, and perfectly round. But it is known that it was used as a press by the fathers. The stone remains, the mission still clinging to a dilapidated existence, and the olive trees have grown rugged and huge with a hundred years of life, but all that remains of the sturdy pioneer fathers is a fenced-in burying-ground back of the mission, where years ago all that was mortal of them mouldered to dust.

A BOSTON DOLL'S TROUSSEAU.

[Boston Herald:] A seven-year-old little girl, whose lucky star gave her Boston parents of the genuine Bohemian order, is about to receive an addition to her family of dolls, one of the loveliest bits of artificial humanity constructed or dressed by dainty fingers. The Women's Educational and Industrial Union has a handwork department, where marvelous needlework is done, and here the wardrobe of this curly-headed demoiselle, sixteen inches tall in her silk stockings, has been designed and turned out. Miss Dollie has a complete outfit of gowns, millinery and underwear of the most approved lady-of-society style and daintiness. The clothes were made by a real dressmaker, trained in the industrial department, and nothing is lacking, from evening dress to waterproof, silk-lined golf cape, from kimono to square-necked, lace-trimmed night dress and white silk and lace sunshade. The charm of this trousseau is the beauty of its execution, and that it cost \$50 does not seem extravagant to expert evidence, for even the handkerchief, two inches square, is trimmed with real lace. However, this fair atom of dolldom is worthy of all her finery.

[November 25, 1900]

THE OLD AND THE NEW. PROGRESS IN MEDICAL SCIENCE AS SHOWN AT PARIS.

By a Special Contributor.

PARIS, Nov. 10.—Paris is a mother to her children, looking after them with extraordinarily minute attention and loving, thoughtful care. Probably nowhere else in city administration brought down to such a point of far-seeing, wide-embracing detail as here. Of all cities of the world, Paris is the city where it is hardest to die of hunger, or of inadequate treatment in the case of disease, hardest for one born intellectually deficient to remain all his life banned from the pleasures and consolations of normal human activity. Paris may send over to New York and Chicago to study American fire-fighting methods, but America looks to Paris for other reforms, and Parisian municipal notions command a wider attention than is ever confessed. In many respects this city represents the high-water mark of municipal achievement.

Take, for example, the admirable and minutely-accurate reproductions of the great Paris hospitals shown at the Paris Exposition. Examining them in detail one sees that the Paris retreats for the sick poor are unparalleled in their comfort, cleanliness, practical efficiency as in their wonderful applications of scientific discovery to the curing of pain and the speedy curing of disease. As Dr. Metchnikoff, the illustrious savant of the Institute Pasteur, has pointed out, they furnish a striking object lesson in the advantages of living in our days. The normal man, stricken with sickness, has endless reason for being glad that he is not his great-grandfather. If one wanted to know how one's great-grandfather would have been treated, should that venerable gentleman have been unwise enough to fall ill, there was a reproduction of a corner of the old Hotel de Dieu, of the close of the eighteenth century to tell the story. That corner of the show was not comforting if one had a proper regard for one's ancestor. The sick man of that distant epoch was treated as a kind of criminal, and if he got well as a result of the methods of cure applied to his case, then he was a most remarkable person. Even to come out alive from such a den of horror was a proof of a superb constitution.

The patients were not allowed to cumber the ground to any great extent. The city, economical to the last degree, stowed them four in a bed. As shown in the Pavilion, the bed was scarcely large enough for one person, according to our notions; it was 5 feet 10 in length and 4 1/2 feet broad. It did not matter very much what was the matter with you. You might have just a touch of sciatica or gout or some other unselfish illness, the kind of malady which is for your own personal pleasure and does not insist on communicating itself to your neighbor, but according to your luck and the vacant pillows there chanced to be, you might be thrust into the company of three people suffering from any three virulent infectious diseases known to man. At your side, perhaps, there would be an interesting case of smallpox; your feet would touch the right shoulder of a man in the last stages of typhoid fever, and the left shoulder of a patient in a violent consumption. Your chances of adding a few maladies to your innocent muscle-aches were considerably better than your chances of a cure.

Care of the Sick in the Last Century.

There was one good point about these hospital methods of a century ago; the patients were kept nice and warm. Not only was there plenty of company with you, but the bed had a solid wood roof above it, and thick red curtains all around it to keep out the air. It is true you might very well die from suffocation and from inhaling at every breath a joyous company of assorted microbes, but at any rate you would not catch cold. Every schoolboy knew in those days that clean, fresh air was fatal to delicate constitutions.

So anxious were the authorities to keep up a good supply of warmth that all the hospital cooking was done in the sickrooms. It is true there wasn't very much to be done; special diets for particular maladies were unthought of for the poor. The city saved on the food bills by offering everyone twice a day, in a heavy iron can, a nice, thick, greasy soup, with a chunk of bread. If any sick person was too "dainty" to swallow the mess down at the regulation hour, well, that was his lookout—and what was the world coming to, anyhow? Beggars shouldn't be choosers.

There were also the cheerful days of copious bleeding. They bled you if you had too much blood, and they bled you if you had too little. Anemic persons generally expired after the third bleeding, but that must be their own fault, because, look you, all the books from Galen downward proved conclusively that the way to insure a rich supply of good, wholesome blood was to get rid at once of all the thin, corrupted fluid that was working mischief in the organism. Besides, the bleeding of the poverty-stricken patients made fine sport for the nobility and gentry. It was a fashionable amusement to make a tour of the hospitals in the morning and "sympathize" with the sick. Ladies of the court used to arrive, in their silken fur-below and with headresses six feet high, and attend the puncturing and the carving of the patients. It gave them a pleasant shudder, and was an agreeable way of exercising Christian charity. For gentlewomen of that day were not overdelicate. They loved to witness bull baiting and cock fighting, and often lent the grace of their presence to the still more exciting sport of executing men and women in the public square at break of day. A milder, modern form of the same thing, by the way, was the conduct of the aristocratic dames who went out recently to South Africa to "nurse" wounded Britons bored by Boer bullets.

Surgery by a Ducal Bleeder.

An old print at the Pavillion shows a group of noble

persons in gorgeous array gathered round a four-pillowed bed in the Hotel Dieu, where no less a personage than the royal Duc de Chartres, in wig and sword and silken knee breeches, is jabbing a knife into the arm of a poor patient, bleeding him for the good of his health. The illustrious company looks on with admiration for the Duke's skill and condescension shining in every eye; the obsequious doctors hold basins for the blood to spout into. What the patient thought of it all is not indicated; probably he accepted it meekly, as he accepted the four-pillowed bed, and the greasy soup, and all the rest. "Do not be poor" was the best advice a father in those days could give to his sons; poverty made strange bed-fellows then, and was a spectacle for the amusement of noble persons.

Compare the Hotel Dieu of the picturesque eighteenth century with any hospital of "our ugly, unromantic, degenerate age." In the one case it is dirt, ignorance, brutality; in our days it is spotless clean linens, a scientific care that goes to give the sick a better chance of life, or, in the extreme case, a happier last week or so, than they had at any previous epoch of the world's history. The great hospitals of Paris are so tempting in their appearance within and without that the visitor almost wishes he were at his last gasp, so that he might be a guest in them.

And if you die there, you die scientifically, so to speak. You die because your case was hopeless, because if you were the richest and greatest man of all this world, science, the latest and most perfect could have done nothing more for you. There is not a ragged camelot selling papers on the boulevards or a rag-picker living in a foul den in the grimy courts of the Faubourg du Temple, who if he fell ill would not command, in a palatial house set in pleasant gardens, all the skill and all the discoveries of the best surgeons, of the most devoted doctors, and of a host of servants whom he never sees, but who have given their lives to learning the secret causes and the cures of all diseases that may overthrow him. The camelot lives through his sickness because the Institute Pasteur has found the microbe that breeds his malady and has learned how to annihilate it, and because the city of Paris draws at once on all the knowledge of the savants and applies it all, generously, unhesitatingly, at any cost, to the service of the poorest of the citizens.

Science vs. The Microbe.

Nothing is done here without regard to the all-powerful microbe; he is traced in all his manifestations. Milk is sterilized to get rid of him, diet is chosen in such a way as to give him least chance of life in every individual case, for the doctor explains that certain foods, wholesome enough as food goes, are found to be good breeding ground for the culture of particular tribes of the small demons. An interesting illustration, by the way, of the mastery now attained over the bacteria of disease was afforded by some exquisitely-tinted silks, pointed out to me in the pavilions. They were in what used to be called "art colors" in the "greenery-gallery" days. There were pale mauves and olive greens, and very delicate shades of pink. The florescent silk had been dyed by coloring matter squeezed from the germs of hideous diseases. Thus may beauty come out of corruption, and thus may you make a fever provide you with a handsome necktie. Those long streamers of soft silk, tinted by the juice of millions of invisible animalcules were symbolic of the achievement of a century of extraordinary scientific progress.

But it is not only in the "Pasteurism" applied to its hospitals that Paris leads the way. It has called upon science to care for mental diseases as well as for maladies purely corporal to an extent undreamed of elsewhere. The Salpêtrière is famous the world over. It was there that Charcot and his brilliant school made those remarkable experiments in the powers of mental suggestions and hypnotic treatment which procured the worldwide recognition of the new procedures as a valuable addition to acknowledged science. And here before us in the exposition are illustrated by statistics and more tangible proofs the wonderful results achieved by the application of the Salpêtrière principles to the cure of the insane or mentally afflicted. At the Salpêtrière itself, at the "Bicêtre," at the "Charité," to mention only the better-known mental sanatoriums, the experts succeed astonishingly in smoothing out the kinks in distorted intelligences, and in slowly making out of children, plunged in the dull stupor of idiocy, clear thinking, sane beings, of use to the world and consciously happy themselves.

Ministering to Minds Diseased.

It is quite certain that the idiot and the insane of our times have good reason—if they have any reason at all—to dance a wild dance of joy at the reduction that they were not born in "the good old days." Now they have a fair, gambling chance of cure, and, if uncured, they are at any rate well treated. A hundred years ago, or less, an appalling brutality was their portion, and no effort whatever was made to bring relief to their miserable condition. If their insanity was of the violent kind they were kept perpetually bound in chains, with a heavy iron ball hanging between their feet. If they were merely idiotic, they were the butts of a gang of insolent, rough jailors, whose brutality terrified them and destroyed all chance of their reason ever developing. They were doomed to be outcasts of society forever.

We have changed all that. Under the modern system the asylum has become in reality a hospital for sick minds. Even in cases of out-and-out lunacy, with tendency toward violent manifestations, the superinducing nerve disturbance is often charmed away by a long series of skillful hypnotic seances and the hallucinations which prompt to maniacal fury are removed. The lunatic becomes almost a normal being, a "mental invalid" perhaps, but not a danger to society. Quite often the patients at the Paris asylums show remarkable gifts in some one direction. At the Pavillion were shown specimens of clockmaking, woodcarving, bookbinding, and even draughtsmanship, painting and sculpture, all the work of patients, and all of very distinct and even artistic inspiration. Idiotic children taken in hand before the

heavy cloud has entirely stupefied their brains are entirely cured by a mingled treatment of hypnotic suggestion and ordinary tuttional methods carefully adapted to their feeble mentality. Hypnotic procedures are used to give them cheerful, hopeful views of life; their interest in things about them is awakened; appeal is made to the dormant germs of self-respect and ambition. Little by little they are introduced to the mysteries of the school course. From being idiots they have been promoted to the rank of children backward for their age. When they leave the sanitarium are as fit for the battle of life as the average person born, apparently under infinitely more promising conditions.

Idiocy is being recognized as merely a result of nervous derangement or of nerve disease. In Paris they say it—"as, we may hope," says Dr. Metchnikoff, "sooner or later every malady." Had any other in the world such a hope?

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LAY SERMONS.

HOW comforting it is when the sense of personal sin oppresses us to feel that the sympathy and tenderness of Christ is not withdrawn from us, but that it flows out to us in an ever-flowing stream to strengthen and to cheer us. There are now low for His love to reach; none so vile that they are not cleansed by His forgiving mercy, and made anew in that redeeming blood which was shed for sinners.

The story of the woman who was a sinner, who washed the feet of Jesus with her tears, and wiped them on the hair of her head, is one of the most beautiful and encouraging of all contained in holy writ. Out from her heart flowed her tears of penitence. T. S. love had touched her. The purity of His teachings had renewed her conscience; she saw herself a sinner and she knew that she had fallen. The desire for forgiveness was kindled, the longing to go back to a pure life was born as she knelt at His feet and poured out the sorrow of her soul in tears. How the haughty Pharisee drew back from her in scorn and smote her with the chill of their glances. But she did not falter. Christ was there and did not scorn her or cast her from Him. How full of joy was His eye as He looked upon her. All the fancies of her heart was known to Him; all her sin and all her penitence He read, and at once the divine utterance of his forgiveness, sweeter than angel music, was upon her.

"Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." Oh, how joyous was that once burdened heart, as the woman went out from His presence feeling that the dominion of sin was over, the burden of guilt all gone, and the stain wiped away. Hope blossomed anew and the callousness of new life was about her. Her heart was full of thanksgiving and of high purpose, and of that holy love which casteth out fear. Faith had crowned her and henceforth she would walk in His footsteps, guided by His love.

One lesson that we learn from the story of this woman is that Christ would have the sinner come to Him, as he is—without any delay, any hope that he may not himself better before coming. The blood of Christ is sufficient to cleanse us from all sin, and the love of God is always ready to forgive, for "He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come unto Him and have everlasting life." Salvation is full and free, and is ours if we will only accept of it through Christ.

And Christ is here today, just as truly as He was in the woman of old. He is not a Savior afar off known in the dim recesses of eternity, but He is an ever-present Savior, an omnipresent Friend whom we may meet whenever our hearts turn to Him. Our hearts may be dwelling temples of His spirit, and, if they are, how the love will gladden and glorify our lives and fill them with immortality.

Betty, in petticoat and dressing gown, stood by the door, seeking the protection of a eucalyptus tree. Phyllis and Jim took her position in the doorway.

My dawdling had evidently stopped, and the clock was somewhere accurate was his knowledge of the yard was in a flutter as I approached opening the coral gate,

After one or two narrow escapes that Jim had grown so large that she was afraid of him, and the gate.

Now I was afraid of Jim, too. Pictures as to the friendliness of Jim, he was big and buxom I was ashamed to little Betty, so I went to the gate.

I had rather hoped Betty would promise, but no, she wanted to go.

It was one of those unusual occasions which we occasionally experienced, and Phyllis and I had been inspiration pouring off from us like water, our clothing to a minimum, and Jim remained our rooster.

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"Come out! come out!" shrieked Betty.

She spoke too late, though. He came out, followed by a feathered tribe, straight through which he split from hem to waist. I had planted my feet too wide. Nothing daunted Jim.

I shall never forget my scene with rooster and crowing, flapping, through. Straddling a feather bed.

"Well!" ejaculated Phyllis, and you made a great success of the tattered remnants of my clothing and body and sheepishly sidled toward the convulsions behind the tree.

"Try it yourself, then, next time he said she would.

She appeared to think my accident due to gross stupidity; but I knew which was hotter still, Phyllis to cause her lower extremities in a

Phyllis boasts five feet seven inches, thin to scrawny—I wouldn't say it was mere jealousy, too fat, but facts are facts, what make with adjustable wadding. Phyllis sauntered nonchalantly I secured the eucalyptus tree with

Phyllis entered the lane with

JIM
THE TRUE AND TRADITIONAL THANKSGIVING

By a Special Correspondent

WEN we bought him he was a horn, and we named him six hens. It was our intention.

Jim interested us from the moment he was born.

The hens were old, big and fat, and slim, yet he was, from the moment he was born.

He was never really liked Jim, and would cock his eye up at us when we were fencing in a knowing way.

In the course of time we had a wonderland of them, as out of three eggs nineteen roosters hatched to increase our egg-producing flocks, and other nineteen which did not hatch, and Jim remained our rooster.

Now the care of the poultry is small and slender, and it is with his neck stretched out, head on a level with Betty's when he made a charge for it.

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[November 25, 1900.]

stupified their brains are often treatment of hypnotic suggestion. Methods carefully adapted to all views of life; their interests; appeal is made to the heart and ambition. Little by the mysteries of the ordinary, idiots they have been promoted backward for their age. Many stadium are as fitted for the stage person born, apparently, using conditions.

as merely a result of nerve. In Paris they are curing dys Dr. Metzchinkoff, "to come." Had any other age of V. GRIBAYEDOFF.

by V. Gribayedoff.]

JIM.

THE TRUE AND TRAGIC TALE OF A THANKSGIVING ROOSTER.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN we bought him he was a small White Leghorn, and we named him Jim. We also bought six hens. It was our initial experience in keeping hens.

Jim interested us from the first; he had a distinct personality.

The hens were old, big and fat; Jim was young, small and slim, yet he was, from the moment of his arrival, out of the walk. The way he chased those six hens around the corral, pecked at them, crowded over them, selected all their choice morsels from them, and strutted, was masculine enough to seem almost human.

We never really liked Jim, and I think he knew it. He would cock his eye up at us through the circles of the sun dancing in a knowing way which showed as plainly as words his contempt for women, and in the security of masculinity he fairly crowded over us. And, then, how he garranized; he waxed and grew fat; he shot up amazingly.

In the course of time we had other roosters, in fact, a wonderland of them, as out of a setting of twenty-five eggs nineteen roosters hatched; and we were trying to increase our egg-producing facilities. However, the nineteen, and other nineteens which followed, made good broilers, and Jim remained our rooster.

Now the care of the poultry devolved upon Betty, who is small and slender, and it was not long before Jim, with his neck stretched out, could bring his red-combed head on a level with Betty's trim-belted waist line; and when he made a charge for the corral gate as Betty opened it daily to give the fowls their afternoon run, she stood in danger of being overthrown in the onslaught.

After one or two narrow escapes, Betty confided to me that Jim had grown so large and was getting so fierce she was afraid of him; and she wished I would open the gate.

Now I was afraid of Jim, too. I had always had suspicion as to the friendliness of his intentions; but as I was big and buxom I was ashamed to confess my apprehensions to little Betty, so I valiantly agreed to attend to the gate.

I had rather hoped Betty would be satisfied with the promise, but no, she wanted to see me do it.

It was one of those unusual and distressingly hot afternoons which we occasionally experience in Southern California, and Phyllis and I had been sewing, with the perspiration pouring off from us like rain. We had reduced our clothing to a minimum, and partly being anxious to finish my work and partly from dislike to the job, I postponed opening the corral gate, making the excuse that I couldn't go out until I was more fully dressed.

But Betty was exigent, and Betty was cross, so with an air of saying "Very well, then, I'll go out just as I am, and may the immodesty be on your head," I started out, clothed in a full muslin wrapper abomination with very little underneath. We lived in a scattered community.

Betty, in petticoat and dressing sacque, stood safe behind the protection of a eucalyptus tree to see the fun, and Phyllis took her position in the back door.

My dawdling had evidently irritated Jim, who seemed to have clock works somewhere concealed within him, so acute was his knowledge of time; and the whole hen yard was in a flutter as I approached the narrow lane which led to the corral entrance.

Trusting somewhat to my size and formidable appearance, I spread my feet well and swelled out as much as possible as I drew back the gate with a flourish. A solid phalanx of impudent hens was pressed against the wire netting, and I hoped to make good my retreat before Jim had leaped the barricade. There was an uncertainty about Jim, however, that made me feel it desirable to retreat backwards, so as to have my eye on him, and as the gate swung open and I saw the great fowl charging through that mass of feathered creatures, I stood paralysed.

"Come out! come out!" shrieked Betty. "He'll knock you down."

She spoke too late, though he didn't knock me down. He came out, followed by a goodly proportion of the feathered tribe, straight through my flowered-muslin gown, which he split from hem to waistband, front and back; I had planted my feet too wide and too firmly apart. Nothing daunted Jim.

I shall never forget my sensations as that villainous rooster and crowding, flapping, clucking crowd passed through. Straddling a feather bed would be nothing to it.

"Well!" ejaculated Phyllis, sarcastically, "I don't think you made a great success of that," as I gathered the tattered remnants of my clothing about my almost denuded body and sheepishly sidled toward the house. Betty was in convulsions behind the trees.

"Will you ever dare open it?" asked Betty, in awestruck tones.

"Yes," I answered, bravely, "after he's gone to roost."

The next day Jim had the run of the place. The moment one of us ventured out of the house Jim would chase us in again. We managed, by arming ourselves with a carpet sweeper, tongs and golf club, to get the necessary outside work done that day, but thereafter we never felt safe in our own doge yard when the hens were loose.

Our back porch came to have the appearance of an armory. Spades, shovels, mattocks, and all sorts of weapons were kept there to have handy for crossing the back yard when fearing an attack. And the back door yard was filled with implements; the ammunition of war—stove lids, flat irons, oil cans, any old thing we could throw at Jim.

Phyllis entered the lane with dignity, and I believe with

trepidation; but for once Jim's attention was distracted from the hen-yard gate, as he was wrestling with an immense Jerusalem cricket, which was an active interest.

Now I didn't want Phyllis to get hurt, but it was rather exasperating to see her sail majestically up that lane, open the gate, let out the fluttering mass, step quietly aside and complacently turn to follow. There was a triumphant and self-satisfied air about her which made me wish she'd at least get scared—and she did. For she had barely turned her back when Jim's eye detected the open exit. The Jerusalem cricket was abandoned, and with one flying leap Jim was in the lane. The next moment he alighted on Phyllis somewhere above the waistband. The blow was unexpected, and Phyllis a lightweight; and fourteen pounds of rooster projected suddenly between the shoulders would upset most people; at any rate it upset Phyllis, who dropped with a desperate sprawl prone in the lane. Her fall, fortunately, was somewhat broken by the hens which hadn't got into the open. Cockatoo's back was broken and old speckled-top was lame for life, but the former made a good fricassee and the latter set most of the time anyhow, and this seemed to give her an excuse. As for Jim, having felled his victim, he passed triumphantly over and out.

We concluded not to let out the hens, after that, for a few days, and finally we rigged up a rope running along the lath fence of the lane, with a pulley over the limb of the eucalyptus tree, from which we could open the gate. We closed it after the hens had gone to roost.

Some of our neighbors kept chickens, and Jim had jerked out the tail feathers and gouged out the eyes of every rooster within the radius of a mile, when the Bassetts moved in on the north. The Bassetts had a rooster, if anything, bigger than Jim, and there had been several small fracases, when one day they met in deadly combat. The battle took place in our back-door yard, and it was Betty who called us, in agitated accents, to come and save Jim.

We came, but I deny being actuated by any desire to save Jim. I cannot say that I watched even the preliminaries of the combat impartially—my sympathies from the first were with the Bassett bird.

The ring was formed near the hydrant, around which grew clumps of calla lilies. When I reached the scene the air was full of feathers and fragments calla-lily leaves and chips of white blossoms.

A few old hens were grouped apathetically, watching the fray with blinking eyes; while several noisy young roosters were squawking and running distractingly about, making bets on the issue, Phyllis suggested.

In spite of the size of the Bassett rooster and my sympathies, I should still have staked my pile on Jim.

"Oh, isn't it awful!" cried Betty, heroically running toward them, shooing them and fluttering her apron. "Can't we do something to stop them? Hell kill Jim! I know he will—"

"Give him a chance! give him a chance!" I said. "Who cares if he does?"

"Oh! you wicked, cruel girl!" sobbed Betty, wringing her hands. "If you want Jim killed, why don't you have him killed like a Christian and not murdered?"

As most of the killed Christians I had read of had been burned at the stake, I thought Jim was favored with a stand-up fight, but Betty wasn't in a mood to be argued with; and in spite of her fears I began to realize that the Bassett rooster was getting the worst of it.

What with tattered and bloody comba, no tail feathers left anywhere to speak of, and gore spluttering and spattering everywhere, the fight was really getting a little too sanguinary for me, and Phyllis declared we ought to be ashamed of ourselves not to put a stop to it.

"You can put a stop to it as soon as you've a mind to," said I; "but excuse me."

"Tell me what to do, I'll do anything," shrieked Betty, as to all appearances big Bassett's left eye was dangling from his head.

"Pour water on them!" cried Phyllis.

I ran to Betty's assistance, and filling two buckets we dashed the contents over the combatants. It immediately effected their appearance, but not their spirits. They never let go an instant.

"Turn the hose on them," called Phyllis. We did.

The old hens fled; the book-makers disappeared; the dirt resolved into mud; feathers floated away; blood stains washed off; a miniature lake formed, in the center of which those two roosters glared at each other and fought.

The very sight of one another would have been enough to have made a well-regulated rooster desist. They looked as if they had been dragged through the sewer and lain in the ash heap a week.

"Oh! what shall we do?" screamed Betty.

"Send for a man," cried Phyllis.

New when Phyllis cries for a man, I know it's time for desperate measures, so I seized a three-gal-on bucket which stands under the hydrant, clapped it over Jim's head, and kept a firm clutch on the bail. Betty, encouraged, warded off the enemy with a broom, while I, managing to keep the most formidable part of Jim in the confines of the bucket, backed him into the woodshed and shut the door.

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As for Jim, having felled his victim, he passed triumphantly over and out.

One afternoon, however, while we were busy in the kitchen, Dot sat on the porch steps "writing a letter to mamma," making a table of the upper step as she sat on the lower. How it happened we do not know, but there was a whirr of wings, a scream and a squawk; and there was Jim perched on Dot's back, his cruel spurs buried in her thin garments.

Betty, brave little Betty, with great presence of mind, snatched my paper fly-killer, lighted it at the range, and thrust it, blazing, in Jim's face.

The baby we found was more frightened than hurt. We comforted and cuddled her, but unanimously decided it was best to take her home to mother with such an arch fiend as Jim about the place, so the next morning Dot, with a prejudice against roosters she has not overcome to this day, went home.

"Well, this settles it," declared Phyllis, as she returned from accompanying Dot; "Jim's got to be killed."

"You'll have to get a man to kill him," I suggested.

"It almost seems as if we ought to get a sheriff," mediated Betty. "It seems most like killing one of your relatives."

"You may feel as if Jim were related to you, but I don't feel any kinship with him," I said; which was un-called for, as Betty is the mildest, gentlest, little creature imaginable.

"If we kill him we might as well eat him," said Phyllis, practically.

"Eat Jim!" cried Betty, "I'd feel like a cannibal!"

"He's as big as a turkey," reflected Phyllis.

"We might fatten him for Thanksgiving," I suggested.

"The very thing," declared Phyllis.

"Well, I won't eat a morsel," asserted Betty, stoutly.

We got a man to make a coop. We plied Jim with corn; we stuffed him, and he gorged himself; he grew fat—I hoped he grew mellow. His disposition seemed to improve. Betty said to kill him was a wicked shame. But I looked in his eye; he was the same old Jim.

"We'll get even with you, old bird," I used to tell him, confidentially. I think he winked at me.

Thanksgiving came. The milkman killed him. Phyllis picked and cleaned him.

"His meat looks—a different from our other roosters," she remarked, critically, looking him over.

"He's a good deal older," I said, "I guess we'd better parboil him."

We boiled him; we boiled him long and hard; then we roasted him. He wasn't a very juicy bird, in spite of all that corn, so we basted him with pork drippings. He got a fine brown, but his bones were more knotted and prominent than looked natural. Still he had rather a fine and imposing effect on the platter.

We had invited Mrs. Proudie to dine with us. Mrs. Proudie was a widow; she had seen better days—and we thought it would be a treat to her. Besides, it balanced the table.

I was to carve; I understand carving, and I had the carving knife ground, the day before, until it was as sharp as a razor. Somehow, I still was suspicious of Jim.

The dinner was a good one; plenty of everything; and more than enough of Jim.

We hadn't let Mrs. Proudie into the secret of our rooster. Somewhat it didn't seem quite hospitable to invite your friends to come in and consume your enemies. Where enemies are in common the picking of their bones is sometimes indulged in good society; or one may even inflict on their friends—but this was different. Nobody could fatten on Jim; we found that out.

I immediately discovered that nothing short of my razor would have reversed piece of his stringy hide from his frame; fortunately, I understood just whence and how to unjoint his conspicuously-tendonized limbs. Everybody got some of Jim, first helping, except Betty, who wouldn't take any, and nobody passed her plate for more. Mrs. Proudie struggled nobly, and it is possible her teeth were sharpened by hunger, but she had to give it up.

"This dressing is delicious, Betty," Phyllis said; "I'm thankful there is plenty of it."

"We all have reason to be thankful for this bountiful repast, I'm sure," said Mrs. Proudie, plausibly.

"I suppose, as a family, we ought to be thankful that we have one enemy less," reflected Betty, with a tearful glance at Jim, "but I shall miss him."

"I guess you won't miss him very quick," said Phyllis, darkly, as she struggled with a leg.

After Mrs. Proudie had filled up with pudding and gone away, Phyllis said:

"What on earth was the matter with that fowl? Leather isn't in it with him for toughness."

"You always knew Jim was tough," somberly suggested Betty.

"Well, I'm glad we've got even with him, anyhow," I said.

"It strikes me Jim's got the best of us still," returned Phyllis.

We sliced him up cold; we stewed him up warm; we hashed him up hot; we served him three times a day, but I will venture to make an affidavit that not one square inch of that fowl was ever swallowed and digested.

Finally we buried him in the back yard, and no monument was erected to his memory. Still, his memory is ever green, and had there been a monument his epitaph would have read:

"And in death he was triumphant."

ISABEL BAILEY WINSLOW.

RAN OVER A COON'S TAIL WITH HIS WHEEL.

[Williamantic Journal:] As Albert Miller was riding on his wheel toward Bigelow Mill he came plunk upon four coons gamboiling in the road. Miller's wheel made so little noise that he was right among the coons before they were aware of his presence. In fact, the front wheel of the bicycle ran over a tail attached to one of the coons, and the unfortunate animal let out a howl that made Miller's hair stand on end so suddenly that his cap flew a foot into the air. It was hard to tell which was startled the most, Miller or the coons.

[November 25,

WILD GAME IN CHINA.

THE EMPIRE IS THE GREATEST GROUND IN THE WORLD.

By a Special Contributor.

CHINA is the last great game preserve in the world. Many will be surprised to learn that, notwithstanding the dense population of China and the centuries since the country has become thickly populated, it is still the best stocked with game of any country in the world. Even in the regions about Peking, now occupied by the allied troops, where villages dot the plains every mile or two, and the population exceeds 2000 to the square mile, wolves, foxes, raccoons, weasels and rabbits are so thick as to be pests, while such game as pigeons, quail, grouse and rice birds are found in immense flocks. The wolves of China are particularly numerous and fearless, and many lives are lost every winter from their depredations.

The Chinese farmers do not live on the land that they cultivate, but gather themselves in small villages every mile or two. For protection from the wolves which infest that country these villages are surrounded by mud walls, on which are painted large white rings. These white rings are for the purpose of frightening the wolves away, the Chinese believing that the wolves think that the rings are the rising sun or else traps which they must avoid, and in fear of which they slink back to their lairs. During the summer the Chinese are too busy with their crops to give much attention to exterminating pests or taking game, but in the winter they gather for great

by the Chinese one of their greatest delicacies, the wild ass or onager, are common. The hunting of large game, particularly tigers and leopards, was in the days of the Mongol dynasty the great sport of the imperial court. The Chinese dynasty which followed them also numbered many devotees of the chase, but the Ming's preferred the less dangerous hunting of the deer. They established magnificent deer parks at different places in the empire, two of the finest of which are now to be seen near Peking. The decoration of the peacock feather was originally granted to members of the royal suite for their success in killing a stag. The Chinese sages have laid great stress on the necessity of keeping up this ancient sport for the purpose of cultivating courage and endurance, but for the last forty years the Dragon throne has been occupied by minors, and the noble pastime has been neglected.

Vast Neglected Deer Parks.

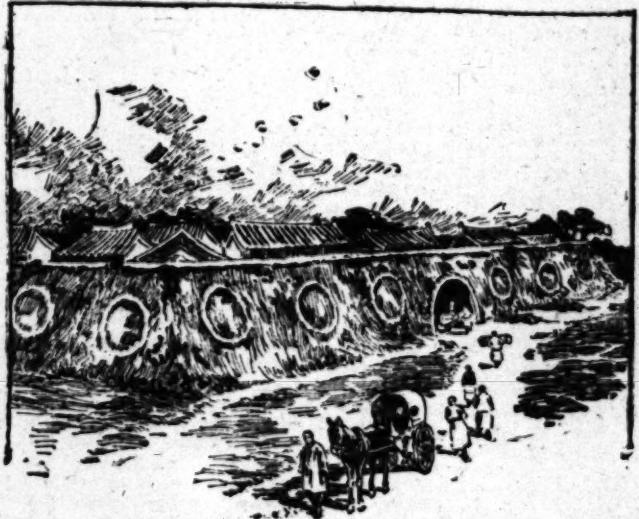
The Northern Deer Park, in the mountains northwest from the capital, is one of the finest preserves in the world, and contains a very large herd of giant deer. It covers the whole mountain side, and is dotted with picturesque hunting lodges. The buildings have fallen into decay, but they still show traces of their former elegance. The walls of the park are also falling, and it is quite common to find deer from the royal preserves roaming over the mountains outside. The deer in this north park are fine large animals, of a dun color, with magnificent antlers, somewhat resembling our American wapiti, but peculiar in having what the Chinese call a mule tail.

The southern deer park, which lies a few miles south of the Chinese capital, is noted for a peculiar kind of deer found nowhere else in the world. It is called by the Chinese the Szu-puh-siang, or the mule deer. The name probably indicates that the deer is a hybrid, for it means that the animal cannot be classified as belonging to the

while the rich feeding to be found in its great size makes it the home of greater flocks of swans and geese and wild ducks of all varieties than can be found anywhere else in the world. These rice fields are also good feeding places for the immense flocks of pigeons and doves that are so common in China. The Chinese are great pigeon fanciers, and take advantage of the pigeons' habit, of flying in droves, to steal from each other and to take wild pigeons. They do this by fastening wooden whistles on the tails of the leaders of their own flock, for the purpose of attracting other pigeons to them. The air of Chinese cities is full of the soft aëolian notes of these pigeon whistles.

There is another method of taking game practiced by the Chinese which must not be omitted, and this is by means of trained falcons. The great sport of falconry once so popular in all the courts of the world, survives strongly in China. Here hawks, eagles and falcons are still taught to pursue the quarry, and the great falcon market in the southern part of Peking is one of the sights of the Chinese capital. Here, on immense racks, are thousands of hooded birds exposed for sale, and the falcon sport is often seen along the street or highway with his favorite bird mounted on his leather-bound saddle. In Mongolia the golden eagle itself is still trained, and much used in hunting deer. With the quieting of the present disturbance and the creation of a better understanding between the Chinese and the outside world, there may doubtless be a great influx of outside sportsmen into the country. Those who have roamed over the world in the dangers and pleasures of taking large game, will here seek their last opportunities and find richer rewards for their skill and endurance than they have found anywhere else in the world.

G. M. WALKER



WOLF RINGS ON THE VILLAGE WALL.

Wolf drives, and with their swords and pikes beat out the fields and kill large numbers of the animals.

Nets and Traps Better than the Chinese Gun.

One reason why game is so thick in China is the absence of any finished weapon to hunt with. Although the Chinese were the first inventors of gunpowder and firearms, still their shotguns have never been sufficiently improved to be of much service in hunting. In the first place the Chinese have never invented or used the percussion cap. Their gun barrels are roughly cast, and many of the cheaper ones look as if made out of pot metal. The lower end of the barrel has a small vent on the side, with a flash pan attached. Over the stock of the gun is a holder shaped like a half-bent finger, made of soft steel, and split so as to hold a piece of lighted punk or incense. To fire his gun the Chinaman fills the flash pan with powder, blows the ashes off his punk, and then with his thumb pushes the holder forward until the lighted punk touches the powder in the flash pan. By this time any creature with an atom of intelligence is a mile away, more or less, and unless something else happens along opportunely to receive the charge, the shot is wasted. This weapon is of little use except for pot hunting, and it is used by the Chinese chiefly for rice birds, shooting ducks from traps and such other game as gathers in large flocks.

The reason for the number of foxes to be found in China lies in the Chinese belief in the transmigration of souls. The Chinese think that departed spirits prefer foxes to any other animals as post-mortem habitations. The taking of game by the Chinese is chiefly by means of nets, running nooses and deadfalls. Quails and rabbits are taken almost solely by means of nets, which the Chinese set in standing grain, and into which they then carefully drive the game. For larger game they use pits with trip falls and nooses with weights, arranged to catch the animal around the neck and hang it.

Game of All Kinds, Great and Small.

The abundance of game in China is not peculiar to any part of the empire. In the mountains, both north and south, are found great numbers of bears, both black and brown, and strange as it may seem, they are most numerous in the province of Shantung, which is one of the most thickly populated and the oldest province in the Chinese empire. Tigers and leopards are also found in all the mountainous parts of China. The royal tiger of India is found in the range of mountains which parallels the coast from Canton north to the Yang-tse, while in the mountains of the north is found the great Siberian or Mongolian tiger, which is the most magnificent specimen of the tiger family. In addition to these, wild boars, wild sheep and goats, antelope, and, what is considered

family of any of the four useful animals, deer or ox, horse or camel. The deer is quite large, of a light-gray color, and hornless, with a mild, croaking voice, which is curiously out of place in so large an animal.

There is also found in China, ranging over almost the entire empire, but particularly thick in the plains of Mongolia, a species of wild chicken, which is undoubtedly the progenitor of our present fowl. These wild chickens have the brownish-yellow coloring, with iridescent markings on tail and neck. The bird is a strong flyer, and an excellent game fowl. It is largely hunted by the Mongolians for the Peking game market, which is one of the best to be found in the world. Probably the commonest game bird of China is the pheasant. The gold and silver varieties have been so largely exported that they are well known, but Szechuan is remarkable for two varieties more strikingly colored than they—the snow pheasant, which is dressed in the purest white, with small red wattles and comb, and the Pallas pheasant, which is so brilliantly colored that the Chinese call it the "hoki," or fire hen.

Apes that Play in the Snow.

Szechuan is also the home of a peculiar animal that might be called a "missing link." It is a species of ape, growing quite large, adults reaching four feet in height. It lives in the mountains, and is protected from the cold by heavy fur and mane. It is peculiar for the fact that it hibernates like a bear, and the Chinese, recognizing this peculiarity, call it the run-hiung, or the man-bear. It is much sought for its flesh, and its paws are prized as great delicacies. China is also peculiar as being the habitat of the most northern species of monkey found. These inhabit the mountains north of Peking, and are entirely free from the diseases which carry off tropical monkeys when introduced into cold climates. They enjoy playing in the snow, and apparently do not suffer in the least from the cold. They, too, grow to a large size, adults reaching nearly three and a half feet in height. They are very intelligent, and large numbers are taken and trained for exhibition by the Chinese. The southern provinces of China are remarkable for a monkey which in grotesque and variegated colors can only be compared to the mandarin duck and gold fish, which are also peculiar to China. These Southern China monkeys have bodies of a light-brown color, but the face is a brilliant orange, with a black band across the forehead. The arms are white, but the hands a most intense black. The tail and a large spot over it are also white, while the thighs are black, and legs a brilliant red.

Pigeons that Whistle their Fellows into Captivity.

There is so much swamp and lake country in China that it is very naturally a great country for snipe and plover,



CHINESE BIRD-SNAKE.

THE BARNYARD TURKEY.

Under a spreading apple tree,
The barnyard turkey stands;
He's fattening for the sacrifice
Thanksgiving day demands;

He struts about with head erect,

And oft his tail expands.

He's young and tender, fat and sleek;
He's daily stuffed with corn;
The time is coming when he'll rue
The day that he was born.

The hired man will have his scalp

Upon Thanksgiving morn.

Week in week out, from morn till night,
You can hear this gobbler crow;

It's not just like a rooster's voice,

But, then, I guess 'twill go;

He works his squawker just the same,

And that's enough, you know.

And children, coming home from school,
Gaze in through the henhouse door;
They love to look at the fat old chap.
And think of what's in store,

When they can stuff on turkey meat,

And pass their plates for more.

He's fed on Sundays, just the same,
By Farmer Strawstack's boys,
And when they fill his corn dish up,

He gobbles forth his joys;

It makes the little girls all laugh,

To hear the funny noise.

It makes the hired man glad to see
This bird of monstrous size,
And yet it makes him sad to think
How soon this gobbler dies;

And with his freckled hand he wipes

The tear-drops from his eyes.

Gobbling, strutting, eating,
O'erward he daily goes;

Each morning finds him still on earth,

But soon his work will close.

The time is coming mighty soon,

When he must face his foes.

Yes, up and down the old barnyard,

He's daily seen on deck,

But in a few short days he'll be

A mere Thanksgiving wreck;

The hired man will grab him, and

He'll get it in the neck!

E. A. BRINNISTON

November 25, 1900.]

ADAM, EVE AND STRANGE CHRISTIAN, OTHER LEGENDS ABROAD

By a Special Correspondent

ON THE general principle that remarkable parts in history, and of the marvelous in the career of man, Adam has dealt more generously with the father of the whole human race, than any other of the Old Testament. Adam was, not alone by Jews, Christians and Mohammedans, but by the votaries of many other religions, of which are scarcely preserved. The Zoroastrians, Gnostics, Ebionites and even the Buddhists of the Middle Ages have all accepted him. There is scarcely a verse in the book of Genesis that has not been used to sustain some theory or legend, and it is hard to say which was by many accepted as the true.

Thus, the fall of the angels is connected with Adam. The Lord had just formed man. The Lord had just formed man out of a little clay from each of the four corners of the world, north, south, east and west. He had made in His own image the good spirit Iblis, or Satan, and his angels. He declared that since they had been first created, and were the proudest element of fire, it was not fit that they should pay homage to the man made later than themselves. Their refusal was followed by the Lord's curse and their expulsion.

Much the same idea underlies the legend of Eve. Adam had just formed man and a woman, and a complete woman joined to him. Thus the taking of the rib from Adam assisted in making the separation between the sexes. From this pair the genti are descended.

A very old Jewish opinion, however, is that Adam was in the beginning created alone. The Lord formed a body which contained a man and a complete woman joined to him. Thus the taking of the rib from Adam assisted in making the separation between the sexes. From this pair the genti are descended.

A curious idea about Adam's original wife is that she was a Mandaeans, an ancient sect, of whom there exists in the East, to this day. The legend, "the apostle of the moon," as it is known, is that the woman brought from that apollo by the Lord brought from that apollo a seed which might be pointed to by the scientific theories, as a mystical and religious opinion. Life certainly flourished earlier date than on the earth, and the terrestrial life from germs carried either from the sun or from the solar system, is a theory widely accepted.

Nearly all ancient writers concur in the opinion that Adam's body was infinitely more beautiful than that of any of his descendants. The figure is as living and lucid like that of Moses when the divine presence on Mt. Sinai. A legend of the old Talmudical writers appears prominently. Speaking of Sarah, Abraham's wife, it is said:

"All women, in comparison with Sarah, are compared with monkeys. If you compared Eve with Adam it would be as though you compared a monkey with a man. (Also for Eve with God, again it is said:)

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"All women, in comparison with Sarah, are compared with monkeys. If you compared Eve with Adam it would be as though you compared a monkey with a man."

A belief in the great stature of Adam is widespread. The Rabbis say that his body was as tall as that of Moses, and his hand as large as that of Moses. But when he sinned, God laid His curse upon him, reduced him to the present stature of man.

Adam's name has been a favorite among writers. Its four letters stand in Greek for the names of the four principal stars that are supposed to be associated with him. They are symbols of the four elements of the solar system, a theory widely accepted.

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found in its great rice fields
and flocks of swans and geese
than can be found anywhere.
These rice fields are also great
mills of pigeons and
in China. The Chinese are
taken advantage of the pigeons
from each other and to
this by fastening wooden
leaders of their own flock, for
the pigeons to them. The air
is soft and clear.

of taking game practiced by
it to be omitted, and this is by
The great sport of falconry,
courts of the world, survives
awks, eagles and falcons are
quarry, and the great falcon
of Peking is one of the

Here, on immense racks, ex-
posed for sale, and the Ching-
the street or highway wing
on his leather-bound wrist,
itself is still trained, and

With the quieting of the per-
son of a better understanding
the outside world, there will
of outside sportsmen into the
reigned over the world and
of taking large game, vi-
vities and find richer rewards

than they have found any-

G. M. WALKER.

Poems



ARD TURKEY.

apple tree,
toy stands;
the sacrifice
demands;
the head erect,
expands.

der, fat and sleek;
with corn;
when he'll rise
was born.
have his scalp
ing more.

from morn till night,
gobbler crow;
rooster's voice,
"twill go;
like just the same,
you know.

g home from school,
the housewife door;
at the fat old chap,
at's in store,
off on turkey meat,
sets for more.

o, just the same,
stuck boy,
his corn dish up,
his joys;
girls all laugh,
my noise.

man glad to see
strange size,
im sad to think
robber dice;
old hand he wipes
on his eyes.

eating,
goes;
him still on earth,
will close.
mighty soon,
see his face.

the old barnyard,
on dock,
days he'll be
living wreck;
grab him, and
the neck!

E. A. BRININSTOOL.

[November 25, 1900.]

Illustrated Magazine Section.

9

ADAM, EVE AND EDEN. STRANGE CHRISTIAN, JEWISH AND OTHER LEGENDS ABOUT THEM.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE general principle that men who have played remarkable parts in history, must have a great deal of the marvelous in their careers, it is but natural that God has dealt more generously with Adam, the reputed father of the whole human race, than with any other character of the Old Testament. Adamic legends have been many, not alone by Jews, Christians and Mohammedans, but by the votaries of many other religions, the very names of which are scarcely preserved. The Manicheans, Manichaean Gnostics, Ebionites and even the mystics and alchemists of the Middle Ages have added plentifully to this mass. There is scarcely a verse in the opening chapters of the Bible that has not been used as a peg upon which some conjecture which in time became a legend was by many accepted as the truth.

Since the fall of the angels themselves has been attributed to a circumstance connected with the creation of man. The Lord had just formed man from the earth, taking a little clay from each of the four quarters of the world, north, south, east and west. Then He required the angel hosts to come and bow down before the man whom He had made in His own image. All obeyed, save the evil spirit Iblis, or Satan, and his followers. They declared that since they had been first created, and from the element of fire, it was not fitting that they should be subject to the man made later from the dust of the earth. Their refusal was followed by the war in heaven and their expulsion.

Such the same idea underlies the well-known legend of how Adam had a first wife, called Lilith, created at the same time with him, and of a more ethereal substance than the earth. She, with similar pride, refused to be subject to Adam (the first advocate of woman's rights,) and was by the Lord expelled from Paradise on account of her disobedience. Afterward she was captured by a demon and from this pair the gentiles are descended.

A very old Jewish opinion, however, maintains that man was in the beginning created androgynous, that is, the Lord formed a body which consisted of a complete man and a complete woman joined together back to back. Thus the taking of the rib from Adam's side really consisted in making the separation between these two parts of the original creation. There is in existence a psalm which purports to have been uttered by the first man when he was created.

A curious idea about Adam's origin is that held by the Mandaeans, an ancient sect, of whom a small fragment exists in the East, to this day. They call him in their theology, "the apostle of the moon," and teach that he was by the Lord brought from that satellite to the earth. This legend might be pointed to by the advocates of certain scientific theories, as a mystical anticipation of modern opinion. Life certainly flourished on the moon at an earlier date than on the earth, and the origin of all terrestrial life from germs carried hither from other bodies in the solar system, is a theory widely held.

Mostly all ancient writers concur in the opinion that man's body was infinitely more beautiful and glorious than any of his descendants. They describe it as being lucid like that of Moses when he descended from the divine presence on Mt. Sinai. An extract from one of the old Talmudical writers expresses this view very quaintly. Speaking of Sarah, Abraham's wife, he says: "All women, in comparison with Sarah, were like monkeys in comparison with men. But Sarah was no more to be compared with Eve than a monkey with a man. Likewise you compared Eve with Adam it would be like comparing a monkey with a man. (Alas for gallantry!) But if you compared Adam with God, again it would be the comparison of a monkey with a man."

A belief in the great stature of Adam was generally held. The Rabbins say that his head reached to heaven itself, and his body from one end of the earth to the other. But when he sinned, God laid His hand upon him and reduced him to the present stature of the race. Other writers, however, teach that this great stature of mankind was gradually reduced during the antediluvian age.

Adam's name has been a favorite subject for mystical writers. His four letters stand in Greek, for instance, for the name of the four seasons; they are also the initials of four principal stars that are supposed to be connected with him. They are symbols of the four evangelists and many other tetradia. The three letters which form the word Adam in Hebrew stand for "dust," "blood" and "life." They likewise stand for Adam, David and Messiah, and from this circumstance the idea was derived that he and the first was again incarnate in King David, and would at last be so in the Messiah.

The Jews generally agreed in attributing all knowledge and invention to Adam. He took the place of Prometheus, Calum and the other demi-gods and heroes of the classical religion, &c. being the universal benefactor of mankind. The number of books attributed to him is almost endless. I shall have space to look at but a few of these ideas.

To begin with, the Jews thought that God taught Adam all knowledge by the agency of the angels. The Cabalists name Raziel as his preceptor, just as they assign other angels as the teachers of all the remaining prophets. Not only did the old Jewish writers consider Adam to be a prophet, but many of the fathers of the Christian church have spoken of him as such. The Mohammedans, who assert that there have been altogether 224,000 prophets, place Adam among the six greatest of these, the other being Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus and Mohammed.

As a consequence of this divine wisdom and prophetic character, Adam is credited with numberless inventions and mighty works. He had power over all created things and could work miracles. Among other things, he was the inventor of the alphabet and of the art of writing.

About the utility of this invention the author of the old Hebrew Book of Enoch seems to have had even greater doubts than the author of the canonical Book of Ecclesiastes, who says wearily that "of making many books there is no end." The former author alleges that one of the fallen angels revealed to the first man the art of making ink and writing, and that their use had a great part in corrupting man so that the flood became necessary.

Adam is by different old fathers affirmed to be the inventor of all the arts, of astrology, astronomy, physiology and alchemy. Not only did he give names to all creatures, as the book of Genesis relates, but legend gives a circumstantial account of how and when this was done, and draws many mystical conclusions from these important facts.

Among the books which claim Adam as their author, is one on this important subject of the naming of the animals. It is admitted that this has been in some manner mislaid during the lapse of time since its composition, but many old authors gravely affirm that from it Hermes Trismegistus drew the material for his celebrated work on the secrets of natural science.

Genesis mentions a "book of the generations of Adam." The Manicheans professed to have this work, which consisted of five books, and seemed to have contained mainly genealogies. It was condemned by Pope Gelasius.

The Rabbins, however, think that the real book of this name contained the names of all the pious and wicked that should ever live with a statement of the length of their lives and all about them. It is the book of remembrance which the recording angel keeps. The idea of this is similar to the Mohammedan legend which says that God once allowed Adam to see in a vision all his descendants. They marched before him in a great procession being no taller than ants in stature. Adam declared that David was the most beautiful and generally creditable of all his sons, but he was grieved to learn that God had ordained him a very brief life upon earth. Finally the first man offered to take off seventy years from his own life if they should be added to the years of David. Thus the latter lived to a good old age and Adam died at 930, whereas the original intention was that he should live a thousand years. The legend adds that when the angel of death came for Adam at the age of 930, he repented of his gift to David, and claimed that he should be allowed the other seventy years. But the Lord held him to his agreement, of which a record had been made.

Early church writers speak of an Apocalypse of Adam, and all the Rabbins attribute to him the ninety-second Psalm. The Spanish Saint Amadeus professed to have received by revelation a copy of the psalm which Adam and Eve chanted to God, imploring forgiveness of their sin. It is still preserved. A book called that of Raziel, and alleged to have been given by that angel to Adam, was produced in the Middle Ages by the Cabalists. It has been often reprinted and is full of mere trifles.

The Book of Adam, preserved by the Mandaeans, otherwise called the Sabaeans or Christians of St. John, is a curious work that is still preserved. It is very ancient, is the Bible of a religion that once had wide extension in the world and bid fair to rival Christianity. Its relations are with ancient gnosticism, and it is hard to give any general idea of its contents in brief space, except to say that it is very mystical, unusually stupid for a book of this kind, and extremely dreary reading.

The Mohammedans say that Adam, inspired by God, wrote ten books. The Lord had given all the prophets together 200 books. Besides Adam's, 50 came to Seth, 30 to Idriss, 10 to Abraham, 1, the Law to Moses, 1, the Psalter to David, 1, the Gospel to Jesus, and 1, the Koran to Mohammed. "He who refuses these volumes or doubts any part, chapter, verse or word of them, is certainly an infidel. Preserve us, O Lord, from infidelity." This is perhaps the most comprehensive claim as to plenary inspiration that has ever been made. It would be tedious to mention the many other books that are attributed to the great ancestor of the human race.

And to attempt to give in the limits of this brief article any mention even, of the stories about the location and nature of the Garden of Eden, the temptation, fall and expulsion of Adam and Eve, would be utterly impossible. All of these matters have been fountain heads of legend, and the views that were held about them have played an important part in theology.

Legend generally maintains that when the pair were driven from Paradise they dwelt on the west of the garden. They could not go to the east because the garden itself extended to that direction to the boundaries of the world. The north was forbidden them because in that quarter is located the wonderful sea whose waters are clearer than crystal and of ineffable sweetness. He who bathes in it is cleansed from all his sins, and at the last day the Lord shall plunge in it and purify, the souls of penitent sinners. For if Adam and Eve had gained access to this sea they would have bathed and been washed clean of sin so that they never would have repented. Nor was it in the divine plan that they should dwell at the south of the garden, for over this country were wafted the balmy breezes of Eden, laden with a perfume of such satisfying nature that he who breathed it was perfectly content, and spent his days in a sort of Nirvana of dreamless sleep. It is the old Homeric lotus fruit, replaced by a perfume equally satisfying. Had the pair dwelt there they would have done no penance.

But on the west, according to a legend that is widespread, and has the most elaborate Christian ramifications. God had prepared a place called the Cave of Treasures. To this the pair were guided, and here they dwelt, while doing penance for their sin, and learning to accept the conditions of human life. Often they were tempted by Satan, but in general they triumphed over his suggestions. They did full penance, and will in the end be saved.

Many ancient writers have held the theories of the existence both of pre-Adamites and of co-Adamites, that is, of a race of men created before Adam, and on the other hand of a separate race, created at the same time. The former idea has been exploited even in modern times. The latter one is strongly insisted upon by the Mohammedans. They assume a black Adam, formed at the same time, as a progenitor of the African races, and al-

low the probability that there were still other original creations.

But, as bearing upon the rapid spreading of the human race over the world, Rabbinic legend makes Adam the father of far more children than are mentioned in Genesis. Stories as to the exact number of these differ, but on the whole the computation of thirty sons and as many daughters seems to be the favorite. The idea was widely held that Eve in every case bore twins, a boy and a girl, and the female twins of Cain and Abel are given quite an important part in the legendary history. The Mohammedans have many legends about a son of Adam called Rocail, who became the vizier or principal servant of Surkhage, a mighty giant who lived in the great range of mountains that encircle the earth.

The legends that surround Adam's death are not less abundant than those that refer to his creation. Perhaps the most famous is that that tells how when the old patriarch felt the weakness of death creeping upon him, he sent his son Seth to search for "the oil of mercy," with which Adam knew that if he were anointed he would live. The story of Seth's travels in search of this was greatly elaborated in the Middle Ages, and he is made to pass through many regions of the earth and to meet with some surprising adventures. But the more ancient story is that Seth came to Paradise on the quest, and found there an angel who told him that at that time the oil was not to be found on earth, but he gave Seth three seeds, which he told him to place in the mouth of his father after his death, and that from them should come a tree upon which after 5500 years the oil of mercy should be found. From these seeds, placed in the mouth of Adam, grew three trees that finally coalesced in one, and from it was cut the beam of which the Savior's cross was afterward formed.

This grew at Jerusalem, for there is nearly unanimous consent to the fact that Adam was finally buried there, at the exact center of the earth, as the people of old times all believed this city to be. For the carefully-prepared body of Adam was kept until the time of the flood; then it was taken into the ark, and after the flood had subsided taken by Shem and buried at the future site of the holy city. Offerings of gold, frankincense and myrrh were placed with the body of Adam, and these, after having gone through many adventures, are the same that the Magi afterward brought to the infant Christ. A noted apocryphal document is the prayer said to have been offered each day by the company in the ark, before the body of Adam. Adam is said to have further prophesied that the world would last just 7000 years.

A strange and very ancient legend is that about the rod or staff of Adam. According to some authors God gave it to him on the first day of creation, and, according to others, Seth was permitted to bring it to him out of Paradise after the fall. So it was handed down, meeting with surprising adventures and doing wonders in each generation. It is the staff with which Moses performed miracles in Egypt and in the wilderness; it is the rod of Aaron which budded; it is the root of Jesse of which the scriptures speak, and is identified with every famous rod or staff mentioned in the Bible, until finally it came into the hands of St. Joseph, and, according to the well-known legend, budded miraculously to show that he was to espouse St. Mary.

A Spanish writer of the seventeenth century gravely transcribes the long Latin epitaph which he alleges to have discovered over the grave of Adam. It begins as follows: "Here lies, reduced to the narrow limits of a little earth, Adam, who that he might rule the whole world, was made from a little earth. He was the son of no man, but the father of all, and the stepfather of all and of himself likewise, etc."

I find in old authors many curious accounts of relics of Adam which still exist. Especially is there a wealth of literature about the famous Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, and the footprints of the patriarch which are still shown there. The Samaritan tradition is that the ark rested there; various oriental traditions allege that this was the center of the terrestrial paradise, and that Adam's body was buried here. Likewise old travelers tell of having seen the grave with an epitaph in a language that no man could read.

Other relics were the coats of skins which the Lord made for Adam and Eve. According to the Rabbins these were handed down until they came to Nimrod, the mighty hunter, and explained his success in war and the chase. For when he wore Adam's robe all the beasts and birds came to him, and he had strength to make himself king of all men. Finally it came to Jacob and Esau, accounting for many of their wonderful deeds.

The legends, however, that I have thus briefly mentioned are not a tithe of those that are accessible among the curious literature that concerns the history of Adam.

J. DE Q. DONEHOO.

PERE HYACINTHE'S RETURN TO ROME.

[London Chronicle:] According to our Paris correspondent, Pere Hyacinthe Loyson's return to the Roman Catholic Church is looked upon by those who know him well as by no means unlikely. Some color certainly is given to this expectation by his recent letter to a French priest, who had written to ask him when he intended to take his place in the ranks of the church militant. Pere Hyacinthe's correspondent had referred also to the recent congress of the clergy of Bourges, in which, by the way, he recognized the spirit of the Carmelite orator in Notre Dame in the days before his secession. "One of the most distinguished members of the congress," replied M. Loyson, "wrote to me saying that the congress has made a breach in the wall of routine and prejudice. I have answered that the breach is not yet sufficiently large to admit me." M. Loyson goes on to say that it is quite possible that he may die "in the arms of the church," for he would never leave away from his sick bed any old friends who might come to visit him. At the same time Pere Hyacinthe declares that, even so, he will maintain all that he has "said, written or done against the errors and abuses which dishonor the church."

[November 25, 1900]

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

An Irish Stew.

The following story is sent this Magazine by a reader:

Back in the eighties, Father Lynn of Wisconsin went for a vacation to visit his brother in Dublin. After a few weeks, the brother had business which would take him among the moors and hills of a sparsely-settled district, and he invited Father Lynn to go with him. The two took their bicycles and some condensed soups and biscuits, in a case of need. After leaving the railroad they traveled on wheels and found comfortable accommodations for two nights, but the twilight of the third evening found them on a lonely moor, with only a little thatched hut, near which flowed a small stream. An old woman in short skirts and thick brogans stood before the door, shading her eyes with her hand, as she watched the strange beings on wheels approaching. "Good mother, can you give us a sup to eat?" was the anxious question of the tired riders; but the poor old dame had nothing to set before them. Father Lynn bethought him of the cans of soup. Shaking his head sadly, he asked for an iron pot. This he filled with water, and, gathering a few sticks, soon had a fire under it. He then begged the old dame to bring him a handful of clean pebbles from the brook. While she was doing so, he opened a can of soup. Taking the clean pebbles which she brought, in his hands, together with the soup-hall, he held them over the boiling water, and, looking upward, asked a blessing, and let them fall to the bottom of the pot. Soon the nostrils of the three were greeted with a most savory odor of meat and vegetables. The eyes of the old woman bulged with astonishment; she crossed herself, and hiding behind some bushes commenced to pray, peering out cautiously every now and then, at her guests. The brothers refreshed themselves with the biscuits and stew, but no amount of urging could induce the dame to partake. So, leaving a generous supply in the pot and a piece of money on the ground, they lighted their lamps, and mounting their wheels, whirled away into the darkness, the lamps gleaming like evil eyes. The bewildered old dame stood looking after them, wondering what manner of men they could be who rode wheels and made a stew of pebbles.

Better Than Belgian Hares.

"THE other day," began Black, "I read something about the hot sun hatching two chickens on the sidewalk on South Water street. It reminded me of some five years ago, when I was aboard a river steamer on the Rio Grande. Among other freight exposed to the sun was a crate of eggs. About noon the purser, passing the crate, heard a peculiar sound. He pulled off a board to investigate, when out hopped an army of chicks. They sported over the deck like penguins on an ice field. The sun had been the incubator, sir."

Blue leisurely removed the ashes from his pipe, and said:

"Did you see me, Mr. Black?"

"No, sir! Were you aboard?"

"I was, and I saw you when you went ashore."

"Well, what became of the chickens, Mr. Blue?"

"They flourished, sir—just sprang up in the Texas sun like mushrooms in a damp cellar. Never saw anything like it, sir. You could stand there and almost see them grow. It isn't exaggerating to say that we had chicken on the table the second day out. When I got off at a lower landing one of the young cocks crowed a parting salute."

Brown, who had been silently picking his nails with a toothpick, now spoke.

"Mr. Blue, do you remember seeing me on the main deck when you got off?"

"No, sir; were you there?"

"I was, sir."

"Well, I suppose you can take up the thread of those remarkable fowls?"

"I can. You say one of the cocks crowed a salute as you went ashore? Well, sir, that was just the beginning. Before sundown every cock in the lot was crowing in concert. By 10 o'clock the next morning the pullets were laying eggs among the anchor chains. The original eggs had been consigned to the last landing. The pullets kept on laying until this landing was in sight. Then the purser had the fresh eggs gathered up and put in the crate. The board was replaced, and you couldn't tell that the crate had been tampered with. One hundred and two fowls, deducting the six that had gone to the table. Also two dozen fresh eggs over. Quite profitable; yes, Mr. Blue? More so than Belgian hares?"—[Chicago News.]

A Round-robin Remedy.

WHEN a doctor of thirty years' practice encounters a new experience it must be worth relating. This is from a physician on Lafayette avenue, who has fought disease for the period named.

"I saw him get gingerly out of a wagon in front of the office. He then left the team with his daughter, ignored the bell and pounded lustily on the door. I answered in person, because I thought he and my office girl might get into an argument; for he looked just like a man who would insist upon seeing the 'doc' at once.

"Doc," he began, without other preliminary, "I've been a-takin' truck fur six months, and blamed if I hasn't worse'n I was at the beginnin'."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Stomach's all out o' whack. Regular riot down

there all the time, and me a dosin' in the remedy after each meal and at early bedtime."

"What are you taking?"

"Here it is, doc, and I got a lot left yet. My first wife used to buy it in the bulk 'cause it came cheaper."

"But this is for the lungs."

"S'pose I don't know that? Course it's fur the lungs. That's what was the matter with her. I don't care if it was fur the liver, it's got ter go to the stomach first, hasn't it, and the stomach and the lungs hasn't so darned far apart but what helps one helps the other, and what gets to one gets to the other."—[Detroit Free Press.]

Remarkable Telepathy.

"BEFORE I broke into the legitimate," said a clever actor now in the city, "I figured for several seasons in the role of a 'parlor entertainer,' and one of my specialties was mind-reading. Of course, the whole thing was a fake, based on a system of 'cue' given by my assistant, but pure chance and good luck often enabled me to introduce variations of a truly startling character. My queerest experience of that sort came about through the misdelivery of a letter. At the time I refer to I was at a hotel in an Iowa town, where I was booked to give an entertainment before a lyceum club; and coming down in the morning, I found a letter in my box from a local jewelry house. It briefly stated that the 'number of my watch' was 10,000 and expressed the hope that it would 'soon be recovered.' I was puzzled for a moment, but in looking again at the envelope I saw that it was addressed to somebody of my own surname but with different initials. 'Oh, that's for Mr. —,' said the clerk when I handed it back; he's a lawyer in town and lives at the hotel. The incident made no special impression on me, but I had trained my memory to the habit of retentiveness, and I reflected casually that Mr. — had evidently lost his watch and had asked the jeweler to look up the number from his records. That night, by odd coincidence, the lawyer himself was present at my entertainment and was appointed one of the committee to ask me test questions in the mind-reading act. As soon as I heard his name I recalled the letter and proceeded to give him the surprise of his life. 'I have been very successful in locating lost articles,' said I, 'and if any of the committee would like to try me in that particular I shall be glad to respond.' 'Suppose you see what you can do for me,' said the lawyer, just as I supposed he would. 'Very well,' I replied; 'you have lately lost something of considerable value—something—er—round in shape.' Then I pretended to think. 'It is a gold watch,' I said finally. 'That's right!' he exclaimed, excitedly; 'but I don't see how you knew! I have been keeping it quiet and haven't even reported the matter to the police.' To prove it to you this is no guesswork," said I, "I will now tell you the number; it is 10,000." At that the lawyer nearly fell out of his chair. 'The watch was stolen,' I continued, 'and will be recovered from a pawnshop in about two months. The thief will be caught and sent to prison.' Needless to say, all this made a profound sensation, and the lawyer became a convert on the spot. The most remarkable part of the affair was that the watch really was recovered in about the manner I predicted. Whether the lawyer ever found out that I had read his letter I don't know; but the chances are ten to one the hotel clerk forgot all about it."—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Mr. Balfour's Foolie.

ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, leader of the House of Commons, is a philosopher, student, a yearner for a shady seat by a quiet stream and a choice book. But politics have forced him to the front, and oblige him to stay in the face of the public, and so he sits on the front bench in the House with his long legs in a terrible tangle and his arms spread all over the place.

Mr. Balfour is always animated when he sets foot on a golf green. He is an enthusiastic golf player, and no golf green in the kingdom can be looked upon as properly open unless the leader of the House of Commons has played a game over it.

His enthusiasm for golf was the cause of an amusing accident—amusing to the spectators, that is, but most embarrassing to a man of such a nervous temperament as Mr. Balfour. He was standing on Paddington station platform, waiting for a train to Windsor. In his hand he held an umbrella, gold-handled and equitably done up. As he leaned upon this, gazing abstractedly at the platform, his eye became aware of a cork that lay on the boards.

Evidently forgetting where he was, Mr. Balfour took his beautiful umbrella in both hands, sauntered up to the cork, struck a proper golf attitude, and made a stroke at the cork.

Sure enough, he hit the object, sending it spinning, but, unfortunately, the tip of that umbrella snapped off and the bulk of the article went floundering across the line in the wake of the cork, leaving in Mr. Balfour's grip only the plain end.

A look of blank amazement took possession of the Conservative leader's face, while the crowd on the great platform burst into a shout of laughter.—[Philadelphia Post.]

A Fine Distinction.

A YOUNG downtown drug clerk who had heard the story of the colored woman who had asked for flesh-colored court plaster and was given black by the servant dealer, stored the incident away in his mental dust box and decided to use it at the first opportunity. He had not long to wait, for a few nights ago a comely colored girl stepped into the store where he was employed.

"Ah wants some court plaster," she said.

"What color?" inquired the clerk with affected nonchalance.

"Flesh cullah, siah."

Trembling in his shoes and keeping within easy reach of a heavy pestle, the clerk handed the woman a box

of black court plaster, and he was surprised at the time that the situation afforded so little humor. The woman opened the box with a deliberation that was ominous, but she was unruffled when she noted the color of the contents.

"Ah guess you' mus' a misunderstood mah ordar. I asked fo' flesh cullah and yo' done give me skin color."

The drug clerk is still a little dazed from the encounter and he has firmly resolved to subject every job to rigid laboratory test hereafter before using.—[Pittsburgh Daily News.]

The Wrong Envelopes.

SENATOR CHANDLER of New Hampshire is known as one of the most exact and painstaking of men, rarely makes mistakes, and has little patience to waste for those of others. But the wily and careful Senator was recently guilty of a blunder which cost him much trouble to rectify. It was nothing more or less than changing envelopes upon two letters written about the same matter. The story, as related by his very kind friends, runneth thus:

Once upon a time Chandler received an invitation to Senator Frye to go up to one of the Maine lakes to enjoy a spell of hunting and fishing. Politics were, of course, come up during the quiet evenings. Senator Chandler had other plans, and thereupon he invited letters, one to his wife, which ran to this effect:

"My Dear Lucy: I have received an invitation from Senator Frye to go up with him into Maine for a hunting and fishing trip; but I shall not accept. Frye is a lame cranc, and never has anything for himself or his wife to drink, and therefore I have got out of the thing diplomatically as I can. There is not much expense under the circumstances."

The letter then ran on to detail other domestic differences.

The letter received by Mrs. Chandler ran merrily along these lines:

"My Dear Frye: I received your invitation, and am very sorry that I cannot accept. You know Mrs. Chandler is very disagreeable about such things, and so I must decline. Some other time, when I can get up a good story to justify the fun."

The first intimation which Senator Chandler had of his error was an indignant missive from the wife of his bosom, berating him for his un gallant conduct in holding her up to his friends as a disagreeable woman.

Senator Frye, fortunately for Chandler, held his pen so he did not know whether or not the epistle was loaded, and fancied that the contretemps might be only one of Chandler's little jokes, which would have an equally disastrous to intermeddlers. The truth of the matter is that Senator Chandler is just as much of a fool as his comrade from Maine, but the other Senator has heard of the affair and is chaffing him unmercifully.—[Success.]

Not Quite the Word.

MILWAUKEE'S Mrs. Partington is entitled to be old lady, from whom she takes her sobriquet. In her palatial home on Prospect avenue she entertains frequently and elegantly. Her daughters are both beautiful and charming. One of them has the figure of a boy and a hand and arm that sculptors have raved over. Mrs. Partington is justly proud of her daughters' charms, speaks of them with freedom and frankness.

"Did you ever notice what a pretty hand my daughter has?" she asked her visitor.

"Oh, yes; I have frequently admired it."

"You have heard of Trentanove, the sculptor, who died here a year or two ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have hired him to make a bust of my daughter's hand."—[Milwaukee Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]

The Usual Result.

"THE colonel and I sat talking under a shade tree in front of the town postoffice when a dog started down the street," said a traveling man, relating an incident of a recent trip to Kentucky.

"Come on!" I said, as I sprang up.

"Come this way!" replied the colonel, as he seized my arm and drew me into a doorway.

"But I want to see the dog fight," I protested.

"Yes, reckon you do, but you also want to keep out of the shootin'."

"Why should there be any shootin'?"

"Because one dog has got to lick the other, and the owner of the licked dog ain't goin' to let it rest till they're goin'."

"Ten minutes later we stepped out to find our dog lying on the ground with two bullets in him and two people carrying away a second with half a dozen."

"Dog fights are bewtiful affairs," said the colonel, as we walked away together, "but the safest way to get to Kentucky is to wait till it's over and the dog is buried off."—[Washington Post.]

The Use of the Brake.

"THE other day Pat went to a cycle agent with the intention of buying a 'bike.' He inspected a few but what puzzled him most was the brake.

"What's that for?" inquired Pat.

"Oh," replied the agent, "you use that when you're on a steep hill."

Pat learned to ride fairly well, and while out one day he came to a steep hill, which he must climb.

"Now for the brake," thought Pat, and off he went full pressure on brake, up the hill.

Half-way up, some friends saw him, exclaiming:

"Pull off the brake, man; you're uphill!"

"Ahi!" said Pat, "can't you see, man, that's what it's doing?"

"Surely you're not going to turn around?"

"The next thing the captain is going to do is to pull me off the hill."

"Well, for heaven's sake, man, go and get help for us."

"He's our prisoner," said the captain.

"To take him along; we can't afford to leave him."

"Surely you're not going to turn around?"

"There was no answer."

The next thing the captain is going to do is to pull me off the hill, and then I'll be all alone."

THE CASE

A TRUE STORY OF THE TALE OF THE

By James

I YOU look in a report

surgeon you will find,

and detailed account of

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[November 25, 1900.]

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THE CASE OF NO. 10.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE TUGELA.

By James Barnes.

If you look in a report made by England's greatest surgeon you will find, under "Case No. 10," a concise and detailed account of a bullet wound. The course of the ball is traced with all the accuracy and exactness of a surgeon's term phraseology. We are told how the powerful little pencil-shaped, niche'-steel Mauser bullet passed through the body of "Case No. 10," but who "Case No. 10" is and under what circumstances he received the wound—that is no part of a surgeon's report, and so it does not appear. In the old days, when the tearing, shattering leaden bullets did their fearful work, Case No. 10 wouldn't have been a surgeon's case; he would have been in the obituary list. As it is, thanks to the cleanly-perforating bullet which cauterizes its own wound, he is now alive and well, though shot in what used to be regarded as a vital spot. This is the vital story of how Case No. 10 happened:

It was at the second battle of the Tugela, and the date, if I remember correctly, was the 2d of January. Capt. Dalton, R.A.M.C. (which means Royal Army Medical Corps,) had been called off to attend to a wounded officer lying on the flank of the army, the main body of which was already falling back across the death plain over which it had endeavored to advance against the hideous riflemen who lay among the rocks.

It was quite late in the afternoon when he reached the spot, and on the way the attendant stretcher-bearers had picked up a badly-wounded man. In a corner among the rocks the surgeon found the wounded officer, Capt. De Rougemont. Near by him lay another wounded man, and Capt. Dalton found himself in charge of a little dressing station all his own. He knew De Rougemont well, and as he bent over him he saw that he was badly wounded, shot through the abdomen. The other man lying near had a wound of the same character, while the third man, who had been carried along in the stretcher, was shot, if I remember rightly, in two places, through the head and lungs. The captain—for all English surgeons have military titles—bent over his stricken friend. He saw that the ball had gone straight through him; yet he felt sure that with great care his life might be saved. But the ambulances were from four to five miles away, and it would be almost impossible to drive one over the rocky, uneven ground. A glance at the other man showed that his case was a severe one also. Three casualties, all in the category of the dangerous, would spell small hope to the friends at home who would read the returns in the papers. Three casualties and only one stretcher. The men who carried it were not members of a regular bearer company, but two Tommies who had been pressed for the nonce. The surgeon had got out his bandages and was applying the first aid as quickly and skilfully as he could, when one of the men standing by shouted suddenly:

"My Gawd! Look! Here they come!"

Capt. Dalton raised his head in time to see about forty Boers, all mounted, ride into sight above the crest of the little hill, two hundred yards or so in front. He only glanced at them, for he thought they must have perceived what he was doing, and despite the recrimination that had been indulged in on either side the Red Cross had always been respected. So he went on with his work. There came a volley, and the captain felt a shock go through him. Pausing for a minute, he looked down at himself, and perceived that he was wounded in almost the same place as the officer whom he was attending. One of the soldiers was shot dead, and the wounded man lying on the ground had received a second bullet through the chest. The other stretcher-bearer had been shot through the arm near the shoulder, and had fallen behind a rock. They were all casualties now, himself included. But, somehow, it may have been the effect of training, or it may have been the surgeon's abstract interest in the case, he continued working, staunching the blood and binding up the wound of his friend, determined to work as long as he was able. The Boers approached. They got off their horses, and were standing close about him. His job was almost finished. A sickening feeling was coming over him, and he fell slowly back and lay looking up at them. The anger that came over him made him speak in cold, slow tones.

"Look what you have done," he said. "You have shot me, a surgeon performing his duty, and you have fired upon the wounded. Do you call that war?"

"We're very sorry, sir," said a middle-aged bearded fellow in good English. "We didn't see who you were. We thought you were lying there and were about to fire at us."

Others stood about silently, leaning awkwardly against their saddles. The man who was slightly wounded through the arm stood up; he began to swear. The captain stopped him, and he sat down on the rock nursing his wounded arm. And now comes the strangest part of the story, and one that, if it had not been verified, would be hard to believe. The Boers bent over and examined the wounded men. They shook their heads. The captain felt his senses going, the weakness was becoming overpowering. Some one spoke in Dutch, and a horseman mounted. The captain looked up and asked slowly, "Who is in command here?"

"Well, I suppose I am," said a low-browed ruffian, who spoke English.

"Well, for heaven's sake, let this slightly-wounded man go and get help for us."

"He's our prisoner," said the bearded one. "We've got to take him along; we can't stay here."

"Surely you're not going to leave us in this plight?" There was no answer.

The next thing the captain remembers was some one tugging at his feet, and then he heard a sound of horses'

hoofs going away over the rocks. He lost consciousness. When he came to himself the sun was down behind the hills, and the cold evening shadows were coming on. He knew now what the tugging at his feet had meant; his spurs were gone. Capt. De Rougemont lying beside him was talking.

"Dalton," he said, "can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"We're in a bad way. What shall we do?"

"Don't move, it's the only thing that will save your life. They may find us in the morning."

Just then a groaning came from where the other wounded man was lying.

"Water," he moaned, "water."

Dalton raised his voice. "Lie still, my lad," he said.

"Water is the worst thing for you. Lie still. What is your name?"

The man gave it and his number, and the captain could almost imagine that a salute accompanied the answer.

"Can you see those other men?"

"Yes, sir; they're both dead, sir."

The soldier's agony was sunk in the soldierly training.

"Keep quiet and lie still, I tell you. Try to forget your thirst. Moving around will only make you worse."

The soldier did not reply.

The strange thing of it all was this: There had been no bitter words expressed against the action of the Boers. It had been passed by as if by tacit consent. The inhuman part of it, the surgeon perceived, was not intended for torture. He saw that the enemy had regarded them all as being practically dead men.

To describe in detail that night of horror would be too harrowing. Capt. Dalton knew that his only chance of living was in remaining absolutely still. Since he had laid down he had hardly moved a muscle, but poor De Rougemont had begun to wander. He began to shout to the stable guard, and insisted that the horse were tethered over the hill. He raised himself on his elbows and called aloud time and again. Dalton plead with him in vain. He would not listen to reason.

In the meantime the temptation of thirst, that overpowering, dreadful agony of the sorely wounded, had been too much for the soldier. He had managed to crawl to the body of one of his companions and had drained his water bottle. In a few minutes his agony was increased three-fold, and he tossed, rolling and retching, to and fro among the rocks. In a few minutes he was silent, and the doctor knew that relief had come to him. Capt. De Rougemont was growing weaker, but a dreadful thirst was on him, too. His water bottle was by his side; despite the surgeon's remonstrance, he took a drink. It seemed at first to help him, for his mind ceased wandering, and then—but why go on? Early in the morning his meaning ceased.

Dalton was stiff from lying in the same position. It was bitterly cold and his flesh quivered. He felt the thirst, too, but his will power was strong, and, strange to say, the overpowering weakness was leaving him and his brain was clear to think. His thoughts were not pleasant. He remembered the great birds whose shadows he knew would be sweeping over the ground the next morning. He knew that the army had gone back, and he reckoned gloomily the chance of being found. He knew it was not one in a thousand.

The sun rose and carefully he raised himself and looked about; he was the only one alive. Slowly, inch by inch, he raised himself, until to his wonder and amazement he found that he could stand. He took a step, holding himself as straight as possible. He took another. He found that he could walk. It took him half an hour to go 200 yards to the bottom of the hill, where the ground was more level, and there he found a path. He began to have the interest of the surgeon in studying his own case. How far would he be able to go before the deadly pang would seize him? Steadying himself before each movement, he went on. He saw no living thing. There were a few bodies here and there where the troops had advanced. The sun rose higher and higher and soon the sweeping shadows appeared. He did not turn his head to look to right or left, nor did he dare to rest. Soon, down in a hollow, he saw a moving figure. It was a Kaffir working about a little lonely hut. He raised his voice. The man saw him, but instead of coming to him, the black made off. Again he called. He was afraid to wave his arm to beckon, for the movement might mean death. The Kaffir turned and approached him. He circled nearer. He behaved for all the world like one who stalked an enemy. The captain all the time stood silent. At last the man came near enough for the captain to talk to him, and then he saw the reason of the white man's strange behavior.

"Troops, baas?"

"Yes, where are they?"

The Kaffir pointed.

"Go fetch them." The man was off.

Slowly Dalton began walking in the same direction. In about an hour he met some men coming toward him. In another hour he was in a hospital. The only man who had ever walked six miles with a wound that should have been fatal, and had lived to tell the tale.

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AMERICA'S COMMERCE—RAPID GAINS.

[World's Mark:] The rapidity with which the United States was gaining upon Great Britain was already apparent three years ago, and attention was called to our industrial progress in a memorandum by Sir Courtney Boyle, secretary of the British Board of Trade, which was presented to Parliament, January 28, 1897. His conclusion, at that time, was that, while the United Kingdom was still greatly ahead of either the United States or Germany in its power of manufacturing for export, each of the latter countries, "beginning from a lower level," was, "for the moment, traveling upward more rapidly than we are, who occupy a much higher eminence." Since then, our progress has continued at a swifter pace, notwithstanding the interruption of the Spanish war and the subsequent growth of consumption at home.

COLONIES FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

A NEW YORK ASSOCIATION'S PLAN TO GIVE THEM FARMS TO LIVE ON.

[New York World:] Twenty thousand persons died of tuberculosis in the State of New York last year, and the Health Board is authority for the assertion that it is alarmingly on the increase. A new champion has taken up the cause of this class of unfortunate.

Dr. J. Austin Kelly of Brooklyn has organized a society which purports to establish colonies for consumptives in the northern part of this State. In Colorado the attempt is now being made to colonize the unfortunate who go thither in the hope of restoration to health.

A plot of ground nearly five thousand acres in extent in Northern New York has been purchased, and this will be laid out in small farms, each having its own house, truck patch and vineyard. Efforts will be made to occupy the minds of the patients by giving them light work instead of allowing them to sit down in idleness and watch their companions die while they themselves waste away.

"The Indigent Consumptives' Association," of which Dr. Kelly is president, has practically decided upon a number of small farms rather than one large one. This will separate the afflicted persons and will give them a better chance to recover. It will also be an additional safeguard against contagion, which is greatly increased in large communities.

The first experimental farm will be upon the western shore of Schroon Lake, at the foothills of the Adirondacks. This will afford a test of the proposed system, although only a few patients will be installed.

"Our plan is not to found a hospital, but a colony in the Adirondacks," explained Dr. Kelly yesterday. "We shall have a series of cottages on each plot of ground we acquire. These all will be properly heated and every preparation will be made for the severest winter weather. Experience shows that a crisp, cold atmosphere is generally highly beneficial to people afflicted with lung trouble.

"We also hope to furnish the indigent work by which they can nearly or wholly support themselves. Women can do light needlework; the men can raise fruit or do light farm work. Every physician knows that as a general rule consumptives go to a mountain retreat, sit down, and wait to die or get well.

"The Denver experiment has been highly successful, and there is no reason why this city should not have twenty such colonies in the North woods. There we can find the best hygienic surroundings, but the chief aim, of course, is to protect the people of the metropolis from contagion.

"The only advance made in the cure of consumption has been in the administration of creosote. This has been greatly improved in the last three years by the addition of a drug called thiod. It is made in Germany. It is anti-septic, kills the germs, is soluble in water and wholly non-irritant. It is taken internally, ten grains at a dose, five or six times a day. We believe that when taken in the early stages 80 per cent. of tuberculous patients can be cured.

"The terrible disease is on the increase in the tenement districts. Infection from one case will spread throughout a crowded building. The Board of Health is now striving to discover all such cases and isolate them. A penalty has been fixed for not reporting them promptly. We hope in addition to providing homes and a suitable climate, so far as possible to permit the presence of relatives if they are willing to assist in the work of the farm.

"Trenton, N. J., and Boston are now earnestly making a fight against tuberculosis. They are trying isolation, but I fear that the results will not realize the expectations of the good people, who are sincerely in earnest.

"The consumptive patient nearly always dies if he or she is isolated from friends and restricted only to the companionship of incurables. It is a refinement of cruelty and torture. I believe in keeping the consumptive's mind and body actively employed every waking moment. Except that the patients will be restricted to certain hygienic rules, they will have the utmost freedom.

"The appropriation of \$50,000 by the last Legislature for the purpose of establishing a hospital for consumptives in the Adirondacks is all right and will do much good; but all hospitals are open to the objection I have cited. We hope to start our first colony next month, and the cooperation of philanthropic men and women is relied upon for ultimate success. We hope to have twenty farms, with colonies upon them, in two or three years."

LONGEVITY OF VARIOUS RACES.

[London Globe:] It has often been remarked that while nothing is so uncertain as the duration of any given human life, nothing is more certain than the aggregate of years which may be assigned to a group of 100 persons or more at any particular age. The expectation of life at a given age, to use the actuarial phrase, differs considerably, as might be expected, in different countries, and Englishmen may be surprised to learn that they are not the longest living among the white races. At the age of 20 an Englishman in average health may expect to live forty-two years, and any life office will grant him a policy based on that probability. The American's expectation is for a slightly longer period. On the other hand, a German lad of 20 can count upon little more than thirty-nine years and a half. It would seem, therefore, that the restlessness attributed to the American temperament does not necessarily conduce to the shortening of life, nor the composition of the German to its prolongation. Possibly the better feeding and clothing of Americans in the lower classes of the population is the principal cause of their greater longevity. Their position is, at any rate, maintained in later life as well as in earlier years. The American who has reached 60 may look to complete fourteen years more, while the Britisher's expectation is only about thirteen years and ten months, and the German's nearly as possible twelve months less. Both at 20 and at 60 the Frenchman's prospect is a little better than the German's and a little worse than the Englishman's.

[November 25, 1906.]

Stories of the Firing Line + + Animal Stories.

She Painted When Under Boxers' Fire.

EASEL pictures, showing the flecks of Mauser bullets here and there on the canvases, are part of the trophies which Miss Cecile Payen will take with her from China to New York. Moreover, these pictures were painted by herself as she sat exposed to the fire of the Chinese Boxers at the siege of Peking.

Miss Payen's work as an artist was recognized in a medal for miniatures, given to her at the World's Columbian Exposition. As a visitor in the house of Minister Conger she was exposed to the horrors of the siege, but in the height of it her love for her work took her into the streets of the capital when almost everyone else huddled under cover. Twice her camp stool was shattered, and in another skirmish the staff of her umbrella was shot away. Several of the canvases that she has brought back have bullet holes through them.

When the siege was over Miss Payen was one of the first to welcome the allied troops. They marched into the tennis court, where Miss Payen proposed that they be given tea to allay the raging thirst that tortured them. She had willing helpers, but for five hours she and they had to work brewing tea to meet the demands. Of the coming of these troops Miss Payen said:

"They looked ready to drop in their tracks. Dust-be-gimed, their tattered clothes caked with mud, unkempt, their eyes glazed with sheer weariness, their tongues swollen in their panting mouths, they looked the loveliest line of men I ever gazed upon. Before we saw them we had thoughtlessly complained day after day because they had not promptly marched to our rescue. When we looked upon them we realized what a terrible, heart-breaking, body-racking journey that desperate march to our rescue had been to them, fighting, starving and thirsting the sleepless days and nights."

Miss Payen's pictures will not be made public for several weeks.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Boer Maid Helped the British.

A COUPLE of weeks ago the Boers within and without Johannesburg arranged for a rising there by making all our officers prisoners, and then by attacking the soldiers, who, it was expected, would be demoralized and surrender. Meetings were held by the Boer leaders at the Grand National Hotel and all arrangements were made once more to place Johannesburg in the hands of the burghers. On Saturday afternoon, July 24, a gymkhana had been arranged for by the officers, to be held on the racetrack, under the patronage of the Military Governor and the Major-General commanding, for charitable purposes. It was expected that almost all the officers of the garrison would be there.

The Boers purposed attending this meeting armed with revolvers, and having a large number of confederates, armed likewise but with Mausers, hiding in buildings in the immediate vicinity of the racetrack, ready to act upon the given signal. It was planned that when the officers had been made prisoners, other Boers in the city would concentrate at a point fixed upon and attack the British soldiers. While this was going on a large number of Boers from the outside would rush into the town and assist their countrymen. It was anticipated that the soldiers would be utterly demoralized by the absence of their officers, and with no one to direct them would easily be overcome and made prisoners. The whole plan was carefully and secretly concocted, so that the military authorities were in entire ignorance of the plot on the morning of the day for putting it into execution. The total miscarriage of the Boer's bold attempt was brought about by a woman in a very simple and yet interesting tale of love.

It appears that a pretty Boer maiden in Johannesburg had two lovers, one an Englishman and the other a burgher. They were both very pressing for the hand of this young girl. On the morning of the gymkhana day the Boer lover visited her and urged an immediate marriage that very morning, and, for the reason of such urgency, he unfolded the Boer plot to seize Johannesburg. As he was to take part in the stirring events of the day, he was afraid that possibly he would be killed or wounded, and consequently wished to make the young woman his wife. The girl asked for two hours to consider the proposal, at the expiration of which time he was to return to her for his answer.

As soon as the Boer lover was well out of sight the girl rushed to the Military-Governor and gave him all the information she had just received. It can readily be understood how such a tale would startle that officer, and he at once took action. On the young woman's return home she was accompanied by some of the military police, who followed a short distance behind, and when the Boer lover returned for his answer he was at once arrested and taken before the Military-Governor. On the prisoner incriminating papers and letters were found which bore out all that the young woman had told and a great deal more. A list of the leaders was discovered among the papers secured, and other important information.

The Governor acted promptly, canceled the gymkhana, and had all the Boers whose names appeared on the lists arrested and at once sent to Cape Town. More than five hundred Boers were made prisoners. A general search for arms was ordered, and hundreds of Mausers were found hidden under mattresses and in other places. There is little doubt but for the information given the Military Governor by the Boer maiden the Boers would have been successful in retaking Johannesburg. The action of this young girl was most commendable, and it will no doubt be amply compensated by the Imperial government. It is only a fair presumption that the young maid's tastes were

for her English lover, who will, no doubt, now run a winning race for the possession of her hand, as his competitor is out of it effectually.—[New York Sun.]

Amateur Critic Discomfited.

ORD ROBERTS is well known to be one of the most modest and retiring of men, but the following story is not so well known. The event happened shortly before he left for South Africa. At a dinner party a loud-voiced man began giving his opinion on many things. After a while he came to military matters, and especially addressed his remarks to a guest who was somewhat below the average stature, and who appeared to be interested but did not say much. At last he diverged onto Lord Roberts's march from Kabul to Kandahar.

"If I had been Roberts," he said, "there were one or two points in which I would have acted differently."

"Indeed," said the other man, "I have never thought much of that march myself. I should be glad if you would tell me what you think was wrong."

At this moment the host tried to interfere, but the loud man would not be stopped, and proceeded to show where Roberts was wrong.

"Very interesting man that man I was talking to," he said to his host as they were going out. "Who is he?"

"Oh, that was Lord Roberts himself."

Seldom has a man looked so crestfallen as did that loud man at that moment.—[Dundee Journal.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

The Dog Laughed.

THE proprietor of a Third-avenue store owns a little black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist.

A gentleman took into the store the other evening an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good-natured, and intelligent. The tiny black kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs, and "put its fists" in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him, and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world, that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while eyes and mouth beamed with merriment.

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How a Dog Stopped a Dog Fight.

ON ONE of the most pleasant side streets of Cleveland live two dogs—a large, dignified hound and a saucy, small fox terrier. The two are the best of friends, and the big dog is always watching over the little one and doing his best to keep the pert fellow out of a fight. But the other day his watchfulness failed. Another terrier came and yelled defiance at the hound's comrade and when the big dog arrived upon the scene it was to behold a frantic, tumbling, snapping heap, of which his favorite was part.

He seemed to consider the state of things, then gave a sigh of patient dignity and began to walk around the combatants, keeping a critical eye on the struggle and evidently acting the part of umpire. His favorite was getting the worst of it, but he did not interfere. Maybe he thought the punishment of defeat was better than any he could bestow. He watched silently till all at once his friend gave a yelp of real pain and trouble. Then suddenly the big dog awoke. With a bound he was beside the other two. With one tap of his paw he sent the victor over into the dust, grabbed his favorite in his mouth as a cat grabs her kitten, and made off to his own back yard.

During the next hour he licked, scolded and fondled the repentant terrier. And now the two are more devoted than ever, though the little dog seems more meek and decidedly more obedient than of yore.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

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A Cat with a Wooden Leg.

OF ALL sad-looking cats in Philadelphia, "Jim," the bob-tailed, three-legged Maltese at the Haverford-avenue street-car barns, is by long odds the saddest.

More than a dozen years ago, when Philadelphia street cars were operated by cable, Jim was born one frosty morning in the paint shop, which formed an extensive department of the Haverford-avenue barns. Where Jim's mother came from nobody around the place ever discovered. She just blew in one night and made herself at home, and a few days afterward she was busy nursing five or six wriggling, purring kittens. Jim is the only surviving member of the household. Even the night watchman who saved Jim from a watery grave and brought him over to the barns is dead long ago.

The motormen and conductors took kindly to Jim, and Jim took kindly to them. He had the entrée to all places where signs said "No admittance except on business," from the timekeeper and starter's office to the engine-room.

It was this unrestricted freedom that cost Jim a large part of his anatomy. Having tried a bed everywhere, on upholstered car seats, gripman's coats and in asphaltite coal bins, Jim fell asleep at a switch on June night when

he was about a year old, and a large cable car hit over his body.

The car was not derailed, but it required the services of three conductors to gather up the fragments of Jim. When the agonized yowls and wails had died away and poor little Jim's quivering body quieted down sufficient for permit of examination, it was found that five inches of tail had been irretrievably lost and his left hind leg amputated just above the knee, not to mention the absence of several patches of fur and all the whiskers on the right side of his face.

Within six weeks after the accident Jim was as busy as ever attacking the rats and mice which infested the barns. He was a trifle handicapped, as his friend, the night watchman, made a wooden leg with a socket, in which Jim's stump fitted, the stilt being held in place by a strap passed around his body. The invention worked satisfactorily so long as Jim wished to stalk about the barns and critically eye the watchmen, but it interfered with his rat catching. The wooden leg thumped too loud when Jim was on the chase, and it gave the rats a warning.—[Philadelphia North American.]

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A Funny Bell-Wether.

HERE is one fish owned by the State of Colorado which will, in all probability never dangle at the end of a line to make sport for some angler. Instead it will subsist peacefully on ground liver and be petted and cared for at the Brighton fish hatchery, of which E. L. Hager is superintendent. For this fish is the guiding spirit among all the small fry and leads them not only in the paths of righteousness, but into the pools where Mr. Hager desires that they should stay.

The fish at the hatcheries are kept in several small pools in order that they may be separated according to their kind and cared for properly. Occasionally it was desired to clean these pools or make some alteration in them. This used to cause a great deal of trouble for the superintendent. It was almost impossible to get all the fish out of the pools without killing many of them. They were so small that they could easily slip through the meshes of an ordinary net and many of them were crushed in the net. Unless the pool was cleaned every so often the fish would die.

During Mr. Hager's superintendency he has made a special pet of one of the largest trout in the hatchery. Whenever he fed the fish this trout was always among the first to come to him, and finally grew so daring that it would snap at pieces of the liver which he held in his hands. Whenever he appeared on the walks surrounding the pool this trout would always come to him, and as he walked around the pool it would follow him. The other fish in the pool learned that the big trout always got most of the good things to eat, and consequently there soon grew a good-sized procession whenever the big trout assumed the role of leader.

Finally, Mr. Hager had an inspiration. One day when he wanted to clean the pool which was the big trout's home he opened the inlet leading into another pool and so his procession started by holding out a handful of ground liver toward the big trout, which therewith was willing to follow him anywhere. In this way Mr. Hager conducted all the fish into the other pool without the slightest difficulty and without losing any of them. Since then whenever he has wished to clean any of the pools he has first secured the big trout, and then, with it for a leader, he has had no difficulty in getting the rest of the fish population out of the way.—[Denver Republican.]

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Crow Would Not Be Stolen.

THERE was a commotion in the wee hours yesterday morning at or near the corner of Hamilton street and Madison avenue. The locality is infested by a pack of crows belonging to a family named Altman. This creature is said to be gifted with the power of speech, and while it is to take one skilled in the interpretation of pigeon English master its feathered vocabulary, the members of the flock appear to thoroughly understand the meaning of the non-coherent noises which it palms off on the neighborhood in speech.

It was this crow that made the clatter yesterday at day-light, and the cause was an attempt at feathered robbery. It seems that a man who proved to be a very unstable hand was trying to steal the crow and his victim objected to being stolen. The whole neighborhood was aroused by a series of the most astonishing sounds ever rasped out of a windpipe, and the crow was vindicated and saved. There was no arrest or prosecution, but the would-be abductor was taught a very humiliating lesson.—[Chicago Times-Herald.]

• • •

HIS DISAPPOINTMENT.

[Harper's Bazar:] "Hello, Taddie, have you been away? I haven't seen you lately."

"Yes, Snoper, I've been to the Thousand Islands."

"Enjoy yourself?"

"No, I can't say that I did."

"Weren't you well?"

"Oh, yes, I was well enough."

"Then you must have been disappointed in love."

"I had nothing to do with the sex."

"Then why under the sun didn't you enjoy yourself?"

"I like to know?"

"I feel that I was imposed upon."

"In what way?"

"Well, they call them the Thousand Islands, but I learned that there are only 994 of them."

November 25, 1906.

THE MO
By Garre

I HAVE set it upon north of Tyche, where a great abundance Hall.

Then we waited. A minute in the opening above, with strained nerves. Hall's face.

"They had better keep

Two minutes. I could

The engine shook the floor.

Three minutes. Hall's face.

The bird blundered in and out.

Four minutes! We were

fixed on the polished balcony.

Five minutes! The sky

was, and I violently wished

"At last! Thank God."

It was Hall who spoke,

silver knob had changed its

brilliant light concentrated

Then something dropped

out beneath the ball! And

and, at a shorter interval,

Almost before a word

coalesced and became

twisted itself into a bright

shifting hue, and the

disk a glowing, interlacing

dots, which turned and

other, until they had blos-

omed mass of hot metal

away, and placed another

"This will be about rig-

toon," he said, with a re-

mark. "I promised you

another for myself."

"But can it be possible

exclaimed. "Do you real-

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"Just as surely as rain

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"Then I congratulate you

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of them."

THE MOON METAL.

By Garrett P. Serviss.

[Concluded.]

HAVE set it upon a point about a hundred miles north of Tycho, where the Yerkes photographs show a great abundance of the white substance," said Hall.

Then we waited. A minute elapsed. A bird, fluttering in the opening above, for a second or two, wrenched our strained nerves. Hall's face turned pale.

"They had better keep away from here," he half whispered, with a ghastly smile.

Two minutes. I could hear the beating of my heart. The engine shook the floor.

Three minutes. Hall's face was wet with perspiration. The bird blundered in and startled us again.

Four minutes! We were like statues, with all eyes fast on the polished ball of silver, which shone in the brilliant light concentrated upon it by the mirror.

Five minutes! The shining ball had become a confused mass, and I violently winked to clear my vision.

"At last! Thank God. Look! There it is!"

It was Hall who spoke, trembling like an aspen. The silver knob had changed color. What seemed a miniature sun now surrounded it, with concentric circles of blinding brilliancy.

Then something dropped flashing into an earthen dish at beneath the ball! Another glittering drop followed, and, at a shorter interval, another!

Almost before a word could be uttered the drops had coalesced and become a tiny stream, which, as it fell, twisted itself into a bright spiral, gleaming with a hundred shifting hues, and forming on the bottom of the dish a glowing, interlacing mass of viscous rings and circles, which turned and twined about and over one another, until they had blended and settled into a button-shaped mass of hot metallic jelly. Hall snatched the dish away, and placed another in its stead.

"This will be about right for a watch charm when it sets," he said, with a return of his customary self-command. "I promised you the first specimen. I'll catch another for myself."

"But can it be possible that we are not dreaming?" I exclaimed. "Do you really believe that this comes from the moon?"

"Just as surely as rain comes from the clouds," cried Hall, with all his old impatience. "Haven't I just showed you the whole process?"

"Then I congratulate you. You will be as rich as Dr. Syx."

"Perhaps," was the imperturbed reply, "but not until I have enlarged my apparatus. At present I shall hardly be more than supply mementos to my friends. But since the principle is established the rest is mere detail."

Six weeks later the financial centers of the earth were shaken by the news that a new supply of artemisium was being marketed from a mill which had been secretly opened in the Sierras of California. For a time there was almost a panic. If Hall had chosen to do so he might have precipitated serious trouble. But he immediately entered into negotiations with government representatives, and the inevitable result was that, to preserve the monetary system of the world from upheaval, Dr. Syx had to consent that Hall's mill should share equally with his in the production of artemisium. During the negotiations the doctor paid a visit to Hall's establishment. The meeting between them was most dramatic. Syx tried to blast his rival with a glance, but knowledge is power, and my friend faced his mysterious antagonist, whose deepest secrets he had penetrated, with an unflinching eye. It was remarked that Dr. Syx became a changed man from that moment. His masterful air seemed to have deserted him, and it was with something resembling humility that he assented to the arrangement which required him to share his enormous gains with his conqueror.

Of course, Hall's success led to an immediate recrudescence of the efforts to extract artemisium from the Syx ore, and equally, of course, every such attempt failed. Hall, while keeping his own secret, did all he could to discourage the experiments, but they naturally believed that he must have made the very discovery which was the subject of their dreams, and he could not, without betraying himself, and upsetting the finances of the planet, directly undeceive them. The consequence was that fortunes were wasted in hopeless experimentation, and with Hall's achievement dazzling their eyes, the deluded fortune-seekers kept on in the face of endless disappointment and disaster.

And presently there came another tragedy. The Syx mill was blown up! The accident—although many people refused to regard it as an accident, and asserted that the doctor himself, in his chagrin, had applied the match—the explosion, then, occurred about sundown, and its effects were awful. The great works, with everything pertaining to them, and every rail that they contained, were blown to atoms. They disappeared as if they had never existed. Even the twin tunnels were involved in the ruin, a vast cavity being left in the mountain side where Syx's mine had been. The force of the explosion was so great that the shattered rock was reduced to dust. To this fact was owing the escape of the troops camped near. While the mountain was shaken to its core, and enormous parapets of living rock were hurled down the precipices of the Teton, no missiles of appreciable size traversed the air, and not a man at the camp was injured. But Jackson's Hole, filled with red dust, looked for days afterward like the mouth of a tremendous volcano just after an eruption. Dr. Syx had been seen entering the mill a few minutes before the catastrophe by a sentinel who was stationed about a quarter of a mile away, and who, although he was felled like an ox by the shock, and had his eye, ears and nostrils filled with flying dust, miraculously escaped with his life.

After this a new arrangement was made whereby An-

drew Hall became the sole producer of artemisium, and his wealth began to mount by leaps of millions toward the starry heights of the billions.

About a year after the explosion of the Syx mill a strange rumor got about. It came first from Budapest, in Hungary, where it was averred several persons of credibility had seen Dr. Mag Syx. Millions had been familiar with his face and his personal peculiarities, through actually meeting him, as well as through photographs and descriptions, and, unless there was an intention to deceive, it did not seem possible that a mistake could be made in identification. There surely never was another man who looked just like Dr. Syx. And besides, was it not demonstrable that he must have perished in the awful destruction of his mill?

Soon after came a report that Dr. Syx had been seen again, this time at Ekaterinburg, in the Urals. Next he was said to have paid a visit to Batang, in the mountainous district of Southwestern China, and finally, according to rumor, he was seen in Sicily, at Nicoloia, among the volcanic pimplies on the southern slope of Mt. Etna.

Next followed something of more curious, and even startling, interest. A chemist at Budapest, where the first rumors of Syx's reappearance had placed the mysterious doctor, announced that he could produce artemisium, and proved it, although he kept his process secret. Hardly had the sensation caused by this news partially subsided when a similar report arrived from Ekaterinburg; then another from Batang; after that a fourth from Nicoloia!

Nobody could fail to notice the coincidence; wherever the doctor—or was it his ghost?—appeared, there, shortly afterward, somebody discovered the much-sought secret.

After this Syx's apparitions rapidly increased in frequency, followed in each instance by the announcement of another productive artemisium mill. He appeared in Germany, Italy, France, England, and finally at many places in the United States.

"It is the old doctor's revenge," said Hall to me one day, trying to smile, although the matter was too serious to be taken humorously. "Yes, it is his revenge, and I must admit that it is complete. The price of artemisium has fallen one-half within six months. All the efforts we have made to hold back the flood have proved useless. The secret itself is becoming public property. We shall inevitably be overwhelmed with artemisium just as we were with gold, and the last condition of the financial world will be worse than the first."

My friend's gloomy prognostications came near being fulfilled to the letter. Ten thousand artemisium mills shot their ethereal rays upon the moon and an unfortunate satellite's metal ribs were stripped by atomic force. Some of the great white rays that had been one of the telescopic wonders of the lunar landscapes disappeared, and the face of the moon, which had remained unchanged before the eyes of the children of Adam from the beginning of their race, now looked as if the blast of a furnace had swept it. At night, on the moonward side, the earth was studded with brilliant spikes, all pointed at the heart of its child in the sky.

But the looting of the moon brought disaster to the robber planet. So mad were the efforts to get the precious metal that the surface of our globe was fairly showered with it, productive fields were, in some cases, almost smothered under a metallic coating, the air was filled with shining dust, until finally famine and pestilence joined hands with financial disaster to punish the grasping world.

Then, at last, the various governments took effective measures to protect themselves and their people. Another combined effort resulted in an international agreement whereby the production of the precious moon metal was once more rigidly controlled. But the existence of a monopoly such as Dr. Syx had so long enjoyed and in the enjoyment of which Andrew Hall had for a brief period succeeded him was henceforth rendered impossible.

XIV.—The Last of Dr. Syx.

Many years after the events last recorded I sat, at the close of a brilliant autumn day, side by side with my old friend Andrew Hall, on a broad, vine-shaded piazza which faced the east, where the full moon was just rising above the rim of the Sierra and replacing the rosy counter glow of sunset with its silvery radiance. The sight was calculated to carry the minds of both back to the events of former years. But I noticed that Hall quickly changed the position of his chair and sat down again with his back to the rising moon. He had managed to save some millions from the wreck of his vast fortune when artemisium started to go to the dogs, and I was now paying him one of my annual visits at his palatial home in California.

"Did I ever tell you of my last trip to the Teton?" he asked, as I continued to gaze contemplatively at the broad lunar disc which slowly detached itself from the horizon and began to swim in the clear evening sky.

"No," I replied, "but I should like to hear about it."

"Or of my last sight of Dr. Syx?"

"Indeed! I did not suppose that you ever saw him after that conference in your mill, when he had to surrender half of the world to you."

"Once only I saw him again," said Hall, with a peculiar intonation.

"Pray go ahead, and tell me the whole story."

My friend lighted a fresh cigar, tipped his chair into a more comfortable position, and began:

"It was about seven years ago. I had long felt an unconquerable desire to have another look at the Teton, and the scenes amid which so many strange events in my life had occurred. I thought of sending for you to go with me, but I knew you were abroad much of your time, and I could not be certain of catching you. Finally I decided to go alone. I traveled on horseback by way of the Snake River Cañon, and arrived early one morning in Jackson's Hole, filled with red dust, looked for days afterward like the mouth of a tremendous volcano just after an eruption. Dr. Syx had been seen entering the mill a few minutes before the catastrophe by a sentinel who was stationed about a quarter of a mile away, and who, although he was felled like an ox by the shock, and had his eye, ears and nostrils filled with flying dust, miraculously escaped with his life.

After this a new arrangement was made whereby An-

gleton precipices had been smashed and split by the great explosion, I was seized with a resistless impulse to climb it. I thought I should like to peer off again from that pinnacle which had once formed so fatal a watch tower for me. Turning my horse loose to graze in the grassy river bottom, and carrying my rope tether along as a possible aid in climbing, I set out for the ascent. I knew I could not get up the precipices on the eastern side, which we were able to master with the aid of our balloon, and so I bore round, when I reached the steepest cliffs, until I was on the southwestern side of the peak, where the climbing was easier.

"But it took me a long time, and I did not reach the rift in the summit until just before sundown. Knowing that it would be impossible for me to descend at night, I bethought me of the inclosure of rocks, supposed to have been made by Indians, on the western pinnacle, and decided that I could pass the night there.

The perpendicular buttress, forming the easternmost and highest point of the Teton's head, would have baffled me but for the fact that I found a long crack, probably an effect of the tremendous explosion, extending from bottom to top of the rock. Driving my toes and fingers into this rift, I managed, with a good deal of trouble, and no little peril, to reach the top. As I lifted myself over the edge and rose to my feet, imagine my amazement at seeing Dr. Syx standing within arm's length of me!

My breath seemed pent in my lungs, and I could not even utter the exclamation that rose to my lips. It was like meeting a ghost. Notwithstanding the many reports of his having been seen in various parts of the world, it had always been my conviction that he had perished in the explosion.

"Yet there he stood in the twilight, for the sun was hidden by the time I reached the summit, his tall form erect, and his black eyes gleaming under the heavy brows as he fixed them sternly upon my face. You know I never was given to losing my nerve, but I am afraid I lost it on this occasion. Again and again I strove to speak, but it was impossible to move my tongue. So powerless seemed my lungs that I wondered how I could continue breathing.

"The doctor remained silent, but his curious smile, which, as you know, was a thing of terror to most people, overspread his black-rimmed face and was broad enough to reveal the gleam of his teeth. I felt that he was looking me through and through. The sensation was as if he had transfixed me with an ice-cold blade. There was a gleam of devilish pleasure in his eyes, as though my evident suffering was a delight to him and a gratification of his vengeance. At length I succeeded in overcoming the feeling which oppressed me, and, making a step forward, I shouted in a strained voice:

"You black satan!"

"I cannot clearly explain the psychological process which led me to utter those words. I had never entertained any enmity toward Dr. Syx, although I had always regarded him as a heartless person, who had pursued me led thousands to their ruin for his selfish gain, but I knew that he could not help hating me, and I felt now that, in some inexplicable manner, a struggle, not physical, but spiritual, was taking place between us, and my exclamation, uttered with surprising intensity, produced upon me, and apparently upon him, the effect of a desperate sword thrust which attains its mark.

"Immediately the doctor's form seemed to recede, as if he had passed the verge of the precipice behind him. At the same time it became dim, and then dimmer, until only the dark outlines, and particularly the jet-black eyes, glaring fiercely, remained visible. And still he receded, as though floating in the air, which was not silvered with the evening light, until he appeared to cross the immense atmospheric gulf over Jackson's Hole and paused on the rim of the horizon on the east.

"Then, suddenly, I became aware that the full moon had risen at the very place on the distant mountain brow where the specter rested and as I continued to gaze, as if entranced, the face and figure of the doctor seemed slowly to frame themselves within the lunar disc, until at last he appeared to have quitted the air and the earth, and to be frowning at me from the circle of the moon."

While Hall was pronouncing his closing words I had begun to stare at the moon with swiftly increasing interest, until, as his voice stopped, I exclaimed:

"Why, there he is now! Funny I never noticed it before. There's Dr. Syx's face in the moon, as plain as day."

"Yes," replied Hall, without turning round, "and I never like to look at it."

[THE END.]

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NO "HOLLERING" IN BROOKLYN.

[New York Sun:] "One of my clients is deaf," said a downtown lawyer, "and thereby hangs a story of my trouble with a policeman in Brooklyn. My client sent one day for me to see him on business in his house over the Bridge, and I was detained until a late hour. When I left he thought it would be in conformity with a Brooklyn custom to see me to my car. It was a crisp night and we stood on the corner. I was doing the talking. He did his share, but it was not noticeable. The stillness of the hour made my loud tones sound like a megaphone in action.

"The cop on the beat came around the corner and said we must move along. Naturally I resented this. I said I had the privilege of talking to my client in the street if I wanted to. The cop said that was no time or place to be talking business, especially when such talk disturbed the peace. He said if I wanted to talk I needn't, as he expressed it, holler as if I was trying to hail a steamboat. It then occurred to me that I had been yelling along the quiet thoroughfare of the church city. I explained to the cop that my client was as deaf as a cigar-store Indian, but the cop said that was no excuse, and I could do nothing but obey his order.

"Don't let me hear you hollerin' any more on this side of the river," said the cop, as I moved on."

[November 25, 1900]

INDIAN THANKSGIVING. STRANGE CUSTOMS THAT STILL SURVIVE AMONG THE IRIQUOIS.

BY HARRIET MAXWELL CONVERSE.

Chief of the Snipe Clan of the Seneca Indians.

THANKSGIVING is generally regarded as a peculiarly American festival. The great nation that dominates the continent of North America holds this feast day as being of its own invention. But centuries before the Pilgrim Fathers touched land at Plymouth Rock there were thanksgiving feasts and ceremonies in the land, celebrated by the first Americans, the once great red race that is now dying out so rapidly; and today the rites are religiously observed by the survivors, just as they were before the pale faces came and when the tomahawk and the swift arrow ruled the land. Wherever tribal customs hold and the old pagan religion stirs in the blood, there the feasts are given in praise of the Great Spirit who made and controls the land and water and all things that live.

The red man had no need of creed nor book to recite his continual thanks to the Great Spirit. The strong winds and gentle breezes hymned his ritual. The lakes,

stated and acknowledged in this everlasting ritual of thanks. The "Green Corn" thanksgiving, usually in August, was the "Big Thanks." The women named the feast day and gathered a few of the first ears that ripened that the thanksgiving fire should first receive this gift of the Great Spirit, and as the smoke of the savory grain ascended, the ancient chant of consecration was intoned by the medicine men and women to the accompaniment of the drum and turtle-shell rattles. Following this chant the fire was extinguished and a new one kindled, over which, suspended from oak sticks, large iron kettles were swung. Within the kettles the corn soup bubbled and sputtered, forming a dull accompaniment to the weird songs of the dancers, who were wreathed with twists of the silken tassels of corn, the velvety pods of beans and the gold trumpet blossoms of the squash, emblems which symbolized the gifts of the Great Earth Mother arrayed in all her glories.

As the neighbors of the primitive red man, the animals of the forest and the birds of the air were included in the ritual of praise. From the wolf, bear, beaver, deer, turtle, heron, hawk, snipe and eagle the heraldry of the Iroquois was devised which determined the clan and family system of tribal division in the enduring bond of the Iroquois.

To every creature whereby good came to him the early Iroquois made his acknowledgment. He must thank the bee and beaver for teaching him construction. The fish, which could live in water which was death to man, must be thanked for some mysteriously supreme power of life denied to human kind. The bird had a means of locomotion which was unknown to man. Even the unerring arrow would refuse to follow the swift bird if the Great Spirit was unwilling it should die, therefore the bird must be thanked for his superior flight, which, to the red man, indicated the protection of the supreme spirits governing the air as well as the earth.

Marrying the Fish.

There was a thanksgiving ceremony in the olden time by which an Indian maiden was married to the fish, and by this ceremonial she must remain forever the wife of the game-fish, that they should be loyal to her and produce large numbers of their kind for her people. Great birds, as the eagle and hawk, were specially praised as having the wings of the clouds and being able to fly to the loftiest mountain top and talk to the sun. The elements were religiously sacred to the Iroquois. The fire shielded them from the winter's cold, cooked their game, lighted the council flame, and "talked with" their tobacco. The water protected their fish; the air held the

their legislative work and religious ceremonies. To the truly religious Iroquois who honors the religion of his ancestors, these annual festivals mean a renewal of the protection of the Great Spirit as well as a duty for lawful fulfillment. To omit one ceremony would be not only irreverence, but "bad luck." To the whites and even to the Christianized Indian the rituals are unknown. They have been handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth, and are preserved inviolably secret from the alien. To the mind of the red man praise should be denoted by a dance (their dances so misunderstood by the pale face) which is the accentuation of the red man's religion and the expression of the duty to which the pagan still holds in spite of the intrusions of the white man's religions.

The Green Corn festival may be denominated the most prominent thanksgiving feast of the Iroquois. The moon when the late fruits were ripening and the green was in the ear seemed to the ancient Iroquois the "time" of the Great Spirit who was yet holding the harvest in his hands. Today the "summons" to this feast is two weeks in advance and so arranged that each one of the reservation festivals will not interfere with its neighbor nation, thus fulfilling the universal law of the red man's hospitality—"each must help the other." By this the Onondagas will "hold the corn" a few days prior to the Senecas, and so on, that each nation in turn may visit its nearest neighbor, thus consummating the religious rite that all must harmonize in the union of thanks and praise. The first rite of the Green Corn feast, which continues three days, is to wrap one ear of corn in the sacred tobacco and throw it on the fire as an incense offering, which dedicates the festival to the Great Spirit. In this initial ceremony medicine men and medicine women, also young men and women, are selected to strip and boil the corn for the feast soup, which must be set boiling the first day and boil continually until the third, and final day, when beef and beans are added to it and it is distributed among the dancers, guests, members of the medicine society and every "head of the family" resident on the reservation wherein the festival may be held.

Although the dancing is continued at intervals during the three days, the first day's ceremony is the most religious of all the Green Corn dance. During this dance the entire ritual of the praises of the Iroquois is recited, the band of selected dancers marching around the room in single file as the preacher intones his thanksgiving. Enumerated among the various thanks are the following (neatly literal):

An Iroquois' Prayer of Thanksgiving.

"We thank the Great Spirit that we are here to praise him. We thank Him that He has created men and women, and ordered that these beings shall always be living to multiply the earth. We thank Him for giving to our Great Mother, the Earth, her big heart and big bosom that holds the mountains, lakes and rivers. We thank Him for all the waters that run in the woods and valleys and deep holes (seas). We thank Him for all the animals. We thank Him for the forests and sweetwater tree (maple) and for branches of the trees that hold the great shadow for our comfort. We thank Him for the Beings in the air that carry the thunder and the rains. We thank Him for our oldest brother, the sun, who works for us all the time. We thank Him for our kind relations, who give us light in the darkness, the moon and stars. We thank Him for remembering to send us game that we cannot be hungry. We thank Him for giving swiftness to our feet when we pursue an enemy. We thank Him for telling us how to die bravely."

Thus these thanks go on until all benefits to man or beast or birds have been recited and danced for. In the final dance all participate, including the extremely aged, who fold their blankets around them with the dignity of their ancestors; the younger damsels being decorated with feathers and the gala attire copied from the colors of the rainbow, and the toddling infants, as stoical and earnest as the bent centenarians. The dance music is the drum and the turtle shell rattle which accompany the voices of the trained singers, who, as they sing, sit astride a wooden bench placed in the center of the circle of dancers.

There is always one pagan preacher who inherits the "dance and thank talk" and expounds the faith, intoning with solemn intonation each praise. If any one person desires to offer special thanks, the preacher announces it to the people and dancers and by their consent he or she is permitted to "lift the voice" for some blessing of the chase, war, health or home. It is the duty of every person, no matter how aged or feeble, to dance once around the circle and offer the Great Spirit his own voice of thanks.

A Remnant of the Old Religion.

The Great Confederacy of the Iroquois is dissolved and of the people of the five nations there are left but a few who continue to celebrate the religion of their forefathers. These adherents to the old customs are limited to about one-third of the Indians now resident on the New York State reservations. The silk, or slouch, or derby hat has substituted the old-time feathered head-dress, painted leathers have taken the place of the moccasins, the buckskin shirt is forgotten, hideous high-heeled shoes and straw bonnets replace the picturesque costume of the women, the forests are departed and in their place broad fields hold the grains where the Iroquois once built the war and council fire, church spires tower above the trees, the board house stands on the land once claimed by the tepee, and the mighty days of the Iroquois are no more.

In spite of the dissolution of the tribal relationship, in spite of the advancement and consequent progression of education and trade-school training, there are yet those who remember to chant the Thanksgiving Ritual of their forefathers; the original and real American Thanksgiving—the Thanksgiving of the American Indian.

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THEY FORGOT.

[Tit-Bits:] "Cook," said Mrs. Hostess solemnly, at the eleventh hour, "we have forgotten all about the entrée." And cook, in her excitement, responded with: "I'm sorry, so we have. If we ain't a couple of blunder-headed idiots, may I never."

November 25, 1900.

UNDER THE FESTIVE IN LANDSCAPE

By a Special

ILL you enter your prize picture in for the print few of the questions with Angeles Camera Club have past month. The cause received some time since a prize for the best landscape taken and submitted between 25th of November.

The more enthusiastic many excursions since the of securing a picture which and so many beautiful judges had more difficulting upon the winners.

This being the first pr

tion of the club, much in



"CONTENTMENT," PHOTO

pictures, and as nothing h country for miles about the cameramen via car, wh The experiences of the sometimes exciting, again able, those who failed to trips and outings to look the competition.

One pleasant morning a couple of young men with the avowed intention reaching the little lake at hired a couple of small boats they might have some fun to set up their cameras they would have an unobstructed branch. The bad luck would have it, just as struck against a log of timber. At the expense of the aid of the boys in the fished up and, "drifting" with the lake. This delightful the owner of the camera, off his precious box and the



"WEDDING," PHOTO

story is the fact that, on beautiful negatives were men are advising all of the plates before using, claiming qualities are much improved.

One of the young women succession in order to get lighting and reach her o'clock. She dressed hurriedly, ate a bowl of bread started out before the sun As she was starting, her sister wait a few minutes, the company left, but fearing she after prize pictures called and she would wait in the



RETURNING THANKS FOR GAME.



MOHAWK THANKING FOR THE CLAN TOTEM.

rivers and brooks intoned his chants. The sun, moon and stars were the lights of his altar, and the whole of nature his psalm of praise and thanksgiving. The one Eternal Spirit ruled his heaven and his earth. He-no, the Thunderer, gathered the clouds in his hands and sifted down the vivifying rains. Ga-oh, the West Wind, controlled the tempests. Jos-ke-ka ruled the seasons and wakened the gay, and Ag-re-skoon inspired the warrior to victory as he sent his great war-cry from the mountain peak to the valley.

In no tribe did the religious rites reach a higher degree of development than among the great federation of the Five Nations. The life of the Iroquois Indian was a continual thanksgiving. There were annual feasts whereby all nature was sung and praised. Beginning with the New Year Jubilee in February these feasts followed in succession, each resurrection of nature. In April the flow of the sap was celebrated in the Maple Feast, and the Thunderer who had softened the winter's chain of ice and set the "sweet water" flowing was glorified. In May the Planting Festival announced the coming of the crops. Then the fields were consecrated to the guardian spirits of the grain. For this dedication young virgins—primitive Lady Godivas—were sent to the fields at midnight unclothed, and with their long hair hanging loose, to scatter the first seed and invoke prolific harvests. There were no "peeping Toms;" the red man held inviolate the purity of his women, and death would have followed the footsteps of the intruder upon the sanctity of this rite whereby the virgins were consecrated to the harvests.

Thanks for the Good Things of the Earth.

In June came the First Fruit or Strawberry Feast, the very gala of thanksgiving. The Great Spirit had "shown" them His gifts, the luscious fruit had blushed in the sun, and the festivities of dance and song must celebrate its vine and blossom. This berry feast included the whortleberry and raspberry, and certain wild herb berries which contained medicinal properties and were defense against disease and other vague evils. Homage was rendered to every growth of the vine under, or above, the ground; grapes, squash, beans, potatoes, and all sustaining foods that "climb up to the sun for the red man," were numer-

ous, moon and stars; the earth was their Great Mother, and these elements must be named with supreme reverence.

At each thanksgiving dance the heraldic totem must be thanked for "building" the family clan. The wolves of wolf totem must thank the wolf, and thus also each totem of bird or beast. The medicine man must acknowledge the aid of the roots and herbs and thank each one of them as his "upholder." The hunter must thank the game and fish. The warrior must praise war and victory. In fact, the Iroquois, like all the American red men, believed himself a part and integral portion of all nature. In the return of the springtime he found a fit example of his own immortality. The resurrection from apparent death decided his after life where everything in nature was materialized, and in the continuous production and reproduction of nature he included himself.

In the various thanksgiving festivals of the Iroquois the ceremonies are nearly the same, although there are dances of many kinds which are especially adapted to the several ceremonials. Bird, beast, fish, and all sorts of game; women, men, children, totems, fruits, vegetables, roots, herbs, each has its dance, which must be celebrated. These dances, in the old times held in the open forest, are now solemnized in the Council house of each reservation, which is the legislative hall, as well as the religious gathering place of the modern Iroquois Indians.

Ancient Rites Still Observed.

The 4500 Indians in the State of New York, all who are left of the once colossal confederation of the Five Nations—Mohawk, Senecas, Cayugas, Oneidas, and Onondaga—live on six reservations, each of which contains its Council house, a wooden building about fifty by eighty feet. Here the odd-fashioned, or "pagan," Indians converse for

succession in order to get lighting and reach her o'clock. She dressed hurriedly, ate a bowl of bread started out before the sun As she was starting, her sister wait a few minutes, the company left, but fearing she after prize pictures called and she would wait in the

the religion of his, mean a renewal of the well as a duty for carelessness would be not only the whites and even to the Indians are unknown. They remain to generation by an inviolable secret from the red man's pride should be an acknowledgment by the red man's ready to which the true intrusions of the white

dominated the most the Indians. The month and the green corn and Indians the "time" hunting the harvests in "to this feast is sent that each one of the Indians with its neighbor of law of the red man's action." By this the few days prior to the action in turn may visit making the religious rule union of thanks and a Corn feast, which consists of corn in the sacred as an offering to the Great Spirit. In this medicine women, also selected to strip and pull must be not boiling the still the third, and finalized to it and it is done, members of the medicine family" resident on al may be held.

held at intervals during ceremony is the most remarkable. During this dance the Indians is recited, the around the room in singing. Enumerates the following (nearly

we are here to praise created men and women, will always be living to Him for giving to our heart and big boom that vision. We thank Him for hills and valleys and deep all the animals. We evergreen tree (maple) hold the greatest shadows for the Beings in the rain. We thank Him the works for us all the relations, who give us and stars. We thank game that we cannot be going swiftness to our feet thank Him for telling

all benefits to man or and disease for. In the living the extremely aged, born with the dignity of old being decorated with all from the colors of life, as animal and earnest love music in the drum, accompanying the voices of singing, sit astride a wooden circle of dancers.

another who inherited the faith, summer-pension. If any one person, the preacher announces by their comment he or she" for some blessing of It is the duty of every man, to dance once around Spirit his own voice of

Indians is dissolved and there are left but a few signs of their founders. We are limited to about hundred on the New York streets, or derby hat, has red head-dress, patent the moccasin, the buckled shoes and store skins of the women, the place bread fields hold built the war and count the trees, the board raised by the trees, and are no more.

the tribal relationship, in consequent progression of living, there are yet those observing Ritual of their American Thanksgiving Indian.

OT.

Honest solemnly, at the all about the entrance responded with: "Lo," couple of blunder-headed

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE FESTIVE PURSUIT OF THE PRIZE IN LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHY.

By a Special Contributor.

WILL you enter the contest?" "Have you taken your prize picture yet?" "What will you turn in for the print competition?" There are only a few of the questions with which the members of the Los Angeles Camera Club have been plying each other for the past month. The cause of the excitement was a letter received some time since by George Crowe, offering a cash prize for the best landscape photograph to be taken, finished and submitted between date of said letter and the 15th of November.

The more enthusiastic members of the club have made many excursions since then, with the prime object in view of securing a picture which might be awarded the prize, and so many beautiful prints were submitted that the judges had more difficulty than was anticipated in deciding upon the winners.

This being the first print competition since the organization of the club, much interest was taken in securing good



"CONTENTMENT." PHOTO BY LESLIE L. MERRICK.
Received the prize.

pictures, and as nothing but landscapes were admitted, the country for miles about Los Angeles has been scoured by the cameramen via car, wheel and rigs of all descriptions. The experiences of the numerous competitors have been sometimes exciting, again ludicrous, but altogether enjoyable, those who failed to win the prize having delightful trips and outings to look back upon, in connection with the competition.

One pleasant morning soon after the competition opened a couple of young men started out, on pictures bent, and with the avowed intention of securing the prize photo. Reaching the little lake at the end of Downey avenue, they find a couple of small boys to row out on the water, that they might have some life in the picture, and proceeded to set up their cameras on the edge of the lake where they would have an unobstructed view, free from the overhanging branches. The bank was rather steep and, as luck would have it, just as all was ready, one of the friends struck against a leg of the tripod, knocking it into the water. At the expense of much time and temper, and with the aid of the boys in the boat, camera and plates were fished up and, "dripping with coolness," were lifted from the lake. This delightful temperature was not enjoyed by the owner of the camera, it is needless to say, as he wiped off his precious box and the plate holders. The best of this

panion, she followed the Terminal track down through the Arroyo Seco, in the shadow of the hills, the crisp morning air making her fingers tingle and recalling vividly autumn mornings in the East, when leaves turn red and gold at Jack Frost's nipping touch. She was awakened from her reverie by a rustling in the leaves near at hand and looked up, half expecting to see a roguish face in the tree above her and a shower of the shining brown nuts tumbling down among the dead leaves at her feet. But the sycamores branches were still and the rustling resolved itself into a whirr, as a flock of quail flew up just beside her, with the dog in close pursuit. Calling Leo back, she stood for a moment watching the flight of the birds and then, catching sight of the first rays of the early sun touching the hilltops on the other side of the arroyo, she picked up her camera and hastened along the track, Leo bounding beside her, now forging ahead to chase a squirrel and again lagging behind to poke his nose down a suspicious-looking hole or dig for a moment as though thinking he could reach the little creature which has just disappeared therein.

After walking rapidly for a quarter of an hour, she came to what she concluded was the place described to her a few days before by a friend. There was the shed, beside it the sycamores, but where was the cow of which she had been told? An ordinary-looking old horse stood close to the shed, eating his breakfast, and a few chickens were foraging for their morning meal, but that was all. Concluding the beautiful Jersey must be inside the shed, our artist unstrapped her tripod and prepared for picture taking. At that moment a faint "hallo" was borne to her ears by the morning breeze. Recognizing it as that of her sister, she answered and soon the belated one came up. Being told of the disappointment at not finding the cow, the late-comer rose to the occasion and, walking boldly up to the little cabin near by, rapped, and the door being opened by the Dutch rancher, she asked in her blandest tones for the loan of his cow. Gazing at her blankly for a moment, he replied in deep, guttural tones that he had no cow. Unashamed, she then proposed that he entice his horse to the foreground, and this he very kindly did, but when he returned to his little cabin the horse also turned about and followed him as far as the fence would allow, remaining in the shadow to continue the discussion



"THE MISSION." BY O. GRANICHER.
Received honorable mention.

of his alfalfa, and no coaxing on the part of the artist's assistant would induce him to return. The sun having reached the hilltops seemingly at a bound, lighted up the arroyo, which until then had been in shade, touching the branches of the huge sycamores and the old stable, the beautiful lights and shades causing the heart of the amateur to beat with joy.

The horse getting restless and, fearing he would spoil the picture, as she dared not let him out of the inclosure, it was decided to make one more effort to bring him out in the sun, where a short exposure might be made. Picking up the box in which the alfalfa had been placed and, holding it tantalizingly in front of the reluctant animal's nose, he was at last inveigled closer to the camera and out of the shade cast by the building.

All was ready, as the slide was drawn and a short time exposure made. It then lacking but a few minutes of car time, the photographic apparatus was hastily packed and the photo party hurried on just in time to catch the car for town.

When this picture was developed, it was discovered that the horse had moved, so it was decided to make another trial. Starting out again early the next morning, the place first searched for was found, very much nearer home. There was the tumble-down shed, beautiful old sycamores, and, joyful to relate, there was the cow waiting impatiently for the milkmaid, which in this case proved to be a schoolboy, who came running down the bank, pail in hand; but at sight of the camera and its attendant spirit the boy retraced his steps up the hill at an accelerated pace. The inclosure was surrounded by a barbed-wire fence, so our girl tried taking the picture from the safe side. Not liking the effect, our artist at last determined to risk danger to her gown from the sharp points on the wire and to her precious self from the horns of that animal most feared by woman, a cow, and get inside the yard. This difficult feat was at last accomplished without serious results, and as the cow appeared quite peaceful, the camera was dragged through also and set up as far from the fearsome animal as possible. Some time had been consumed in these preparations, and thinking the troublesome woman with the camera must be gone the boy again approached with his milk pail, but at sight of the machine and operator he again fled. Filled with remorse at keeping the youth from his morning task, fearing it would mean a tardy mark for him at school that day, the girl tried to hasten her movements, but photography is a tyrannical master and requires that its disciples consume much time, patience and energy in its service.

She moved the camera from side to side of the yard, endeavoring to secure good lighting and composition at the same time. The bovine, thinking herself forgotten as



"EVENING." BY W. P. MORPHY.
Received honorable mention.

is the fact that, on developing the plates, several beautiful negatives were secured, and now these young men are advising all of their friends to soak cameras and plates before using, claiming that detail and printing qualities are much improved thereby.

One of the young women arose before 6 two mornings in succession in order to get some views with the proper lighting and reach her office in time for business at 8 o'clock. She dressed hurriedly, and not waiting for breakfast, ate a bowl of bread and milk in the kitchen and started out before the sun had yet made its appearance. As she was starting, her sister called out that if she would wait a few minutes, the sister would be pleased to accompany her, but fearing she would be too late, the searcher after prize pictures called back an invitation to follow and she would wait in the arroyo. With her dog for com-

milk time passed, grew smug and began moving restlessly about the inclosure, shaking her head threateningly at the intruder now and then, which delayed matters still further, as at each manifestation of impatience from the cow, the girl's heart would give an uncomfortable bound and the girl would retreat hastily toward the fence, reaching which she was compelled to pause. Glancing back and seeing that she was not pursued, she would again pluck up courage and return to the point of vantage. She had never before realized the effectiveness of the Spaniards' trochas and felt herself a real heroine with her enemy the cow before her and surrounded by an insurmountable wire fence through which hasty flight was impossible.

She spoke soothingly to the cow as she proceeded with her photographic preparations, assuring the "Nice bosom, I won't hurt you," in a trembling voice. At last all was ready and, calling in her sweetest tones, "So boss, so boss," she pressed the bulb, the animal standing perfectly quiet for a moment with great brown eyes gazing into the lens.

On consulting her watch, the artist found it lacked but five minutes of car time, so, pushing her camera and tripod through the wires, she endeavored to follow, but the bars caught her gown, first in one place and then in another. She finally extricated herself, mentally blessing that boy for having remained out of sight, and not stopping to pack up her outfit, ran for the car, which she heard coming down the avenue, unscrewing her camera from the tripod as she ran. One tripod leg waved madly in air, while another, swinging out at right angles, ran into the ground at every other step. In spite of being so badly handicapped the hill was mounted and the car caught. Sinking breathlessly into the only vacant seat she found herself confronting the mirror, in which was reflected a very red face, surmounted by a hat which hung gracefully over one ear, while the four-in-hand, hastily tied a couple of hours earlier, was swinging jauntily from the other shoulder. Her hands naturally first sought the tip-top looking hat, after which a stray lock or two was pushed back into place and the tie properly adjusted. The other occupants of the car watched this arrangement of her toilette with great interest not unmixed with amusement, while the girl on the seat beside her, glancing at the outfit, asked if she were a member of the Camera Club. Verily, "By their deeds shall ye know them."

This last plate, when developed, proved such a satisfactory negative, however, that the taker of early morning pictures felt fully repaid for her exertions, and turned in her picture for judgment, confidently expecting to receive the coveted prize, and is still wondering how the judges could have overlooked so charming a picture. Possibly had she attached a description of the difficulties attending its production, they might have given it more consideration.

HELEN L. DAVIE.

PRESIDENT'S STENOGRAPHERS.

HE HAS NINETEEN, AND THEY ARE KEPT BUSY MOST OF THE TIME.

[Philadelphia North American:] There has been a wonderful change in the business methods of the White House since William McKinley became President.

In Grover Cleveland's time there was but one typewriter and stenographer in the Executive Mansion. That one man and one machine did all the correspondence save what President Cleveland did with his own pen.

Under President McKinley there are nineteen stenographers and nineteen typewriting machines. McKinley made it a rule to answer in a courteous manner every proper letter which came to him from an American citizen. He argued that it was no more than right to acknowledge every communication of a respectful character, and, while this new system involves much labor, it is an investment which repays amply and gives McKinley much personal popularity.

President Cleveland paid no attention to letters of a personal character. Under Cleveland's reign the White House waste basket was capacious, and thousands of letters from citizens were glanced at and thrown away. Under McKinley every letter is read by a secretary and briefed for inspection by Secretary Cortelyou or the President, when personally or particularly important enough for the Chief Magistrate to answer.

Thousands of letters come to the President every week. In fact, the mail averages 1000 letters a day.

Many messages are from cranks. Such letters are destroyed.

Men and women write asking for money. They want a loan, which they promise to repay. Some have great schemes which need capital.

Some letters are received which are scurrilous and disgraceful, and which entitle the writer to a term in prison. They are generally anonymous, and, of course, abusive. No attention is paid to them, and the President never sees them, so the senders derive no satisfaction from their mean and malicious attacks. The President writes few letters with his own hand.

The secretary makes answer, and affixes his own signature, adding "Secretary to the President," which carries official importance and generally gratifies the recipient.

A MACHINE TO MAKE STATUES.

[New York Evening Telegram:] Carving in wood and stone work are now to a large extent turned out by machinery—a method which permits of a number of copies as made both rapidly and accurately of any given model. A series of vertical steel drills, placed at regular intervals on a cross bar, are driven at a speed of 3000 or 3000 revolutions per minute. Below this is a table which can be raised or lowered at will, and on this the blocks of wood or stone to be carved are placed. The drills can move in every direction, following simultaneously all the movements of a short iron rod, which is manipulated by the workman. The latter has a model of the pattern or figure desired in front of him, and by running the end of the rod over its contours the drills trace identical lines on the blocks of material placed below them. A workman soon acquires sufficient dexterity to enable him to turn out faithful copies of his model, though, as can be imagined, the results have little in common with the productions of the sculptor.

[November 21]

PREHISTORIC MAN. THE MOUNDS OF AN ANCIENT RACE FOUND IN WISCONSIN.

from the Milwaukee Sentinel.

and women be increased. Yet for a year or two longer, the men will die from virile old age without the delay. Scientific work to furnish food for all cannot be done. The abundance of food now is ten times greater than at present; the supply of food."

Our colored people live longer than centenarians in the United States, of whom 120,000, was 200,000, and only 100,000 white. Yet the inhabitants the same year were 7,000,000. But it is correct ages of many others, and not ready to admit that man is so far superior to that of the

life, aside from accidents, is the weakest of the vital organs, changing the subject. "The use when the stomach is full is worth living or not depends upon it is not advisable to have because the mind is apt to be guarding of a weak spot of a good general. The vital organs is to have them all in normal functions of life than for rest or repair. The mind, because all of the faculties are. Where only one vital organ was exerted to break down the nervous. But where all march in the vital cycle is as beautiful in sickness or pain, the end of perfectly natural manner, the rest of which is worth saving a happy end is now the lot of object of our studies is to

scheme.

to see impossible place will find a fashion of dress which immortality. Another will provide for the safety of the soul fed on fruits and vegetables, in the eyes of another death. But the sober student be misled by any of these, free of his and call what is good will eat and drink with gusto a good cigar. He will leave the Christian Scientist, from the testosteron, but he himself thinks. In sickness he will turn somnolent, and in sorrow to the

at the civilized world the occurred a firm foothold, we the foundations of that which surely, in the perhaps remains would the services of man and our present standard, but still capacity for work and for our

JOHN ELWORTHY WATKINS

BIG CORNER STORE WHO WAS LOOKING FOR A STROP FARED.

"Where are your razor straps?" said the florist, stroking aisle to the right.

to the fifth aisle to the left he asked.

the girl behind the counter in the notion department, "What's the matter?" he asked.

up the notion department strap?" he said.

among the household goods the girl in charge of the house department.

"Razor strap?" he insisted.

the right." went to the counter on the right.

some of your razor straps," said those in the notion department.

they sent me down here.

come to it in dog collar. Do you want?" he demanded.

He thought of the razzle-dazzle he found above and appeared a counter provided over by a sign.

"Razor strap?" he demanded.

No, this. You'll find that in the elevator for the sixth floor." in the elevator for the sixth floor. "Razor strap?" he insisted.

Leather goods department traversed the eight aisles.

"That the pines were as old as the growths or mature oaks indicated them to be, we have

periods of time as follows: First, a preparatory period for forest seedling, following the abandonment of cultivation say of twenty-five to fifty years; second, a pine forest growth of 150 years, but more likely twice that time, or 300 years; third, a period of destruction following downfall of the pine forest of from twenty-five to fifty years, during which time vegetation of all kinds was short-lived. A bramble, an aspen, a birch, or other growth sprang up successively, only to be swept away periodically by the burning windfall whenever an exceptionally dry season occurred until the fuel was so far reduced that a destructive fire could no longer destroy a young forest growth. Then only could the oaks have taken possession of the field and matured to their present dimensions. The sapling contemporaries of the new mature oaks may have been cut by the Indian followers of Charles De Langlade in 1755.

Some Speculative History.

"Humming birds that fitted through the young pines 360 years ago may, on returning to Mexico, have shed their plumage for Montezuma's mantles of feather work prior to the time of Cortes, while the bobolink may have 'pulled corn' in this field in the spring of 1492, and on his way to South America warned Columbus of the nearness of land in the autumn of that season. This, though interesting, is speculative history. We are reasonably sure of the minimum time, but the 400 years covered by the facts might lengthen into as many thousands of years before we found these villagers tilling this field of maize, and their children playing hide-and-go-seek among its stately tasseled stalks.

Buried Vestiges of Art Are Rare.

"No entire implements were found in this series of mounds. A few broken arrow and spear points with quite numerous fragments of pottery were unearthed at the time of investigating them. The pottery showed all stages of ornamentation observed in prehistoric wares in Wisconsin. There were specimens plain, and others pressed by the finger tips of the potter like the margins of an amateur baker's pie crust. Other pieces showed an attempt at beautifying by impressions of an implement. The culmination of ornamentation was reached in the elaborate woven patterns so often observed in specimens of the mound-building period. A few specimens of entire vessels of clay were found on the plain or fields. One of them, a small bowl, had a handle like a teacup and contained some unknown tooth. Perhaps a cache. Another broad pan was likely a baking dish in a 'bean hole.'

Camping Places for Centuries.

"No doubt all tribes, for all the length of time men have lived in Wisconsin, have used these village sites for at least temporary camping places. The convenience of easily-obtained water in the springs and rapid streams which do not freeze in the coldest winter weather, together with their central, trail-crossing location, compels this conclusion. Nor is there any evidence, in the implements or other works discovered in the region, to warrant the assumption that any race differing from the American Indian in the village, or Gardening Age, ever occupied this soil.

"The latest number of mounds are located on lake and river terraces about twelve feet above the present water level. A notable exception is found on a bluff in the northwest corner of the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section 35, town north of range 11 east. This bluff is thirty feet above the plain and composed of moraine gravel. On its very brow were six effigy mounds in these places caused an extra growth of

This vegetation becoming itself refuse, has increased, the elevation of the heaps. So in some places that a growing crop of oats will determine their location, showing by growth plainly where the back door of these houses were located. The materials composing these likely varied as the fill of a city dump. Mud, bones and scraps from the table, ash from the fires comprised the larger part of

Instances of Throne Burial.

"The turtle mounds of this bluff contained enthroned skeletons. A step had been cut in the brow of the bank, on

which the mound dweller was seated, facing the setting sun. Over his body was then heaped a small mound. On this mound an 'alter fire' was burned. Then over and enveloping all a large turtle mound was piled.

The earth for 'constructing' this mound, as in most cases of mound building, was brought from some distance, the material being quite different from the surrounding earth for several rods.

"A mound contained a cyst burial. The subject was

seated on the original surface of the ground near the lake,

facing its beautiful bank and water. The skeleton was

found surrounded by cement, very much as dough sur-

rounds an apple dumpling. The cement was composed of marl or lime carbonate from the bed of the lake, mixed with sand.

Over the encysted man was then built a circular mound seven feet in height at the time of examination, in 1881.

On the top of the mound stands a gnarled black or pine oak, not as large as some known to be 150

years old, but very likely as old as any. A few broken sticks were within the outer mound.

"There are in the vicinity seven oblong mounds, varying

from a slight elongation to sixteen feet in length. Two

of them are each twenty feet in length, while one is forty

feet long. The trend of these long mounds is from east

northeast to west southwest, and they extend in a more

or less continuous line from the north bank of a marsh

lying to the east of the bluff mentioned in connection

with enthroned burials. This marsh of a few acres in extent connects with an inland chain of lakes, and no doubt

was itself a lake when the mounds were built.

Skeleton of a Woman.

"At the east end of a long mound was unearthed the

skeleton of a woman. The bones were smooth, firm and delicate.

The skeleton was closely folded in the mummy position of the Peruvians. The teeth, except those in front, were gone and the jaw perfectly smooth where the

sinews may have been.

"The largest number of earthworks are simply rounded

knolls or mounds. Forty-six of such type are near Wau-

peka.

Largest Mound in the County.

"The Washington monument in point of size and interest

of the entire series is a 'man mound' 400 feet in length,

sixteen feet in general width and from six feet in height

at the head gradually tapering to the feet. The arms have

a spread of forty-eight feet between the hands. That part of the mound next to the feet has been reduced to the level of the plain by cultivation. The head and part adjoining is in a very perfect state of preservation. The trend of this work, like that of the long mounds is east northeast heading west southwest parallel with the old trail—now Home street or highway. The nearest point to Clemm Lake is due west about twelve rods. The man mound connected by its length the works on and near the bluffs and marsh with those along the southeast bank of Clemm Lake.

Two Remarkable Pits.

"On the north shore of Clemm Lake opposite Mount Grove are two pits five feet deep and sixteen to twenty feet across. They may have been used for house foundations. I remember to have seen similar 'dry-uts' in the north bank of the Shawano Creek and east bank of Wolf River at Shawano that were evidently for occupation as dwellings.

"At two points on the Otter Lake village site were common grave burials. In one were found a 'marble' of ordinary quartzite, a few arrow tips or 'flint' and a bone knife eight inches long and three-fourths of an inch in width. The other mounds also contained ordinary burials. The cranium of the occupant of one was broken on the right parietal plate as though by a club or stone. The man had evidently survived the blow, as bony matter had filled and knit and bulged around the broken place. Another mound may have been only successfully-built huts on the same site. If so, the house cleaning was done by throwing a layer of clean earth over the former floor, thus raising successively levels until a mound resulted. The new floor layer of earth alternate with strata of ashes. Another mound was a crematory altar, either as a means of disposing of the dead or as a living sacrifice. Charred human bones are mingled with ashes and charcoal."

SOUTHERN CHINESE BUILDINGS.

BRIGHTER COLORS AND MORE DECORATION THAN IN THE NORTH.

[London Telegraph:] In the south, as one might expect from the parallel of Europe, the buildings display brighter colors and more ornate decoration than in the sombre north. The lines of the arch are straight and stiff, but upon them is set every sort of grotesque animal and figure that occurs to the limited scope of Chinese imagination. Inside the courts of the joss house the figures of the Chinese theogony are more plentifully bedecked with tin and brass and color than they are on the Yang-Tse. No temple is without its gilding, but in the south there are signs of a more frequent application of gold leaf than in the dingy recesses of northern gloom. To regild a temple is accounted a work of holiness, which is set down on the credit side of the account when the dead man's spirit is seized by the infernal lictors and taken before Kuang-Ti to be submitted to the unpleasant interrogations of the court below. There are opportunities in plenty for fire insurance of this kind, because the Chinese find it very hard to keep their hands off fresh gilt when it can be turned to the purposes of personal profit.

At Canton there is a famous temple, the sides of which are lined with brass and gilded figures in a sitting posture, to the number of 408, representing the various incarnations of the great Buddha. The long rows are impressive and bewildering, even though they do not suggest more than a curious gallery of family statues—something like the busts of a patrician family in old Rome—but a common peculiarity is that, while the bodies have worn their color to a rich brown, the hands are nearly all as bright as new gold. The explanation is that the adventurous coolie is always appropriating the hands for the secular purposes of trade, and consequently the priests are continually replacing them. Such a sacrifice excites no surprise in a country where the priests themselves are ever ready to sell the halibut of holies, and where silver is replaced by pewter and brass by iron every day of the week. The only reason that a house in a Yang-Tse temple gave for not disposing of an ancient incense burner was that if he did the people would rise and kill him. Personally he had no objections. He believed in the saying, "The image maker does not worship Buddha; he knows too much about the idol."

Just as these temples are cleaner and richer in the southern provinces than elsewhere, so are in See-Chuan, so the private houses are of a finer and more substantial build. In Kwang-Tung many of them stand out by themselves, like an English farm, with strong walls surrounding well kept, one-story dwelling rooms, and the blue brick made at the many brick fields which line the banks is far more durable and cohesive than the unbaked mud that does duty for it in so many other parts. The roofs, too, are neatly tiled, and fit to resist the full fury of tropical storms.

It is not only the detached house which is thus superior. All along the lower reaches the villages, which thrive and fatten upon the production of silk, have an air of permanent prosperity that, as contrasted with the pitiful poverty of so much that one sees elsewhere, strikes a pleasant contrast. In their festivals and solemn sacraments they make a parade and effect which have something of Indiana gaudiness about them. Above Samshui, on the southern bank, I saw a municipal procession winding in and out of the waving clumps of feathery bamboo that in the distance, at any rate, was a pretty moving picture. A band of musicians in scarlet garments led the way before a whole army of tablet bearers, who proclaimed the virtues of the illustrious dead. Above them floated the standards of the mandarins, and in the center was a huge serpent, made up in pantomimic fashion of painted matting, hung upon a framework, supported by a number of unseen "supers," who wagged and twisted in the orthodox way. Behind came priests and coolies, and in the place of honor were mounted officials, with their red umbrellas of office borne before them. At close quarters all this would have been tawdry enough, but, seen in the bright sunlight, with the background of red sandstone fringed by the most graceful of tropical trees, it was not only curious—it was almost beautiful.

[November 25, 1900.]

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

The Benoit Cretonne.

JS. M., Redlands: You say that you have found in Los Angeles a cotton which is handsome enough to use in your living-room for draperies, and you wish me to tell you just how to use it most advantageously, and what to combine with it in wall coloring, woodwork, etc. As the piece you admire has "birds of Paradise, parakeet and butterflies, in rich reds and greens, with a touch of orange, on a self-colored ground," I would advise the use of the coldest green in the figures for walls. This, with woodwork stained a dark brown and a *café-au-lait* ceiling (matching the background of your cotton,) will make an exquisite harmony. If your ceiling is beamed in cross sections, so much the better. You will have a room rich in effect and full of character. These quaint-figured cottons are, as you say, expensive, but are far more artistic than many of the rich and equally-high-priced plushes, velours, satin brocades, and other staple and ordinary materials handled in the upholstery departments of our furniture shops. The goods you mention and kindred materials have been used for some years past in the homes of those who possess, along with wealth, a taste for the unique and artistic in their homes, and to those only who made a cult of beauty and individuality in their houses were they known and their sources discovered. These stuffs were simply not to be found in the ordinary marts of trade and could only be traced by the initiated to small, expensive places that made a specialty of handling goods that are out of the common. Now, however, that some of the more progressive merchants are beginning timidly to offer them (meeting frequently with scorn of "those old-fashioned things,") they should be encouraged, for there are many who are far-seeing enough to realize the rare possibilities that lie in these flower gardens of bees and birds and butterflies, with their strong, rich color and durable foreign weaves. It gives me great pleasure to imagine your spacious living-room, with its large, long windows, hung with this beautiful stuff. It will never fade, and it will never wear out, and by carrying its various colors into the other furnishings of the room you will attain that intangible, fascinating, desirable something which is "style." Personally, my feeling has always been that style is the acme of attainment; if one is artistic without style he has stopped short of success. Do not use white muslin underneath, nor does this material need lining. It is heavy enough to hang in good folds. Use simply a stitched band of the material to catch your curtains back midway of your window, and hang sash curtains of silk, in the orange seen in the tail of your bird of Paradise. A couch of green velour, or a mahogany Davenport, with cushions of the rich reds, turquoise blues and orange found in your figures will draw your whole room into perfect harmony. As you have some fine pieces of mahogany to use in this room, I do not think that a gilt chair with a seat of dull-blue brocade will look at all out of place. Put it in the alcove window, near a handsome plant, and beside the pedestal holding your piece of marble.

To Brighten Up a Sitting-room.

B. M. B. says: "I would like a few suggestions to brighten up my sitting-room. It is a very large, sunny room, with a southern exposure. It has very light paper on the walls and light-yellow woodwork, varnished. There are two doors and two large windows. I have an ingrain rug on the floor in brown and mode color, a wicker set of four pieces, two rockers, a settee and one straight chair. What color shall I use for cushions, and what shall I get for sash curtains at the windows? I have long, lace curtains. I have a music rack of bamboo, a cherry rocker, oak center table, a box couch, with a cover of mixed red and blue and a few nice pictures. I would like some suggestions for more pictures, also about some jardinières for my own room."

The fault of your sitting-room is that it is too light and colorless. The "sunny brightness" is a very desirable quality, but you must emphasize this very thing by contrast. You need a strong, restful color in here. You do not tell me the color of your wall paper, so I am somewhat at a loss to know just what color to advise you to use. I think, however, that a soft shade of dull blue would be safe. Cushion your settee and rocking chairs with blue velour, and brighten things here and there with a cushion of yellow silk. Hang sash curtains of yellow under your lace ones, and, unless your lace is so handsome that you would hesitate to cut it, cut them off a little below the sill and draw them slightly back with white silk cords and tassels. A long, lace curtain, stringing to the floor and getting necessarily soiled and tattered with usage, has become a thing of the past. Buy some of the Chinese jardinières that are dark green, with a wicker lattice outside of them, and use one in this room. Use a yellow lamp shade, preferably a globe, but if you wish to read by it, it must be flaring. Two or three pieces of dark, wood furniture will also assist your room. As for pictures, I think some fine black and whites, in broad, black-wood frames, would stand out well on your light walls. As I have explained before, pictures are something about which it is impossible to give general advice. To be successful they must be carefully chosen by one who has cultivated a critical taste. If you will send me your address I could give you the address of a reliable dealer who would refuse to sell you a second-rate picture, and yet he has them at all prices. If you buy a print, buy one which is a fair specimen of its class, one which a connoisseur of prints would admire, and so with etchings, paintings or even photographs, be sure that they have an intrinsic value before you spend your money for them. Hang a curtain of fine quality of bordered net at the glass of your front door with the border running across. Hang green curtains in place of your brown ones and buy a small Kizkilmug rug to throw over your couch. Two

handsome square-backed oak chairs with black leather seats would look well in your hall on either side of your oak table.

A Handsome Home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. J. W. C.: I would by all means advise the cutting of arch between library and hall. When I glanced first at your diagram, my thought was: "What a handsome effect those two front rooms and hallway must have, opening up as they do." Paper and carpet all alike and you will get an effect of space and beauty. I think you could not have anything richer in here than cartridge paper in a warm mulberry red. Your paintings in gold frames will then show out most beautifully. Above your picture mold use a frieze of paper in a tapestry pattern, having some red

the former. Either green or yellow makes a good room. As you say you have a green and tan bedroom, I would suggest a green and white paper with a ceiling and frieze of plain green. That your own room is to be turquois blue would look very handsome among the other colors. I prefer the sort to which one sits on. They are very quaint and artistic looking, with mirrors. I would drape my bed with white lace and use paper with side walls cream and top plain soft blue, and frieze of white roses and violets. Paint and polish your floor a dark brown, with white rug.



A HANDSOME RECEPTION HALL AND STAIRWAY.



A PRETTY IDEA OF STAIRWAY IN ROOM.

the color of side wall. Your ceilings can then be *café au-lait*, or a lighter shade of the red, as you prefer. Buy a few good pieces of mahogany for your parlor and it would be well to have the upholstery in dull blue unless you wish still further to carry out the red. A moquette carpet with a good deal of dull blue in it would make a rich contrast to your walls. Intersperse a few pieces of wicker and use a wicker taborette for holding plant. Curtains of Arabian net, hung flat and slightly full, would be very handsome. A straight scarf of deep red velour on either side would make the parlor and library windows really elegant. When all of your furnishing is done, you can judge of the best effect in hanging your pictures. You will need a small table in center of library for reading lamp, magazines, etc. I would put my piano in the parlor. I would arrange my study in old blue and orange. Throw a Kizkilmug having these colors over your cot, use a blue rug and orange pillows. Your walls, in tan color, would brighten the little room. I do not know just what you mean by silk tapestry painted curtains and, as I do not know their color, cannot advise you just where to use them. Unless you can have a buffet or sideboard and side table both, I would have

EXECUTED WHILE IN A HYPNOTIC STATE.

[Columbus (O.) Correspondence Denver Post] Gardner, who was executed here this morning, was in the history of criminology associated with the development in the use of hypnosis, and his death a new means of taking from murderers the death chair. The execution was borne by the negro from Florida—in a remarkable manner. In the death chamber with a smile, and took the firm a manner as though he were about to sit down.

About two weeks ago, under the influence of the chaplain, Gardner was induced to make a confession that time he was a heinous example of the last man, and told the gory details of his crime, the assaulting and subsequent murder of a little old girl.

Since then he has been practically under the care of the chaplain. Before the electric current was applied, he was asked if he had anything to say. He said nothing.

He had every appearance of being in a hypnotic state.

Automobile.

THE houses of a Maine town, Brookville, Me., the blocks of Walker's pond, pulled up a sled, half miles to the head of Eggemoggin Pond, into Penobscot Bay, and the whole without using any power except gravity. The large town of Brookville is built. Walker's pond lies in the town, nothing but a horseback road leading it from salt water. Bagdad, at the end of the pond, going east, sweeping to the west and then turning into Penobscot Bay, between islands having gone more than thirty miles from its source. Walker's pond company gets its ice, is about a mile longer than the waters of the bay. The houses are on a wharf facing the ice, being by an endless-chain elevator raised a right hill down to the ice. Gravity is used to move the heavy blocks, put in motion by loading them on the sleds, till the wheels turn with the sleds moving on, bringing up the sleds to the tops of the houses in the town, lower than the pond, and the sleds are fully loaded with ice. The pond side has power enough to pull the sleds without stopping, and the energy is left over.

one with a malicious tumor through the base of the hill which cuts the bottom of the pond, would force a large hole through the pond, which in three miles length would be wiped from the map. The historically-famous Bagdad pond and the dividing line between the interior and Sedgwick Penobscot, outside, would also cease to exist. As long as Walker's pond yields its usual and alewives, in addition to the year round, and so long as there tons of smelt and thousands of fish are not to be tried.—*Boston Daily Globe*

Automobile.

now armored trains for employment where there are no rails are permanent placed upon the established consists of a locomotive or traction car, all of which are painted the same, olive, khaki. The locomotive is a sturdy powerful construction, armament, the vital parts being especially arranged of prisms and lenses after the manner of the cameras now inside the cab of the engine men, or in any way exposing them with high, sloping steel sides, dotted at intervals to enable the men to shoot them. They are also provided to permit of guns and wagons. The steel sides of the cars are so arranged that when necessary they may be used on the platform of the truck, for ordinary transport purposes.

in a Peculiar Way.

peculiar accident, resulting in the killing of a woman, is reported from Okla. Mrs. Sherman, a prosperous farmer, was standing a child on a bed in the same room, a boy playing, and in a switch lying on the floor, a revolver. The child fell off the bed, gripping the iron bedpost, glanced and lay in the groin, inflicting a dangerous wound. The child screamed. Mrs. Sherman had been shot and picked him up, saying she was hurt until her son was hit. The boy died from the blood coming from her wound.

* * *

Enlisted Man Worth \$50,000.

PRIVATE GARRETT, U.S.A., is in the United States army, but he is distinguished by getting out of the service in cash, with more in sight, and not ordinary process of casting lots. Private Garrett is stationed at Fort Monroe. Two years ago two of his boys went to try their fortune in the Klondike, however, but Garrett had a thousand dollars before he enlisted. He sent his friends. Through this they got their outfits and pay their passage. He heard nothing from his inv-

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

green or yellow makes a pretty picture; you have a green and tan rug, which suggests a green and white striped rug and stripes of plain green. You can't be to be turquoise blue and gold. You find that a dressing-table is much more comfortable among the other white furniture to which one sits on a low stool and artistic looking, with the top of my bed with white dotted lace, the side walls cream and blue, the floor a dark brown, using the colors of the sea.

Icehouse. At the houses of a Maine ice company at West Brooksville, Me., the blocks of ice are taken from Walker's pond, pulled up a steep hill and carried by hand to the head of Eggemoggin Branch, a branch of Penobscot Bay, and the whole work is performed without using any power except gravitation.

The large town of Brooksville just escaped being an ocean port, Walker's pond lies in the southwest corner of it.

Walker's pond lies in the southwest corner of the town, nothing but a horseback a half a mile wide across, flows salt water. Bagaduce River flows from the head of the pond, going east, then north, and then west again to the west and southwest, when it joins the Penobscot Bay, between Castine and Brooksville.

It is more than thirty miles to end within the limits of its source. Walker's pond, from which

the river gets its ice, is about three hundred feet

in the waters of the bay just over the hill.

There is a wharf facing the ocean. The company has a cable-chain elevator running from the pond up the hill down to the icehouses, and when the

ice is hauled to the heavy belt to transport the

ice in motion by loading its ocean end with

the wheel turns with the added weight, when

it comes on, bringing up its load of ice.

The houses are some two hundred and

more than the pond, and the ocean side of the

pond is as long as the pond side, as soon as the end

is fully loaded with ice on both sides the

power enough to pull all the ice out

without stopping, and thousands of tons of

ice is left over.

The force is controlled by two men who stand

on the hill and apply powerful brakes until the

ice is secured, after which the machinery runs

on with a malicious turn of mind should

the base of the hill with an artesian drill

the bottom of the pond, the water pressure

will force a large hole through the gravel, and

the water will be wiped from the map of Maine.

The internationally-famous Bagaduce River, the outlet

of the pond, and the dividing line between Brooksville,

Penobscot and Sedgwick, Penobscot and Castine, on

which the latter would also cease to exist.

Walker's pond yields excellent perch,

and alewives, in addition to ice that can be

had round the year, and so long as the Bagaduce

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The force is controlled by two men who stand

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[November 25, 1900.]

Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

FICTION.

An American Romance.

THE dramatis personae of this romance are Alice Roussillon, the beautiful, piquant, adopted daughter of Gaspard Roussillon, the warm-hearted Frenchman of bombastic speech, who is ready for brave deeds in time of action; Beverly, the American soldier—man of good birth and brave spirit—who proves himself worthy the love of the heroine, Alice; Father Beret, the true servant of God, who exhibits soldierly courage in time of need; Hamilton, the cruel British officer; Long Hair, the Indian, whose one redeeming quality is gratitude. The novel is founded on historical legend. The scene is laid in Vincennes, Ind., in the time when the country was under French control, and Indians terrorized the land. It was the period of the revolution. The narrative introduces pioneers from the East, settlers from Canada, and Indians from the forest. There old France is striving to keep up its ancient traditions, and in the midst of the new element furnishes an incongruous social condition. The impulsive, patriotic maiden, her many adventures, the brave and loyal service rendered her by Father Beret, are pictures of the book. The climax is reached when she runs up the old flag over Fort Vincennes. The atmosphere is romantic and bizarre. From such material the author could not fail to write an entertaining novel. Mr. Thompson passes his winter vacations in the old French town of Bay St. Louis, on the Gulf Coast of Southern Mississippi. There he might meet Father Beret and Gaspard Roussillon every six days out of the seven. The bright American Alice, with the winning French manner, is the typical maid of the Gulf Coast, from New Orleans to Mobile. Such home life as that of the Roussillons is frequent in places like Biloxi, on the Gulf Coast—which is one of Mr. Thompson's favorite haunts. The place was settled by the French when, in the words of Theodore Irving, "the knight-errantry of the Old World was carried into the depths of the American wilderness." Iberville, who was styled "the Cid of New France," in 1699—it is generally asserted—came from France with French colonies to Biloxi. When Iberville came he named the bay on Lake Borgne, Bay St. Louis, after Louis IX. The traditions along the coast are carefully preserved. The humblest classes know the story of the gallant warriors of the Grand Monarque, who trod the sands in the olden time. The dames of Versailles and Chantilly danced there beneath the flowering magnolias. Their memories smiled in its dust and blossomed in its groves. Mr. Thompson has contributed many descriptions of his winter home to current journals. Many of these sketches might be cited as superior in imaginative spirit and poetic fervor to this romance. Read, as illustrative, his sketch of Galvez, in the author's "Story of Louisiana." Mr. Thompson, in his preface, declares in a letter to Dr. Valcour (who permitted him to copy a letter of Gaspard Roussillon of 1788) that the story in his mind is "associated with a breezy headland of the Louisiana Gulf Coast, the rustling of palmetto leaves, the fine flash of roses, the soft lilt of the creole patois, and the endless dash and roar of a fragrant sea over which the gulls and pelicans never ceased their flight." Mr. Thompson is doing his country good service in awakening interest in colonial history. The legendary romance of this story is one which will not fail of lasting charm. The conquest of the Wabash Valley, the picture of the little log church of Father Beret, the Roussillon cherry tree, the fort with its lop-sided portholes are now, through the pen of Mr. Thompson, reset in their old environment. The book is illustrated by F. C. Yohn.

[Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Company. Price, \$1.50.]

Social Ambition.

May Gaston promised to be Alexander Quisanté's wife, in order to be the critic on his hearth. She felt that she had the power to awaken the best side of his character, and create in him the inspiration for great moments. She had the silent conviction that "most girls are bred in cages, most girls expect to escape therefrom by marriage, most girls only find they have walked into another cage." She had no special objection to cages, but she wanted enough room for exploring, for the finding of the new in life, and something of potency in her hand. She believed that no such word as impossibility should be associated with the personality of Quisanté. She told him that she did not love him, but hesitatingly added "yes" to her confession. Meanwhile the world, which had many other affairs to attend to—having passed an unfavorable judgment on the engagement as the prelude of a tragic drama—abandoned the subject. In the political career of Quisanté, Lady May proved his inspiration. He could never quite win her love, so he tried to make her wonder at him. It was half this ambition which led to his death. His fine, resonant voice filled the building, exhaling his vitality. He opened the battle almost with a trumpet call. Then Quisanté looked to see the smile on his wife's lips. "He will not live," whispered the dean.

The dialogues of the novel illustrate the skill of the author, and his hand is sure. One original character also is that of Miss Quisanté, the aunt of the hero. She never loves him, nor, in fact, does anyone else. Quisanté was a daily illustration of the fact that the most obvious part of him was not the general aspect of his life and character.

With this material, Anthony Hope has woven a novel which, although it has no special hold on the heart, throws new light on the altars of social ambition. In sifting the evidence on human nature, the graphically-written book has its right before the court.

[Quisanté. A Novel. By Anthony Hope. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Co. Price, \$1.50.]

The Shadow of Heredity.

This story appeared in England under the title of "The

Puppet Show." The hero, John Thisselton, after his father's death, learned from his attorney, that his deceased mother was insane before his birth, and that in her fits of frenzy she had tried to take his life. When he was 9 years old she died, and his father soon married a wealthy French Jewish woman. The next important event in the romance is Thisselton's summons to the deathbed of his stepmother. There he met and was attracted to his half-brother, Armand, of whom he is made guardian by the will of the second wife.

Thisselton, dreading the probable doom of madness, turns his face from dreams of love, but he is fated to meet Mirabelle. This event brought him in social relation with an interesting lady, who said of the two years of wedlock which had left her widowed, "Disillusion is a schoolmaster who pushes his pupils." There comes a swift occasion when Thisselton may prove his heroism to Mirabelle, who is already infatuated with his character and personality. In the great fire he rescues women and children from helpless and perilous situations. He comes near his death. Then the real hero of the story, Dr. Norton, who has, since Mirabelle was a child, loved her with a strong, faithful devotion, comes to the rescue. He proves the highest type of love, which is reconciliation. He convinces the unhappy Thisselton that he has entertained false alarms concerning his inherited tendency to madness, and explains the physical enigma; he saves his life by his medical skill, and gives Mirabelle the high courage to turn from an unhappy past and accept her new-found happiness. The romance throughout wins the reader's interest.

[John Thisselton. By Marion Bowes. Henry Holt & Co., New York.]

A Story of Manila.

In this production, which is one of moving incidents, one is not permitted to reach Manila until the eleventh

loses his fortune. He takes Catherine to the city where her existence is miserable. Finally he disappears. This is the man whose attendance at the conservatory so long ago is still one of his own remembrances. Although Catherine does not know old friend, her life has become unbearable. Leaming, who does not care for her, and, after a legal separation, and returns to her native land. When she next appears as a woman, she has won courage and secures success. Dr. Norton, superintendent of an insane asylum, the singer of the long ago. Catherine recognizes him at last, and there is a new comradeship of love which results in useful life work. The picture shows exhibits along unrecorded lines in some of the temptations of a loveless man. For this reason the book has value and reading.

[Eugene Norton. A Tale from the Sage Brush. By Anne Shannon Morse. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Price, \$1.25.]

JUVENILE FICTION.

An American Maid.

Louise knew how to manage a boat. She was powder hidden away in the old cave by the father used for blasting rock. Not a man, not a gun of defense could be spared. Follow the lone stream, with Indians in the cover of the American maid of the long ago. When many secured many perils are in her way. At darkness passes her by, and in the three-mile stretch the pull is hard. Fortunately quicksands in the way of her pursuer. There is a lover ready to defend her. The claim to American remembrance. It holds sketches of life in pioneer days.

[Tales from the West. By A. H. Gibson. Publishing Co., Cincinnati.]

A Vacation Visit.

Mercy and Delight and "Heartsease" are woods. Suddenly a gypsy came out on the road, notwithstanding their awe and creeping around the girl. Mercy her fortune. Mercy has been expelled by the false representations of a class mate. "whole thing" said Heartsease, Delight's brother, himself threw a stone at the old gypsy. Two covert who had been lying on the ground came for the moment there was a striking tableau, various perils the children reach a happy issue of their adventures. The innocence of Mercy goes with mingling of fun and pathos, the bright and told. It is one of the books of the late Mrs. Thompson published now two years after her death.

[Chums. By Maria Louise Pool, author of Mauda. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Co. Price \$1.00.]

A Singer of Mignon.

Two sisters and a father and their friends are in this story. Kathie has philosophically accepted the ugly duckling, and the girl without but in emergency has the practical sense which way. There came a day when the father was in a purse was low, and the physician had ordered the dear life must be supported. The little girl who knew "Mignon" and won the hat half off and the sovereign from the young man, we though she had not asked the critics at home, man and the sovereign she hated, but he became friend of her father and helped to restore the which belonged to him. The motto of this book is to "try to make sunshine in shady places" is one of popular domestic type.

[A Girl Without Ambition. By Isabel Stoddard. Cassell & Co.]

The Fairyland of the Sea.

Helena dreamed of sailing in a Nautilus boat construction which Jules Verne has made famous. The rock builders in the coral caves, the tears into pearls, and watched the pearl diver under-world. She met Mother-o'-Pearl whose shell with rainbow hues. She heard the call of the shell, and listened to the sea music which was curiously hidden away in the spindle shell. He was by sparkling Noctiluca. The book is a luminous to the juvenile study of conchology.

[Helena's Wonderworld. By Francis Hodges. C. Page & Co., Boston. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Co. 50 cents.]

How He Reached the Philippines.

Archie, the runaway boy, after many dimmed finally came to a newspaper office. The editor quick to detect cleverness and versatility, to place the lad. He called up the reporters and the next day Archie's live personality, and in search of work had made him, through the press, a citizen of the world at large. Further editor did not permit organized philanthropy to humiliate him. He gave him work and encouragement as was better for him than a classical. Finally Archie was sent as a young reporter to pines, and what he saw and heard, and the information, furnish material for a readable book.

[The Adventures of a Boy Reporter. By Robert Morrison. J. C. Page, Boston. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Co. Price \$1.25.]

The Hop, Skip and Jumpers.

All the wood animals assembled to see the boy farther than the kangaroo. It was a good worthy the quill of the hedgehog. The last animal to come to intelligence, consisting in the meetings of the 1900 guides when they

November 25, 1900.]

The little elephant, who was afraid of the monkeys and rabbits, green-eyed cat, and the famous jump. The wind and the echo for their names all appear in this clever nonsense book. [The Jumping Kangaroo. By John Phillips & Co.]

OTHER JUVENILE BOOKS.

These rhymes, the author says, are a series of a gross. Whoever reads them will never forget his heart. They may be:

"Mary had a little cat."

"Whose fur was black as ink?"

"It loved to gaze upon a flower."

"And think and think and think."

His book is gayly illustrated in color. [Mother Goose and Her Wild Beast Book. By L. J. Bridgman. H. M. Estes & Co., Boston.]

and Enchantment.

There never was such a wood for a forest as starred with glimmering, iridescent, or fairies in purple robes. In the presence of May flowers and the lovely rosy creatures would be seen to be a robin party on the American maid of the long ago. When many secured many perils are in her way. At darkness passes her by, and in the three-mile stretch the pull is hard. Fortunately quicksands in the way of her pursuer. There is a lover ready to defend her. The claim to American remembrance. It holds sketches of life in pioneer days.

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MAURICE THOMPSON.
Author of "Alice of Old Vincennes."

[November 25, 1900.]

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

DINNER AND DANCING FROCKS.

SOME BEWITCHING EVENING DRESSES MADE FOR THANKSGIVING GAYETIES.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19, 1900.—Chenille and gold and fur and pastel tones, with lace of countless varieties, liberty chiffons and silk crépes of every hue, are the most interesting ingredients and condiments of the evening gowns intended for the new season of gayeties. Every dressmaker is fairly up to her eyes in work for the Thanksgiving holiday festivities, and is willing to admit that there prevails the most delightful latitude in the cut and trimming of the dancing and dinner dresses. The empire and directory styles have formed, with the undersleeves of 1860 and the skirt pattern of 1900, an offensive and defensive alliance against any upstart innovations of the moment, which results in a flexible fashion equally becoming to all types of women.

So popular in fact has the undersleeve become that a goodly half of all the evening toilets for slightly passées women now under construction will not have the arms of their wearers bare even to the elbow, and if a dressmaker cannot rise to the demand and construct something both novel and graceful in the way of an undersleeve her patron will very probably find what she needs at the shop where such sleeves are sold ready and daintily made. The undersleeve for an evening dress, even if the gown itself is made of the heaviest velvet or brocade, must be wrought of the very lightest fabrics. Lace, of course, is the preference, and a close-fitting lace sleeve to the elbow begins to flare, like the cup of a calla lily, below this point, and permits a gush of finely-pleated chiffon to extend from the wide petals of lace to the close-held band of bullion embroidery that clasps the wrist. Flowers in pale or glowing tints are lavishly used this winter in the trimming of both skirts and bodices of dancing toilets.

Under all the lace sleeves for evening gowns this winter, no matter how close or open the mesh of the web may be, a single thickness of chiffon or silk muslin of a pastel-flesh tint is laid on as a lining. This is done in order to lend to arm or neck a glow of the warmest pink, which, for some occult reason, is esteemed a great beauty just now.

Straight through the season the lace or net-veiled gown will dominate every festive occasion under artificial light. Gowns of panne, of rich Lyons velvet, of snuffe-surfaced

silk, of brocade and peau de soie and peau de cygne there are, but the veiled silk outnumbers the others ten to one, and the lace and net and silk muslin robe, shaped to drop upon a silk lining, is still the envy and desire of the majority of women.

In black, white, and all the paler shades, robes are sold, flounced to the knees with narrow, ribbon-edged frills of tulle, while above this the body of the skirt is composed of bands of delicately-embroidered silk muslin, divided at regular intervals with lines of lace insertion. No skilled needlewoman could excel these in the delicacy of their construction or the smartness of their lines, and yet among the ready-made robes in boxes these are not the season's specialties.

A black lace overdress, decked with silver spangles, which ran over the mesh in a design that included large flowers, made of black broad tail, fetched the highest price in the dinner-dress department of an important shop the other day. It was the first of its type imported from France, where on white silk and satin they are embossing fur with velvet with an almost unbelievable effect of splendor.

Another unique mode is that of bordering the foot of a delicate chiffon skirt with a 3-inch band of chinchilla. A rosy, lilac dinner gown showed this strange and beautiful treatment with fur and silver sequins, and another, a white crépe-de-chine dress, was worthy of the wardrobe of the Empress of Russia, with its foot band of white fox fur and small revers turning back from a vest of gold-embroidered satin.

It is to be deplored that the evening wraps, on which great effort, taste and money is lavished, must waste their splendors on the desert air of the cloakroom. Right gorgeous are some of the long capes of cream, dull gold, pearl gray, rose and green cloth, with their linings of white fur, their hoods of lace and their jeweled clasps. Cloth has the preference over silk, satin and velvet in the composition of these garments, and on some of them the boldest patterns of gold leaves, bees and flowers are worked. Inside those that are built for our American princesses white fox and royal Russian ermine is the lining, and one that was made for a wealthy Chicago woman was lined throughout with the finest black lynx skins, while the lofty collar was formed entirely of black ostrich plumes. This, used in the construction of a white lady's cloth cloak, over which flights of gold bees winged their way, produced a startling but none the less agreeable effect.

White hare and white cat skins are the excellent lin-

ings used in less expensive evening wraps, and the glint of gold is gained by an application of soutache on the outer side. Thick ivory-white is the goods to use in the body of the evening. The most comfortable of them are made after the 1860 mantle, with broad, flowing sleeves that suggest, but do not pretend to follow down the front of every evening wrap, while the most splendid garment or a simple thing of manufacture, runs a cascade of lace frills over the fronts of the long mantle are held, not buttoned, so that the broad frills will fall to right and left in a torrent of dainty beauty.

MARY

HELPFUL HINTS.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS OF VALUE IN THE REALM OF LIFE AND WORK.

An Infant Industry for Women.

The house-to-house hairdresser is an occupation in the larger cities. She visits each patron and treats the hair as it may need, washing it once a week, singeing the ends another, brushing it, rubbing or applying tonic the fourth, usually are not high. Such women, if well recommended by one person to another, can be kept as busy as they wish. Not a few have little while that they can raise their prices, have all to which they can attend. Fashion is learning that systematic care improves the hair and renders especial treatment unnecessary. A hairdresser is better equipped, of course, than an adept at arranging the locks for fancy functions; then such engagements add much to her income. Work is not hard, returns are immediate, as payment is paid for when given, and almost no necessary for stock.

An Anti-Microbe Dangler.

For a long time it has seemed a bit odd that individual communion cup scarcely sooths the goer's fear of microbes, the glasses of ice used about the theater seem to arouse no alarm, though lips surely touch each rim. Some one has realized the danger, then the unpleasantness of such a moment. The result is a well-made, heavy cup just large enough to hold two or three sips, and sure to make a hit as something costly.

Glass of Home Make.

Every lamp shades are made of picture paper gummed together. The lead may be bound in the groove, and with a tool or wire. Then the pieces of glass can be obtained to match the elastic. A lamp shade is to be made larger or smaller. Such things may be made for holiday use with books are paper protectors slipped on; save the time to begin to collect paper and packing devices, so as to begin the dreadful bother that paper equipments will be saved and have improved wonderfully for delivery. Dainty boxes. Tissue paper is employed and surrounds many articles. Wrapping and tying are usual, and cord is used. Goods from the tortoise-shell, jewelry, lace, are put up as daintily as can be done in excisor or tissue paper, and breakage seems impossible. So one with which books are packed.

in Sets Now.

These garters are needed to hold stockings in place. They are so much worn and that a notion for Christmas. Get them in color than would seem wretched. Cut the length—rather short—a ring of gold or silver, or with a hole to match the elastic. A ring through the rings, and is tied to make larger or smaller. Such things may be made for holiday use with books are paper protectors slipped on; save the time to begin to collect paper and packing devices, so as to begin the dreadful bother that paper equipments will be saved and have improved wonderfully for delivery. Dainty boxes. Tissue paper is employed and surrounds many articles. Wrapping and tying are usual, and cord is used. Goods from the tortoise-shell, jewelry, lace, are put up as daintily as can be done in excisor or tissue paper, and breakage seems impossible. So one with which books are packed.

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[November 25, 1890.]

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naive evening wraps, and the perfume by an application of perfume side. Thick ivory-white lace in the body of the evening coat, of them are made after the style with broad, flowing sleeves and do not pretend to define the figure or even a simple thing of home-made lace frills over chiffon and silk are held, not buttoned, so that they will fall to right and left.

MARY M.

LPPFUL HINTS.

QUESTIONS OF VALUE IN WAYS OF LIFE AND WORK.

for Women.

A hairdresser is an established fact in every town. She visits each patron once a week, and it may need, washing the hair, the combing another, brushing a third, applying tonic the fourth. The cost of these services many articles just under the paper. Such women, if satisfied, pass from one to another, and are much more expensive. Not a few have found that they can raise their price and still be attended. Fashionable domestic care improves the hair, and special treatment unnecessary. At some time, they will come handy then. Just note the boxes with which books are packed, often with tin cans add much to her income. Returns are immediate, as each garment given, and almost no expense.

Sewing Hints.

For stockings, garters are needed to hold up the undersleeves as much worn and that often are adjustable. A garter for Christmas. Get narrow elastic, more elastic than would seem wise for the stocking. Cut the length rather short. Finish each end with a ring of gold or silver, or with a mere brass one, to arouse no alarm, though it is thin. Some one has realized, however, that a garter may be made for holiday presenting, and are well-made, heavy cut-glass ones, held two or three sizes, and so on.

Gloves of Home Make.

Very long shades are made of pieces of stained glass put together. The lead may be bought already pinched to groove, and with a tool or so is easily manipulated. Then the pieces of glass can be purchased, too. It is lacking for the home-made lamp shade is the glass, and that ought to be obtainable, as well as the squares for squares to hang in screen fashion in front of the lamp or to adjust to the window. The scheme is at present giving time.

Gloves Need Not Spoil It.

A photograph not at all a success in full size is often cut down. Often the head and face of a snap shot are all right, yet some fault in pose or background at first to ruin the effect. Such a picture, with a mat that hides all of it except the antisocial, often becomes a success. The covering is better till library paper is remembered. This paper, gummed on one side. It is intended for bookbinding, and can be bought colored. A bright red is pretty. Cut a model mat in newspaper. The space, size and shape of opening are just right for the library paper according to the model. On the gum side, and attach it to the picture. The picture that is worth showing now appears in whatever color of the library paper is chosen, only part of the picture is forever hidden. Gold leaf makes pretty mat frames.

Women Substitutes.

An advertisement appeared in a daily paper. "Lady, 5 feet 5 inches, bust 36, waist 22, will build to any size and measure larger, to serve as model for dresses. Investigation shows that such a model will be the hour by women too busy or too lazy to fit their own dresses. The model measures to the height of her client, and no larger. She puts herself into a corset duplicating the client's wear, even to the lacing. The figure is as she may be necessary to bring it to the line of the client. If need be a jersey corset cover is worn, and then built up till lines of neck and shoulders correspond to the proportions of the client. The model understands in herself any peculiarity in the pose of her client. If none such be marked, and the figure is not great between the two women, she can be fitted to her client's dresses and coats, which appear on its owner as if all had been to herself. Pay is fair for this substitute, and where a model builds especially well to a customer, the pay is likely to be largely fair. Three or four clients, if of the women

who are constantly buying clothes, are enough to keep a substitute busy. Some fitting models of average height and proportions are employed by dressmaking establishments under regular salary.

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TWO NEW GAMES.

PORTRAIT WHIST AND BOOMERANG FLIPPING ARE JOLLY GAMES FOR THANKSGIVING.

By a Special Contributor.

There are two new games that are going to be immensely popular for jolly Thanksgiving gatherings; the one is portrait whist, the other boomerang flipping. Of these the former is a true breeder of mirth and light-hearted gaiety. Men enjoy it, women are successful at it, and, therefore, it has become popular. In fact, so original is portrait whist that it stands as a memorial to the genius from whose consciousness it was evolved. Happily, the requisites for playing it are simple, and not at all expensive. Those who wish to arrange such a game have but to hunt among the family relics for cast-aside photographs, choosing always those of the carte-de-visite size. The more old-fashioned and ludicrous the pictures can be found to appear to modern eyes, the better will be the fun.

When fifty-two of them have been secured, or a similar number to form packs of cards for each table, they should be assorted into four sets of thirteen each. The pictures of men correspond to spades, those of women to clubs; children to diamonds and babies to hearts. The game is then played in a way similar to whist, the regularity in the following of suits being adhered to strictly. The card representing the plainest individual takes the trick. Here, indeed, is the telling part of the game, for who can say with certainty that their card bears the ugliest image? About the ladies the same question arises. The cry becomes, which is the plainest? In the long ago these pictures show that there were many buxom lassies with, however, a not-properly-finished-off expression, and they may be played as rivals to limp, syph-like ones with cork-screw curls. Even the children and babies must vie with each other in ugliness. Disputes and exchanges of opinion, accompanied by bursts of laughter, invariably follow the claiming of the tricks; for, as beauty has been said to be in the eyes of the beholder, so it is even with ugliness. Therefore, to keep the game in progress, an umpire is appointed for each table, one who in all disputed instances decides to whom the trick must be given. The position is not exactly a sinecure, and many umpires, charming though they may be, have found it necessary to call out for mercy when exercising the courage of their convictions in rendering these decisions.

Boomerangs are now flipped for amusement in the drawing-room, quite as naturally as marshmallows were at one time toasted before the fire. For parlor practice, however, the sport has its limitations, and skill is expended in getting the boomerang's curve and recurve in rings. For a little sport good models of the Australian weapon can be imitated in stiff cardboard, and all sorts of different achievements accomplished through the diversity of their shapes. Crescents and almost circular ones can be thrown so as to curve and recurve in rings and return finally to their owner's fee. Long, slender ones, broadened at one end, will, of course, take longer distances, but they do not return. Triangles pass through the air very swiftly, and usually take a sure aim. In throwing them they are held between the thumb and two first fingers, and let fly in the same way as is customary in native sport. The cardboard should be firm and thick, but always kept thin on the edges, as are those made of wood, or they will not slip through the air well.

At a party arranged for this amusement it is customary for each guest to cut out his own weapon that he may get an individual shape. The hostess simply provides good shears and a vast amount of cardboard. It is necessary to have an objective point to throw at, and for this purpose there is usually suspended from the ceiling on a light cord a bird made of cotton batting. When the boomerang has been successful in its aim can always be told by the swaying of the bird. Such a function most often devolves into a contest of skill, and the one that hits the bird the oftenest is rewarded with a prize, while to all there is opened a field for personal investigation and a good bit of sport.

GOOD THINGS FOR THANKSGIVING.

AN APPETIZING GUISE FOR THE TRADITIONAL TURKEY, NOVELTY IN PUMPKIN PIES, ETC.

By a Special Contributor.

Turkey, which everywhere plays center rush in the Thanksgiving-table foot ball, is a good enough bird, as he makes himself. He may, however, be bettered in several fashions. One is by larding—especially if he is young and to a degree overgrown. Trim every trace of rust from four ounces of fat bacon, then cut it into larding strips two inches long. Roll each strip in black pepper, then draw it through salad oil just well colored with mustard. Lard the breast moderately, and the thighs and drumsticks both inside and out. Cut two ounces more of bacon into very small dice, pepper them and mix them with the bread crumbs for stuffing. Barely moisten the crumbs with hot water. Stuff and tie the body. Peel a large tart apple, core it, stick a few cloves in it, then slip it under the skin of the crop. Truss the bird firmly and put in the oven.

For gravy boil the giblets tender in barely enough unsalted water to cover them. When done take up, mash fine, and strain the liquor over them. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Brown a tablespoonful of flour, mix it smooth in half a pint of warm claret, then add the mixture to the giblets, and stir hard for two or three minutes in a bowl set over boiling water. In serving put a dab of apple on each portion of stuffing.

If one has an open fire, along with infinite pains and patience, then the Thanksgiving bird may be truly glori-

fied. He should not be over big, but plump and tender. Draw, singe and wash well, stuff with dry bread crumbs, lightly dashed with powdered sage and liberally dotted with butter, and truss very firmly. Now thrust a stout wooden skewer clean through, just above the thighs and below the wings. Loop a cord over the projecting skewer ends, and hang the bird where the fire will strike it full. Put a drip-pan underneath, with an ounce of butter and a gill of claret in it. Baste the turkey from the pan every ten minutes. Twirl the string at each basting so as to keep the bird revolving. If it is over ten pounds in weight you may need more claret before it is done. It will require three to four hours cooking. The neck should hang lowest, and in basting it is well to let some of the liquor run inside. Half an hour before serving pour a half pint of boiling water into the drip-pan to furnish gravy.

Here is a pumpkin pie unlike those mother used to make. Begin by peeling and slicing two pounds of ripe, fleshy pumpkin, covering it with its own weight of sugar, and setting it in the sun all day, or else in a warm place for six hours. Drain off the syrup, and mix it with its own bulk of the strongest possible ginger tea. Boil and skim well, then add the strained juice of two lemons. Boil up again, skim, cook five minutes longer, then drop in the pumpkin slices and let them cook slowly until clear. This takes about three hours, and produces a most delicious pumpkin citron. For the pies, beat six eggs very light, with three cups sugar, one pint rich, sweet milk, one pint stewed pumpkin, well strained, and one heaping cup of butter. Mix well, flavor with lemon or vanilla, and pour into pans lined with rich puff paste. Fill them half an inch deep, then drop a slice of your pumpkin-citron all over the top. Press them down into the batter, and bake. The pies may be covered with meringue, but regular frosting accords better with their taste.

If a sucking pig, or any sort of roast pig, is to make part of the Thanksgiving feast, there should be fried pumpkin to accompany it. Stew sweet, ripe pumpkin very dry, let it get cold, then drop it by heaping spoonfuls in a skillet full of fat from the roast. Sprinkle it well, with salt and pepper, and stir vigorously over the fire until the pumpkin takes up all the fat. Serve very hot.

Since all stomachs will not tolerate plum pudding, here is a worthy substitute, banana pudding. Beat the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two very light, then add two coffee cups of sugar, one of creamed butter, one of stale sponge cake crumbled, and one of rich sweet milk. Add the juice of a lemon and two teaspoonsfuls of lemon extract. Line a deep baking dish with good paste, pour in the pudding, then slice into it five large, ripe bananas. Bake in a quick oven, cover with meringue, and serve with either wine sauce or Russian sauce, which is made thus: Cream well half a cup of butter, add a cup of sugar, the juice and grated yellow peel of a lemon, and a small cup of very strong tea, boiling hot. Set over boiling water, and stir hard for five minutes, then put in two tablespoonsfuls of rum and stir two minutes longer. The pudding is rich enough for many palates without sauce of any sort.

CHINESE BURY LEOPERS ALIVE.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press:] The Chinese have a curiously-cheerful way of disposing of their lepers. The relatives of the afflicted person propose to him that they bury him alive, and such is the fatalism of the Chinese that the victim readily consents. An extra elaborate meal is served to him, in the way of a farewell banquet, and then the funeral forms. The man who is about to be immured under the sod follows his own coffin, and when he reaches the grave he takes a dose of laudanum, hops in the box, and settles down for eternity.

Dr. Wittenberg, writing on the subject of leprosy in China, states that the pure nerve form is the least common. In such cases, as is well known, the patient may go on for years. As to the mixed form, it is fairly common, but it is a difficult matter to estimate the number of lepers in any given district. The sufferers lead the common life so long as they remain free from destructive lesions. When these occur to any marked degree the leper is either segregated to a hut or he is allowed to wander about the country sustaining life by begging. Dr. Wittenberg records cases of direct contagion from mother-to-law to daughter-in-law.

NIGHT.

Softly o'er the landscape stealing,
Like a shadow from above,
Comes the night with softened footsteps,
Stills the earth with silent love.

And a hush is o'er all nature,
As it sinks in slumber still;
And a solemn, death-like silence
Settles down on vale and hill.

In the distance comes the bleating
Of the sheep within the fold,
And the whir and call of night-mates
Of the roosting owl has told.

From the clear, blue sky above us
The stars shine cold and bright;
And the moon looks o'er the tree-tops,
Sheds a flood of mellow light.

Breezes sigh among the blossoms
Of the orchard trees near by;
Through the eaves of the old barn
Comes a half-unconscious sigh.

What is day without her bridegroom,
Hushing her to sleep at last?
What is life without Death's sumber
When the golden day is past.

NELLIE BRITTON.

Burbank, Cal.

HOUSE DANCING DRESS.

ancing dress is an exquisite
clothing. The fabric is of
pale rose and corn color,
child, set on with heavy
lace trimmings, and there is a
silk.

glances through the windows, 100 feet and 10 fathoms of Concourse, will reveal an ocean of human figures. The windows will be set with

were scalded about the legs, and a male passenger re-

SENATOR DAVIS RESTLES

November 25, 1900.]

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

EL COYOTE.

SOMETHING ABOUT AN INTERESTING ANIMAL WELL KNOWN IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By a Special Contributor.

I WAS very much amused the other day when a friend of mine who recently arrived from "the States" asked me what was the Spanish name for Coyote. Imagine calling this echo of the prairies by anything but a Spanish name—we could not call him a wolf for that brings up miles of snow-clad plains ending in deep black forest, where the long, lank, gray monsters of the Russian steppes hold high carnival when the toastmaster is Death. Not such a marauder is our little swift-footed friend of the chaparral and greasewood. Though he belongs to the same family of the carnivora as do the large timber wolves of the North and East, he lacks both the strength and courage to do battle with any animal of his own size unless cornered, when, indeed, he presents as ugly a row of back teeth as any ordinary dog would wish to see.

Strange to say that in all warm countries the representatives of certain branches of the animal kingdom, which are normally powerful and bloodthirsty inhabitants of a colder climate become cowardly starvelings, and of course—for there is no rule in nature which does not work both ways—the opposite is true, that animals from warm countries degenerate as they go to the northward. For instance, the carnivorous animals are divided into two main groups, the dog-like animals (*Caninae*) and the cat-like animals (*Felinae*). Our domestic dog and cat respectively, represent the two classes, while in the wild state, the dog animals are wolves, wolverines, hyenas, jackals, and wild dogs. The cat tribe embraces nearly all the other animals of prey, such as lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars, mountain lions, and the different varieties of wild cats. Now the jackals in Africa and the wild dogs in Asia, are of about the same character as our coyote. That is, they are robbers, rather than fighters, but you have all doubtless read of the famous white wolves of the Thibetan Plateau and Indo-China, which became so powerful as to even pull down the wild oxen of the mountains. This habit of hunting in bands is common to all the dog family, while with the cats never more than one pair are found together. There is a wild dog in the island-continent of Australia, called the Dingo, which is giving scientists some trouble to account for its origin. Some have asserted that it was brought there by a prehistoric race who lived in what is now called the quaternary age, and was the companion of these stranger barbarians, even as our dogs are to us now.

Our coyote is noted for his cunning, and is far more deserving of credit on this score than is the much-lauded fox. In fact, examination has proven that the brain of the fox is much smaller than that of either the jackal or the coyote. There is but one species of coyote inhabiting the United States almost from the Mississippi to the Pacific. He usually travels in bands, as by that means he manages to keep up his courage and lessen his fear of "the deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay." The two or three young are usually housed in some cave or hole in the rocks, while occasionally, as is the case with the jack rabbit, only a "form" is made in the grass, yet this is done so artfully that unless the hunter be learned in the wisdom of mother coyote, he will like the Good Samaritan, "pass by on the other side" all ignorant of the family whose bright eyes are so eagerly watching him through the tall grass or weed tops.

It is an old saying, that one coyote can make so much noise as to be taken for six, but when the whole half dozen or more, who go to make up their marauding band, get together and set up their chorus of howls on some nearby hilltop, then the house dog knows no rest. But when it becomes necessary, the coyote can be the most quiet and noiseless in his approach of any animal, not excepting the cat. He is essentially a dog of the desert, where, in the

"Leagues of cacti and sand and stars

And the Milky Way with its serpentine bars"

his untiring lope and thirstless constitution permit him to lose the dogs who have the temerity to follow him.

In former years coyote chasing with hounds and on horseback was a favorite sport in some parts of the southwest, but it seems to have died out of late years. Much damage has been done in one or two of the north central counties by putting a price on the heads of the coyotes—for the sake of the few chickens they stole. Many were killed and the result was such a plague of jack rabbits that no available means has as yet been found to do away with them. Experiment has time and again proven that nature is her best equalizer and that the old lady herself can keep the books of the animate universe far better than any man or association of men, that has as yet been invented.

Next time you are out in the hills or "down at the ranch," suppose you watch some of Mr. Coyotes' tactics of the night before as expressed by his almost imperceptible tracks in the morning. You will find that when he came down yonder ridge from his nest back in the canyon, he did not follow the old cattle trail along the top, but kept well off to the side opposite the house so that the dog would not notice him. Here and there he has left his course and dug little holes among the leaves on the sidehill, here he got a mouse, there from the feathers round about, he may have had a quail, but as the great horned owl is found in nearly all our smaller canyons, it may be on whom the blame should be laid. Here our four-footed vagabond had a hearty laugh over the trap the farmer's son had set in the cattle path. We even imagine him wishing he had a pair of hands so that he might spring the trap with impunity. Every few yards he has come to the top of the ridge and looked over, just to see how the land lay,

but you may be sure he did not stay long enough to give anyone more than a glimpse of his gray snout and erect ears. Notice how he circled round the out-buildings but when his faithful nose told him that the dogs were no common curs but thoroughbred fox hounds, he disappeared as quickly as he came. He is indeed wise, for while two coyotes will lure a hound on to their native wilds and then kill him even in broad daylight, still, one coyote will run like the wind from the same dog.

HARRY H. DUNN.

A GREEDY YOUNGSTER.

HOW POOR LITTLE MRS. CHIPPY CAME TO FEED A CROSS YOUNG COWBIRD.

[Helen Hopkins in Boston Globe:] Every day during the summer we sprinkle crumbs on our lawn for the birds, robins, sparrows, chippies and the beautiful red-winged blackbirds. They learned to look upon us as their friends, and many of them grew quite tame.

The blackbirds came quite close to the window and chirped an imperative call when they were hungry, and continued calling until their demands were satisfied. One old fellow who has come back year after year to nest in the swamp near by answered whenever I whistled to him, and called his mate to pick up the crumbs when he was not too hungry himself.

A dear little song sparrow came day after day as we sat on the piazza in the afternoon, perched himself on a nearby post of the railing and trilled his sweet song directly to us. Who shall say he was not trying to express his gratitude for all the choice tidbits we provided for him!

The birds were generally very pleasant and polite to each other when they came to our little feast. There was plenty of food for all, so there was no need to squabble. But one day in June, as I sat reading on the piazza, I heard a great scolding and faultfinding on the lawn. I looked down and saw two strange birds among the others.

One was a thin, little chippy bird, and the other, who was making all the noise in a harsh, disagreeable voice, was a larger bird—about the size of a large sparrow. His feathers, muddy-gray in color, were puffed out angrily, and his wings flapped as if he were wounded. The little chippy was picking up crumbs as fast as she could and feeding them to this great lazy bully, who no sooner swallowed a crumb than he began to scold her and squawk for more.

If she stopped working for an instant or tried to eat a morsel herself, he would peck at her unmercifully. I went down the steps to get a closer view, but both birds flew away at my approach, the larger bird leading and showing that he was quite strong enough to take care of himself. Like all bullies, he was a coward.

The next day they came back, and I saw them go through the same performance again. I could not understand why that poor little chippy should allow herself to be imposed upon. So I went to the Wise Man Bird and told him all about them.

"The ugly bird was a young cow blackbird," said he. "The cowbird, like the English cuckoo, lays her eggs in another's bird's nest—generally that of a chippy or some bird smaller than herself. The chippy mother broods over this egg with her own without noticing the difference. When the cowbird hatches he is generally larger and crowds them out of the nest. Often the cowbird's egg hatches before the others, and he pushes the eggs from the nest before the baby chippies are out."

The mother chippy loves him as her own child, and nearly wears herself out feeding him. He is so greedy that he grows fast, and is soon stronger than the little mother, but he makes her find him food long after he learns to fly.

Next time I saw the cowbird I wanted to throw a stone at him and drive him away, but I feared to frighten the other birdies away from their supper.

NOAH'S ARK IN MANY FORMS.

ITS SALE IS WORLDWIDE AND IT COMES MOSTLY FROM SAXONY.

[New York Sun:] Noah's ark, that universal toy of childhood, is made mostly in Saxony, Germany, and all its inmates are made by hand, in the homes of people who work in the fields in summer and who, whole families together, old and young, devote their time in winter to the production of these toys. Both arks and animals, are not, however, produced under the same roof. Some families make nothing but the arks while others make only animals. Arks and animals are subsequently assembled in the establishment of some toy manufacturer who supplies the people with many if not all of the materials used in making the toys, who buys the finished products and who sorts and packs them and makes them ready for market.

It may be that a family for successive generations has been engaged in making ark animals from models handed down from father to son. The whole family takes part in the work, father, mother and all the children. Every one does something, what he can; and so a single family brings to bear a considerable amount of labor. It is really a little domestic factory, employing, all told, say half a dozen industrious pairs of hands; and they turn out a great number of finished animals.

The wood from which the animals are to be made is first cut into a block of such dimensions that animals of the kind and size required can be cut from cross sections of it. Such a block might be, for instance, six inches long, and a quarter wide and an inch high. Suppose there were to be made from this block cows. The solid block is dug out and gouged out lengthwise and uniformly from end to

end, in such a manner that looking now at the block it is seen there the outlines of a cow; a slice of the thickness cut from the block will be a cow in the next slice would be just the same; and so on. The block there would be sliced off cows until it is gone. The same method would be followed in making goats, pigs, and so on.

Then these little animals in the rough get two with a knife to fashion them further into the shape of the animal they are made to resemble. They are painted and perhaps varnished, and sent on to the establishment of the manufacturer, who gets the animals cash on delivery.

Noah's arks thus made are produced with cheapness; there are, in fact, not many things in the world which, considering the labor involved, are so cheaply as this toy of world-wide use. They are bought at wholesale in Germany an ark, six inches in length and containing ten or a dozen animals for less than 1-1/2 cents. But even the most expensive ark must convey to one unfamiliar with Noah's Ark only a faint notion of how cheap that is. There are arks with animals complete in form, alike and rather nondescript in form bearing names, and for a good ark, with good and different and all well finished.

The boat and house of this outfit are built in at least three colors. The house has a door with one side hinged so that the roof can be taken off to take the animals out and put them back. They are all painted in their natural colors, many in two colors, as, for example, if an animal is brown, then every one is varnished. In many of these arks the animals are very good. They are small and by no means carefully finished, but differ.

The expense of bringing such arks across the ocean, putting them on the market here, including shipping and duties and cartage, amounts to about one-half the original cost. Such arks cost the importer in the neighborhood of 30 cents a dozen, but the retailers to sell them at 5 cents. It would be hard to find many things much cheaper than this.

But while this ark as an example is the most for its cheapness and other qualities, there are many other kinds of Noah's arks including a variety than one might imagine. There are larger sizes and considerably more expensive, more and larger and more elaborately-carved animals. There are arks that are mounted on boards, pointed at the ends for boats, but also boats, and so on. Noah's arks are imported in variety; but, perhaps, the only people that ever buy arks in the greatest variety in which they are brought together are the toy buyers of the world. They bring their samples at a fair held in each year in March.

MR. GROUND HOG'S TRICK.

WHY MR. HYENA ALWAYS HOLDS HIM DOWN WHEN HE LAUGHS.

[R. W. D. in Washington Star:] "While we be laughin' den cryin', chil'ren," gravely said Aunt Matilda, as the little ones trooped into the room to know: When Mr. Hyena was born, his head up, an', chil'ren, friz. Didn't raise it 'cept to laugh. But yo' de shiver. De consequently Mr. Hyena de raise his head an' folks an' everything else he is obliged to go 'boid wid what dat company is tain't hard. "Course, chil'ren," remarked the old woman to her little audience, "I ain't a laugh, an' snicker, an' giggles under de same consequential as sayin', as I done said befo', of right out, honest like, an' nicker sur giggle."

A KIPLING AND BARRIE.

[St. James's Gazette:] Mr. Barrie's wireless station in a hurry to catch a train from the bookstall laden with sixpenny ones among them, in, in rushing around a corner,撞倒了Rudyard Kipling, equally in a hurry to catch a train,撞倒了 each other with scowling recognition, and asked each other what was going on, exclaiming, "Lucky beggar!" said the bundle from Barrie, flung him off. "But you did not sleep to do this, did you?" queried one of the boys. "Didn't I, though?" retorted the boy, "but he hadn't hung me up."

HOW THE LEAVES CAN.

I tell you how the leaves can. The great tree to his children. "You're getting sleepy, Yell."

Yes, very sleepy, little Re-

"Ah!" begged each silly, poor. "Let us a little longer stay. Dear Father Tree, behold our."

"Tis such a very pleasant

We do not want to go away."

So, just for one more merry day.

To the great tree the leaves

Frolicked and danced and had

Upon the autumn breezes

Whispering, all their sports

"Perhaps the great tree will."

And let us stay until the

If we all beg and coax and flattery.

But the great tree did not move.

He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children all, to bed!"

And, ere the leaves could un-

He shook his head, and far away.

Fluttering and rustling every

Down sped the leaflets through

I saw them; on the ground

Golden and red, a huddled

Waiting till one from far away.

White bedclothes heaped upon

Should come to wrap them

The great bare tree looked down.

"Good night, dear little leaf."

And from below each sleepy

Replied "Good night," and

"It is so nice to go to bed."

Irving H. H. got a

Hamlet and got a girl

red to the

WHERE

She—"D-

amateur o-

He—"Y-

his next Christians

and got a girl

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tions in style.

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Girls.

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good ark, with good animals finished.

of this outfit are truly unique. The house has a gabled roof so that the roof can be opened and put them back. The animals are natural colors, many of them painted, if an animal is spotted, painted. In many of these little animals are very good. They are small, carefully finished, but decidedly lifelike.

as an example is thus remarkable other qualities, there are of Noah's arks, including a night imagine. There are considerably more expensive, considerably elaborately-carved and finished. arks that are mounted not in front of his little audience, "I isn't sayin' dat chil'ren what I don't pursues to say," she replied, "as Mr. Winkle ain't never 'tacitated it to me. But dis I know: When Mr. Hyena wake up he find he can't stand up, an' chil'ren, frum dat day to dis he make it 'cept to laugh. But dat laugh is enuff to shiver. De consequential of it is dat now Mr. Hyena do raise his head up an' laugh, it drive all folks an' everything else 'way frum him, so he is obliged to go 'bout wid only himself fo' company, but dat company is tain't hard to 'magine."

the toy buyers of the world, where the toy manufacturers are held in each year in the fifth

UND HOG'S TRICK,**ALWAYS HOLDS HIS LAUGH WHEN HE LAUGHS.**

[Boston Star:] "While it's true, chil'ren," gravely remarked one tramped into the kitchen, "dat out, honest like. Don't you want folks to like ye?" said one of Mr. Barrie's hearers, his in die here wurl, purrily. " Didn't I, though?" returned Barrie, and added, "But he hadn't flung me half enough."

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.
Tell you how the leaves came down,
To the great tree to his children said;
"I'm getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
You, very sleepy, little Red."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay;
Our Father Tree, behold our grief;
We such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away."

So, just for one more merry day
To the great tree the leaflets clung,
Planted and danced and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering, all their sports among.

"Twice the great tree will forget,
Let us stay until the spring,
We will beg and coax and bribe;"
But the great tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children all, to bed!" he cried—
And, ere the leaves could urge their praye,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Battering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled,
"Good night, dear little leaves," he said,
And from below each sleepy child
Replied "Good night," and murmured
"It is so nice to go to bed."

—D. S. Brown.

telegraph man. De message was jes like dis:

"Black Swamp—Send me right off full-size picture of what?" ask Mr. Woodpecker, as he read the message. "Mr. Snake know what," say Mr. Ground Hog. "Dat Mr. Woodpecker take de message an' bring it off on de trunk of de old tree. 'Bout a dozen of 'em was anudder big dead tree, whar we consider Mr. Woodpecker, who done took de message, or dat he tap, tap, tapped it on furder, an' bring it off Mr. Snake git it. Mr. Snake he telurized it right back: 'All right. Under de ole stump back in de mornin'. Mr. Snake mean by dat fo' ground Hog to look under de ole stump de nex' mornin', or de next mornin', befo' de sun was up, dere should Mr. Ground Hog find under the old stump?"

Winkie Winkle Winkle ain't tolle me yit, chil'ren,"

said Mr. Winkle Winkle, "but he say dat Mr. Ground Hog done find

telegraph fo', an', stickin' it in his pocket,

"Aunt Matilda?" interrupted the chil-

ren, "the old woman replied, in a manner

of doubt, "of yo' is gwine to hiterrup'.

to have to git somebody else to finish dis here

Winkle Winkle say dat Mr. Ground Hog put

it in his pocket, an' dat's enuff fo' me, an'

its stuff fo' yo' all. So, as I says, Mr. Ground

Hog in his pocket an' start off home. When he git

his brekfas, an' den off he go to see if he kin

Hyena. He see ole Miss Owl sittin' up in a tree,

an' him dat Mr. Hyena fas' sleep behind de big

tree de road. Wid dat, off Mr. Ground Hog

go, an' soon he come to de big

sure enuff he find Mr. Hyena fas' sleep. Mr.

Hyena creep up on de big rock, take what Mr.

Hyena sent him, an' sprinkle it over Mr. Hyena.

and go home, fas' as his legs done take him."

Matilda paused again, as if to invite an in-

quiring the children: "What happened to Mr.

Mr. Ground Hog conjure him?"

"I don't pursues to say," she replied, "as Mr.

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west.

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

holdings at Piru City. The oil drilling and three rigs have been well developed very rapidly within a short time, to have either for business or residence, with fine stock of merchandise.

be active development work in progress which are scattered throughout Southern California during the rainfall is a normal one. In most cases Gold Mountain, the

Rock Hanna, accompanied by his wife, returned from Gold Mountain where he had adjusted some matters with the Indians, looking after government rations, and having ranged satisfactorily, but still in the account they bring back from Gold Mountain, where a high camp is located, and which bids fair to grow into a camp in the county, and possibly a town.

Twenty-five men employed in the camp, in operation twenty-four hours a day, working but one shift, and all the ore is taken out that night and day. J. R. Hayes, president, placed in charge by Dr. De Mar, who recently took the position.

amps in the mill, with a capacity of ore in twenty-four hours, and no tons of ore worked every day. The grade of the ore is not given, but it is reported to be running from 5 to 10 per cent. But, as far as the treatment mill is running, it is probably all of the story, for Dr. De Mar, November, and with the company already exploited, there is the opportunity to increase to 100 stamps, and the number of men employed will depend on the importance of the company.

people in the camp away up mountains of feet above this valley, a post office, private school, and the lights in the mill, office, and residence, and are preparing themselves with a permanent camp.

superintendent, is a Utah mining man. He has been engaged in the De Mar interests since he was dispatched to California. Hayes were royally entertained by the features which they speak of him up of Superintendent Hayes, J. Trenaman, book-keeper and cashier. The quartette sings campaign songs, and is one of the institution's chief attractions. They are entertained at the home of Mr. Hayes, and they have much to say of his wife, Mrs. Sparta.

new of a stronger argument for a new San Bernardino, "said Mr. Hayes, "than the fact that we are now, as it is, taking the train there, and it is over five years' experience. Not a single case

of disease seen anything of them, and they have had no special treatment. No hypodermic of any sort

all these years' experience in sanitariums and hospitals, we are free to admit that this is a revelation

that had not occurred under our own eye we would have been thoroughly impressed with it. These people are

going every day. All the time new ones are coming in, and old ones are discharged. The whole routine of

which constitutes the treatment of such cases, has been accustomed to see for so many years, to be entirely superfluous, if not harmful.

has been sufficient time to do more for these patients than ten weeks in the modern

sanatoriums than ten weeks in the modern

sanatoriums. We would get lots of that, and up the question of the free hospital is built."

the Riverside Enterprise, for the California Health Commission, a sanatorium to be built in San Bernardino.

consumptives is to be built in San Bernardino. It will have a capacity of forty bedrooms, of which twenty are for men. The dining-room will be large, and the parlor is intended to be the largest in the city.

The sanatorium will have a large hall, besides a physician's room. The sanatorium will have a large hall, besides a physician's room. The sanatorium will have a large hall, besides a physician's room. The sanatorium will have a large hall, besides a physician's room.

will be surrounded by cottages, others five. These cottages will have electric lights, bathrooms and good

from the sanatorium a small building for people who wish to do so.

erected a machinery building with sufficient capacity to supply power to all other buildings and the grounds by steam.

furnished with water from a spring from one of the principal streams. The cost will commence in a few weeks, and will be needed to complete the building.

the cost will range from \$100,000 to \$150,000. The Riverside contractors will be much nearer than Los Angeles, and

not necessarily take nourishment, but it will sip drops of water, molasses and beer on occasion, and has even been known to be made drunk with wine. The females are believed to be normally plant feeders, less than one in a million ever getting the opportunity to taste the blood of a warm-blooded animal. Mosquitoes do not fly far, and are not liable to be carried by strong winds, but railway trains are important means of transporting unlimited quantities of them for unlimited distances, and thus carrying the insects into many regions where they were previously unknown. It has been thought that mosquito larvae can live for a considerable time in mud or dried-up pools, but there is reason to believe that when the mud dries up entirely, the larvae are necessarily killed. In the whole world there are about two hundred and fifty species of mosquitoes, but only thirty varieties have been found in the United States, and these represent five different genera. The genus *Anopheles*, which has earned such a villainous reputation for spreading malaria, elephantiasis, and now yellow fever, inhabits mostly, according to Dr. Howard, "fairly permanent stagnant pools of water uninhabited by fish, but more or less covered with green scum." Dr. Howard gives, among the measures for destroying the larvae of the mosquito, the use of kerosene on the water, the proper drainage of the land, the practical use of fish and the agitation of the infected water. Unsuccessful experiments with laricides, such as permanganate of potash and several proprietary mixtures, are recorded.

Baking a Man to Health.

OME French physicians have reported marked success with a local application of hot dry air at temperatures varying from 300 deg. to 400 deg. Fahr. In applying hot air at such high temperatures the great difficulty is to avoid actually cooking the flesh of the patient. This difficulty is now overcome by letting the patient lie on a sheet of fibrous magnesia, on which he can take even 400 deg. of heat without being made very uncomfortable. Baking ovens for the purpose of enabling patients to soak in these high temperatures, have been invented. The ovens consist of a series of metal cylinders, three forms of ovens being used—for the entire body, for the arm or lower limbs, and for the local application of heat. There are three funnels at the top, which act as flues for a series of Bunsen burners underneath the apparatus. These funnels, besides serving the function of flues, carry off the products of combustion while the body is being baked. Before a patient is baked, the temperature, pulse, and respiration are examined, and a thorough physical test is made. Should the condition of the heart or lungs not justify high degrees of heat, a low temperature is ordered. The patient is wrapped in dry cloths before being placed in the oven; the machine is then closed. The feet are inclosed in heavy canvas, which is connected with the machine by airtight fastenings. The shoulders are also encased in canvas, and rest in a species of vestibule, which allows free play to the heated air. After a while the patient becomes thirsty, and sips of water are given from time to time. It is said that with 300 deg. the patient experiences a dreamy sensation, and from this point up to 400 deg., the baking process is really quite pleasant. After the baking the patient feels weak. He is then rubbed and made to rest until completely restored to normal condition. On going out into the air a feeling of exhilaration is experienced, and the patient feels better fitted for mental and physical exertion than he was before the baking. The principal forms of disease in which hot dry air is used are: Gout, rheumatism, inflammation, lithiasis, obesity, edema, and all forms of pain—congestive, neuralgia, and even psychic.

Too Much Clothing.

MANY colds are caused by wearing too much clothing. As a rule, city people, especially those engaged in sedentary pursuits, wear more clothing than is necessary or desirable. Charles E. Page, writing in *Physical Culture*, says:

"The moral of all this is, that we should use, not abuse, clothing. All clothing, beyond what is actually required for protection against undue cold, is abusive; even the lightest of single conventional suits is that, in warm rooms, at any season of the year. That is, it is a tax on the vitality; but we have to be draped, and that much is settled. To wear more than the law, comfort, and fashion (in exterior adornment) demands is not only self-abusive, but it is stupidly absurd. The success of the Austrian sanatorium, to which allusion has been made, is chiefly due to the practice of going naked throughout the day. The female patients go to 'the hill of women,' diabolo and exercise, and lie about resting; the males go to 'the hill of men' and dispel in the same fashion. Sufferers from pulmonary disorders speedily begin to recover health, and all classes of patients rapidly improve, under this natural treatment.

"Hittell, in his 'History of California,' calls attention to the effect of 'civilization' upon the Indians. When the Spanish padres, after converting the natives to Christianity, compelled them to wear clothing, they began to die off with pulmonary disorders. The aborigines of Tasmania, a hardy and prolific race, managed to withstand most of the evils of civilization; they got on very well in spite of rum, tobacco, and all manner of outrages, including massacres even, and continued to thrive and multiply; but when, finally, the encroachments of civilization compelled the wearing of clothes, they began to decline, and, as with the natives of California, chiefly with pulmonary diseases. The last of the Tasmanians was buried in 1858. English clothing accomplished, finally, what English brutality in every other form failed to secure—the annihilation of a race."

"I always catch cold when I put on my winter flannels," said a consultant. "I have not had a cold since I left off my flannels, ten years ago," writes another. Still another: "I believe you are right in this matter. My husband never wore flannels until the last winter of his life. God help me, I persuaded him to adopt their use. He had never been subject to colds; but as I now recall the experiences of that winter, he was constantly troubled with that disorder, and he died of pneumonia in the spring." "My wife actually died," said a recent convert, "when I left off my underwear for good; but already she observes my

improvement in health and is fully reconciled to the innovation." But, after all, rational dress alone will not solve all riddles; ailing folks require expert advice on all points."

The Religion of Rest.

NOWHERE in the world is it more necessary to insist upon a proper amount of rest than in the United States, where most people run to extremes in work and pleasure. On this subject a writer in *Health Culture* says:

"Rest does not mean inactivity of the entire organism. It means change. Let the student weary of thought turn aside for a time to some purely manual work, preferably some useful work. Let him dig in the garden, or build a stone wall, chop wood or do some carpentry, thus finding employment at once recuperative, useful and educational. Let the artisan, muscle weary, take up a good book (novels are often the best of books for this purpose, entertaining, broadening, inspiring. Don't be afraid of a good novel.)

"To those who feel the need of rest, but who have, through ignorant application of the powers of self-control, so deranged the nervous mechanism that rest has become with them a lost art—to those who have forgotten how to rest—a few brief hints may be timely and helpful.

"One of the most constant symptoms of this state is undue and purposeless muscular activity—a condition which I have named hyperkinesis. This consists either in muscular rigidity or nervous movements of hands, feet, limbs, etc. For hyperkinesis special treatment is generally necessary. This consists of medical gymnastics, regular hygienic measures and curative suggestion.

"Another system usually accompanying hyperkinesis is insomnia. Insomnia is the impalpable nemesis of the rampant worker. For this annoying and often dangerous symptom the treatment must be adapted to the individual needs of the patient."

Suggestions for the cure of insomnia have been published in this department from time to time.

Who Owns a Prescription?

A INTERESTING discussion has been started by the New York Times with regard to the ownership of prescriptions furnished by doctors. Somebody, it seems, wrote to the paper complaining that he paid a doctor for a prescription which he asked for after it had been filled by a druggist. The latter refused to deliver it, on the ground that the patient had no ownership to it. The sick man had presented a document calling for certain drugs which had been mixed for him. He had paid for the medicine, and there the transaction ended. The Chicago Times-Herald says:

"The prescription the druggist held to have been written for him by the doctor, the patient being a mere incident in the proceeding. This the patient thought unfair, and said so in print. Now the doctors and druggists are writing about it, and while there is a difference of opinion among them as to whether the man who invents a prescription or the one who fills it becomes its perpetual owner, they are unanimous in the declaration that the person who pays the doctor for furnishing it and then goes further and puts money into the hands of the druggist, who compounds the nostrums it calls for, has no right or title to it whatever. He is merely a messenger, in the opinions of both doctors and druggists, who carries the prescription from one place to another, and, having performed that duty, all that remains for him is to take his medicine.

"It is not difficult to understand why a druggist should want to retain possession of prescriptions. When he hands a prescription out with the medicine it calls for, the patient may go elsewhere to have it refilled, in case that becomes necessary. As for the doctor, they probably figure that it is always a bad thing to have a prescription filled a second time, anyway. The medicine that cures today may poison tomorrow, you know. One should always pay his fee for the little piece of paper with the big R at the upper left-hand corner, as so to be sure.

something to do with the fact that they are not written in plain English. A man with a prescription that he could read would be a dangerous person. He might sit down on the curbstone or in a stairway between the doctor's office and the drug store and make a copy of the document. Then there would be no telling what might follow. If he had a pain under his left shoulder blade and the medicine called for by the prescription he had copied cured it, he would, in about nine cases out of ten, be mean-spirited enough to try the same thing the next time he had a similar pain.

"Nay, more! He might even lend the prescription to his friends if they happened to have pains under their left shoulder blades. This is a matter of far-reaching importance. There is no telling where it might end. No wonder the doctors use Latin and write it so badly that a man who can read Horace and Virgil in the original is unable to make out any more than 'Sig.' and isn't even sure of that, when he sits down to decipher a prescription for medicine.

"The doctors scoff at faith-curing, but exact the most implicit faith from their patients. The patient who obtains a prescription for that run-down feeling, or a loss of appetite, ordinarily hasn't the faintest idea whether he is being dosed with quinine, styraxine, paris green, or wagon grease. All he does is take it and trust to luck. There is considerable faith cure—when it cures—about that, after all."

ANCIENT CASTLE, CURIOUS CLOCK.

[Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle:] Rushen Castle, Castle-down, Isle of Man, is the ancient seat of the kings and lords of Man. The castle is a veritable curiosity, both historically and otherwise. The first mention of it dates to the year 1257. It was taken after six months' siege in the year 1315 by Robert the Bruce. The castle is built of limestone, and is not a ruin. Until a few years ago it was used as a prison. The town clock seen in the castle wall was presented by Queen Elizabeth in the year 1597. It has only one hand on the dial; this is the hour hand. The minutes are judged by the position of the hand between the hours. The works of this clock are also a curiosity. The weight at the end of the pendulum is a large stone, and it is driven by a rope called round a cylinder of wood, with another stone at the end of the rope. The clock is still going after its 300 years' service, and is still the town clock.

[November 25, 1900.]

HER HOLY HORROR.

FRAU FLED FROM OBERAMMERGAU WHEN HER HOST PROVED TO BE ISCARROT.

[Correspondence St. Louis Post-Dispatch:] Any one who believes that the Passion Play at Oberammergau is taken lightly by the audiences may disabuse his mind of the error by reading the following tragic experience of one reverend pilgrim who went there last year.

To this pious soul, who happened to be the wife of a distinguished German scholar, all the actors in the sacred play shared temporarily the identity of the roles they played. It was impossible for her to dissociate the holy characters of the biblical story and the good people who impersonated them. All her reverence for the blessed Virgin, all her horror of Pilate, were transferred to the actors of these roles.

So when the agent at the Board of Lodging Bureau offered to the good frau a room at Burgomaster Lang's he met with an indignant refusal.

For the burgomaster played Caiaphas, and that debarred him as a host.

But the agent had not understood the good lady's objection.

"Then we will put you at Diemar's, madame," he ventured.

"Diemar's!" almost screamed the gentlewoman. "But Herr Diemer plays Herod!"

"Quite true," admitted the distracted man, "but you see, madame, there are no quarters with Christ nor with any of the disciples. However," he added, "I think I can get you in at one of the disciples," and he handed her an address.

In a devout tremor the woman hastened to install herself a member of the humble household, and, after trying without success to catch a glimpse of her host, she proceeded to pass an almost ecstatic night under his semi-holy roof.

The following day, on running her eyes over the programme, she discovered that her host was none other than—Judas! She had slept under the roof of the Iscariot. Furious at having been victimized, she left Oberammergau that very day.

CURIOUS TYPE OF CRANK.

THEY CONFESS TO CRIMES NEVER COMMITTED AND PUZZLE POLICE.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat:] "The most curious type of crank in the world, in my humble opinion," said an old police officer, "is the fellow who makes a false confession. The outside public has no idea how frequently that sort of thing occurs. Whenever we have a murder mystery the authorities are absolutely certain to hear from one or more people who assert positively that they have committed the crime, and whose stories are generally self-evident fabrications. As a rule the confession crank writes a letter, and now and then the communications are so plausible and circumstantial that the police would be thrown completely off the track were it not for the fact that they are always on their guard for just that kind of false lead. It is very strange, and there seems to be absolutely no motive beyond an insane passion for meddling. Occasionally the crank will present himself in person and insist upon being locked up, but his few words will usually betray him, and, unless he is violent, he is quietly escorted to the door. A very singular incident of that kind took place seven or eight years ago in connection with a mysterious murder in the 'Tenderloin' district.

"One evening a young man who belonged to an excellent family of this city called at headquarters and astonished everybody by declaring he had committed the crime. A little questioning showed that his story could not possibly be true, and finally he admitted that he was lying. My curiosity was highly excited, and, taking him to one side, I tried to draw from him the reason that had prompted such an extraordinary and dangerous piece of folly. He told me, with hysterical tears, that he had brooded about the case and found a strange and pleasurable excitement in 'making believe' that he was the man who had done the deed. That grew upon him until, I suppose, it became next door to an hallucination. At any rate he could give no other explanation. Of course, such a man should have been placed under restraint as a dangerous monomaniac, but the police have no facilities for handling cases of this kind, and the family were averse to sending him to an asylum. Some few false confessions are made for the deliberate purpose of misleading the authorities, and, again, they are sometimes made by prisoners solely to secure a transfer to another city. It is a brand of crankiness that might well interest a specialist."

TRAGEDIES OF THE STAGE.

[New York Sun:] In the Grenelle Theater in Paris the other day an actor came near killing his talented professional friend with a stage dagger whose spring got out of order. The victim yelled so naturally and the blood flowed so freely that the audience was delighted and never realized the realism until the curtain dropped. The accident prompted a Parisian scribe to hunt up the record of things somewhat similar upon the stage. According to his story Mme. Benoit at Prague, in a suicide scene, stabbed herself seriously.

William Morris killed his associate, Temple Crozier, in the Novelties Theater of London.

In the play of "The Indian Emperor," the English actor, Farquhar, playing the part of Guyomar, dangerously wounded another player who, unfortunately, had to take the part of a Spanish general, after which Farquhar wisely bade farewell to the stage.

Macready in "Macbeth" at one time came so near scoring a victory at Dunsinane that poor Macduff had to be taken to the hospital, where he remained for six weeks.

Garrick in "Othello" half choked more than a dozen Desdemona.

In the banquet scene of "Macbeth" Charles Kemble flung

away his wine cup with such violence that it smashed a chandelier, and the pieces of broken glass flew almost into the face of Mrs. Siddons who was playing Lady Macbeth, but she never moved a muscle.

Sara Bernhardt, playing the "Dame aux Camélias," with Darmont in the role of Armand Duval, turned many heads temporarily during the play and provoked some astounding and ridiculous interruptions.

But it will be hard to beat the record of the old-time "Passion Play" performed a few hundred years ago before King John II of Sweden. A fatal blunder on the part of the actor in the role of Longus the Centurion caused the death of two artists. Enraged, the King bounded upon the stage sword in hand, and with a first-class right-hand swing that made the blade whistle decapitated poor Longus. The audience rose in a fury and literally tore His Majesty to pieces.

This last story needs confirmation, but it holds good with the gallery, in the light of the historic fact that a French Ambassador to Spain, Gauthier de Bironaut, witnessing a representation of the battle of Pavia, in which a Spaniard got largely the better of a Frenchman, killed the unfortunate actor who played the Spaniard. All of which goes to show that there is only one step between the stage struck and stage stuck.

HOMES OF MUSKRATS.

[Baltimore Sun:] The nights are growing cold and long, and the muskrats have begun to build their winter houses and put on their winter coats. Among the waving flags thousands of cone-shaped houses are in course of construction.

The family habitation is made of dry, coarse flags and grasses, small pieces of water-soaked wood and small stones, all cemented together by a peculiar mortar which only the muskrat knows how to prepare by chewing clay and mud into a fine preparation. The old negro hunter declares that the cementing is done with evenness and precision by the industrious little worker by means of its paws. Two or three "holes" or "leads" allow the rats to pass out or enter below the ice. The houses are rough on the outside and are built from three to five feet high. Old hunters and close observers of the habits of the muskrat say that the little marsh-dweller know in advance how high the spring tides will rise. As verification of this claim it is observed that all beds in a given marsh are of the same height.

The houses below the waterline are bare mud inside, with a floor of sticks and grasses a few feet above the water. Upon this scaffold-like floor the rats are said to lie with their heads toward the "lead," ready at a moment's notice to dash out and appear at the surface 200 yards away in deep water. The law passed by the last Legislature gives added protection to those, the most popular fur producers on the eastern shore of Maryland and Delaware, which are caught by the hundred thousand each winter. The little animals are in many cases caught in steel traps secured by strong chains. As soon as the rat is trapped it plunges into the water, weighed down by the trap, and is drowned. A muskrat authority gives the interesting bit of information that, while a muskrat is compelled to breathe under water, it can travel for miles under the ice by a scientific air-producing process, which enables it to remain under the ice covering for hours. In order to do this it must stop as often as once in twenty minutes and eject its breath into the water. This air rises to the surface, forming a big, pale bubble. After it has been exposed to the water for a few minutes the bubble becomes oxygenated, when the rat inhales the globule and resumes its journey.

GEORGE SAND AND THE INTERVIEWER.

[Youth's Companion:] When George Sand, the famous French novelist, was living at Nohant, near the close of her life, she was fairly caught on her own grounds by a determined British journalist, of her own sex, who opened a formidable notebook and demanded:

"At what hour do you work, madame?"

"I never work," replied George Sand, gayly.

"Ho! But your books? When do you make them?" "They make themselves, morning, evening and night." This was baffling, but the British lady, although deficient in grace, did not lack grit, and said, "What is your own favorite, may I ask, among your novels?"

"Olympia," returned George Sand, with a beaming smile.

"Olympia? I do not know that one."

"Perhaps—I have not yet written it!" and the victimized author beat a hasty retreat, much amused as she looked back and saw that her nose was being duly jotted down in the formidable notebook.



GEORGE SAND.

Late of St. Louis, where he has practiced for the past twenty-eight years, is now in Los Angeles. Dr. Pitzer successfully treats patients from all kinds of acute, chronic, nervous diseases, by SUGGESTION alone, and with

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GEORGE C. PITZER, M.D.,

935 West Washington Street, Los Angeles.

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Wild Geese in China. By G. M.....
... By Isabel Bates Winslow....
The Old and the New. By V. G.....
Adam, Eve and Eden. By J. De.....
Good Short Stories. (Compiled)....
The Case of No. 10. By James B.....
Sights of the Firing Line—Animals.....
Cannon Metal. By Garrett P. S.....

City Star:] There is a woman holding a steady ticket. She is Miss Carrie Carroll, and she is the Republican candidate for the peace in Blue township. She holds a steady ticket by the Central Committee of William F. Ramsey.

Ramsey was nominated at the meeting of the Central Committee at Forest Park, but notified the committee that he would not run for the race. In casting about for a place, Miss Carroll was suggested by the committee to stand for the office at Independence. Miss Carroll is from Jackson county, born in Independence, and is the law department of the state in 1896.

It was suggested that Miss Carroll hold the ticket, a question was raised whether a woman could hold the office. The committee could remember no office in Jackson county, and the members doubt her eligibility.

It is a great variety of offices, and such a position as this is not fit for a man to be held before he is elected.

In Missouri the rule has been to elect, although several years ago Miss Carroll was United States District Attorney. Then United States District Attorney advised the St. Clair County Clerk of St. Clair to nominate Miss Carroll. She was eligible, and when her opponent was the Supreme Court, it was decided that she was eligible. Mr. Neal cited the case, and on his advice Miss Carroll was elected.

WILHELMINA'S WOOGIE.

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND MEETS HER FIANCE.

CURSE OF DRUNKENNESS.

White Ribbon Remedy.

Can be Given in Glass of Water Without Patient's Knowledge.

White Ribbon Remedy will cure or remove all alcoholism, whatever the patient may be. It is a "tippie"—a special drink or drinkable. Impossible for anyone to have an accident after using White Ribbon Remedy.

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THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

IN ONE OF THE MANY COUNTIES
OF MISSOURI.**GEO. C. FITZER, M.D.**

[Philadelphia Record:] There is a woman on the Republican ticket. She is Miss Casey May Carroll of Kansas, and she is the Republican candidate for Congress from the 1st district. She was placed on the ballot by the Central Committee to take the place of Senator F. Ramsey. She was nominated at the convention held at Kansas City, but notified the committee that he could not accept. In casting about for a candidate to replace her, Miss Carroll was suggested. She is a practicing physician, born in Independence, and was graduated from the law department of the Missouri State University.

Suggestion, as achievement of any masters in science, is a rare thing. That it is a success is an absolute victory, but a method of cure among the higher classes of America and Europe. About the great success.

16-page Booklet, No. 8. "How to Cure Diseases and Habits we cannot cure, and how we cure people by suggestion." At a distance, with some people should read this book.

GEO. C. FITZER, M.D., Washington Street, Los Angeles.

WILHELMINA'S WOOING.

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND MET AND WON
HER FIANCÉ.

[London Daily Mail:] Some interesting particulars of Queen Wilhelmina's courtship and betrothal are supplied by our correspondent. Although the Queen of the Netherlands is the acquaintance of the Grand Ducal family at Berlin, it appears, see her bewitched until she got to Berlin. She had heard a good deal about her sister-in-law, the Princess John, née Saxe-Weimar, daughter of the late Princess Pauline of the Netherlands, Duchess of Saxe-Weimar. The moment the two Queens saw each other they were smitten, and so strongly that the Queen of the Netherlands, whether the patient is a doctor or drunkard, anyone to have an appetite for him.

Wilhelmina, however, was not disinclined to fall in with the Prince. He obtained a furlough to come to see his Queen, and accompanied the two Queens in their carriage. She was supremely happy in his company, and was very happy when it was time for the party to end. As she was leaving, she said to the Prince: "I am happy now! I never spent such a happy time in my life, and I owe so much to you." Correspondence followed, and one fine morning the Prime Minister was summoned by the Queen to Loo. She lost no time in informing the Council that she was engaged, and to whom. She explained that the Council would give its consent to the betrothal.

The Prince of Mecklenburg, to the oldest house in Germany, its intermarriage was high, it played no part in European politics. Prince Henry could play no part in German politics, but had been highly honorable, and he was beloved in his family circle. "When you see him," added the Queen, "I am sure, be of opinion that I could make a better choice, whether for myself or my people."

THE CORDON BLEU.

PARIS FOUNDS A CULINARY LEAGUE FOR
TEACHING SCIENTIFIC COOKERY.

[Philadelphia Record:] Not satisfied merely with her reputation for good cooking, Paris is founding a culinary league, by means of which she hopes to disseminate the science of the saucepan.

Already she has a famous society of the Cordon Bleu, or Blue Ribbon of the Kitchen, a teaching university, conducted by past masters of the art. It is managed by a committee of great chefs, all of whom have borne the heat and burden of the day in many a savory kitchen. They have their headquarters in that famous rendezvous of gourmets, the Palais Royal, and here they wield the most skilled basting spoons in France.

Around a corpulent old chef, crowned with traditional white cap, a dozen or more young women watch the confection of a cagout. As he cuts up the vegetables, prepares the sauce, and juggles with a saucepan, he maintains a learned disquisition, interrupted now and again by a question from an inquiring pupil.

The Cordon Bleu has been established for five years, and during that time has turned out many efficient cooks. Its aim is to teach the art of cooking well and economically, for French housewives prefer a cuisiniere who does not waste material.

So the chef explains that it is not necessary to add a lump of butter to every dish. "The natural fat of the meat would in nearly every case be sufficient," he says, "and it is by no means necessary to supplement every dish with butter, or grease, or oil. These only fatigue the stomach, and the best cook is she who uses least grease."

The Cordon Bleu frequently has English and sometimes American pupils. For \$60 a month a pupil may attend every day, learn to cook her own dinner, and have it served up as soon as it is ready. Her early martyrdom is a happy augury for married happiness. One of the professors of the school is decorated with the Legion of Honor, and all are at the head of their profession.

Recently the Cordon Bleu has established a circuit system for the provinces. Each chef in turn takes his tour, and the French government, which knows the value to the nation of good cooking, makes a grant in aid of these provincial lectures and demonstrations.

THE MECCA OF DOMESTICS.
MISTRESS AND SERVANTS LIVE TOGETHER IN
BLISS IN PARTS OF AUSTRALIA.

[London Daily Mail:] Queensland is the best country in the world for domestic servants. Such is the opinion of Mrs. Douglass Campbell of Argyll Lodge, Bognor, Sussex, who has just returned to England after eleven years' residence in Australia. In Queensland, she says, the domestic servant betters herself in every way. She has higher wages, more leisure, more liberty, and she is cared for better than in any other country.

The mistress assists her to establish a home of her own, and her success is all the easier because she can afford to dress herself becomingly. No Queensland mistress ever refuses her maid permission to attend balls or to go to concerts or theaters, and very often the mistress does the work in order that her servant may have a share in the good things of this life.

Women who are willing to go into the bush and work on a station are treated with even more consideration. There is scarcely any difference between her and the family in which she lives. She has a horse to ride, drives with the family to church, is asked out, and taught much. Mrs. Campbell adds that Queensland is no place for lazy or pretentious girls. They must be prepared to use their brains and think for themselves, then success is certain. "In England," she concludes, "the servant is part of a system. In Australia she is a member of the household, and the mistress holds herself responsible for her comfort and happiness."

FOREIGNERS DEMAND OUR SHOES.

[Philadelphia Record:] A man carrying a dress-suit case plastered all over with foreign labels, and wearing a suit of tweed that fitted him like a gunny sack, rushed into a shoe store near Broad-street station, yesterday afternoon, and loudly called for a pair of American shoes. "I've been abroad for two years" he remarked, as he kicked off a pair of thick-soled, shapeless-looking shoes about three sizes too large for his feet, "and I've landed just got into New York this morning, and hurried right over on the first train. I want a pair of shoes that will fit me comfortably, and yet look like something." He got them and went out vastly pleased. "That's nothing unusual," remarked the proprietor, after he had gone. "They don't know how to make shoes on the other side, and even the Europeans themselves are beginning to understand that. You would be surprised to know how many American shoes go abroad. I have seen figures claiming that in 1897 exports were \$1,688,649, while in 1898 they were \$3,688,435. The best foreign market is Australia, and England is the next. Maybe the foreigners can do some things better than we can, but they can't compete with us in shoes."

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Gansert A., Westlake Park, 200 Alvarado.
Gardner F. W., 125 South Spring street.
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Grandjean & Wilson, 100 S. Hoover street.
Hite R. W., 22 W. Sixth.
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